This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

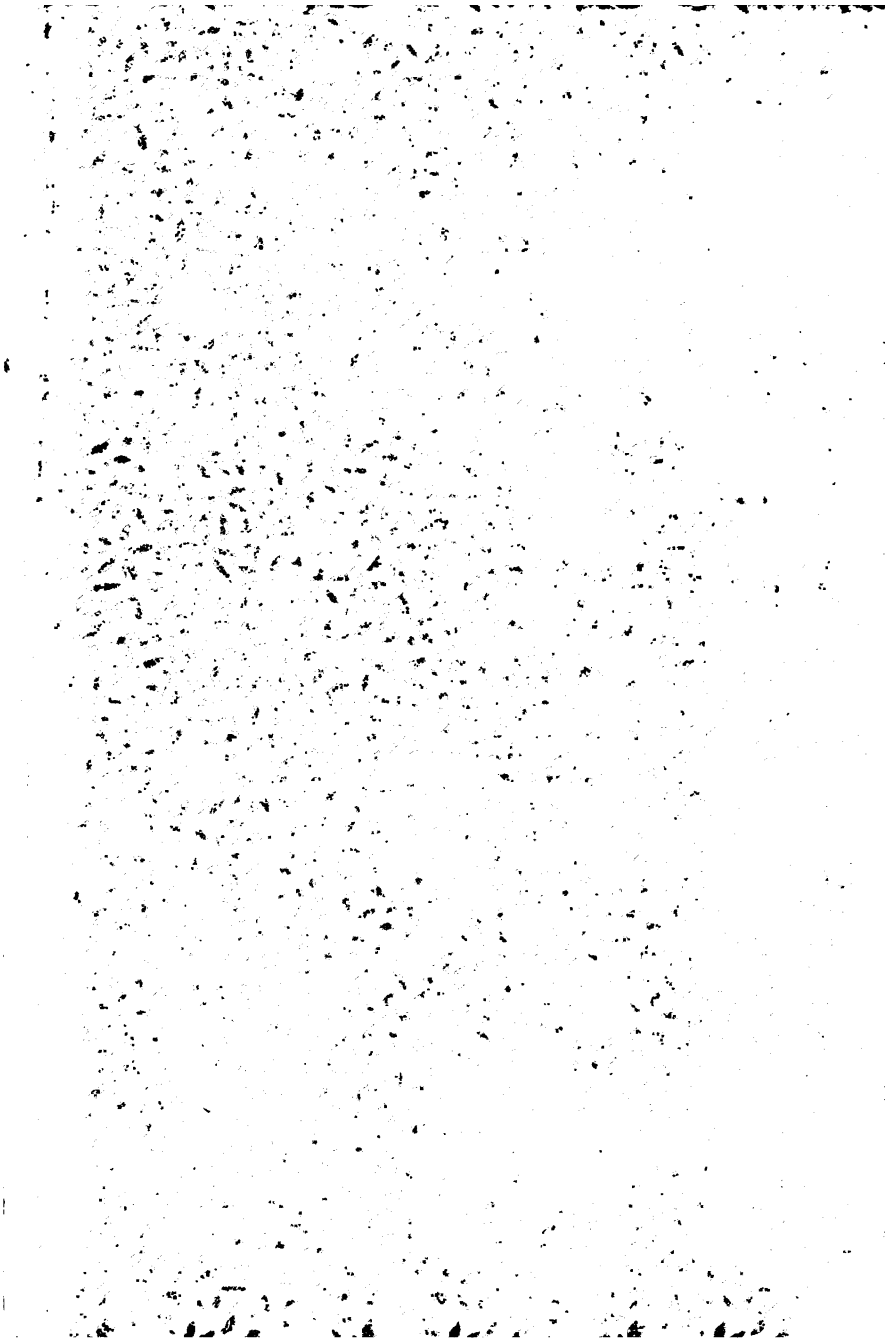
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



CHARMOUTH GRANGE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

Charles I.

CHARMOUTH GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY

J. PERCY GROVES,

Late 27th Inniskillings;

AUTHOR OF "FROM CADET TO CAPTAIN."

London:

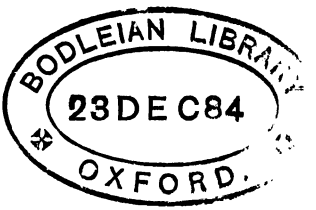
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1884.

[*All rights reserved.*]

25435. f. .


BODLEIAN LIBRARY
23 DEC 84
OXFORD

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

The Grange—Ronald Cathcart—Troublous times . . 1

CHAPTER II.

The captain of the *Dragon*—Death of Sir Henry Lovell. 11

CHAPTER III.

Arcades Ambo—A villainous plot 19

CHAPTER IV.

How the plot was discovered 32

CHAPTER V.

How John Shakeshaft escaped from the Grange . . 38

CHAPTER VI.

The pursuit 45

CHAPTER VII.

How the *Dragon* was taken by the Royalists . . . 51

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Cathcart sails for France 64

146

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE

How Ronald captured a Roundhead patrol, and how Colonel Wilmot entered Reading 160

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas quitted Reading, and how they were nearly captured by the Roundheads 171

CHAPTER XIX.

How the Royalists were surprised at Dorchester—The battle of Caversham—The capitulation of Reading . 178

CHAPTER XX.

Chaldgrave field—Death of John Hampden . . . 182

CHAPTER XXI.

Royalist successes—The siege of Bristol—The battle of Newbury 189

CHAPTER XXII.

How Ronald Cathcart and his friends set out for Charmouth, and of the adventure that befell them by the way 196

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Ronald and his companions escaped from the inn . 203

CHAPTER XXIV.

The arrival at Charmouth—Preparations for the defence—Gives some account of the movements of Philip Ruddach and John Shakeshaft 211

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

How Philip Ruddach fell into the hands of his enemies—How the Grange was besieged by the Roundheads—How Ronald and Will attacked a battery, and how the garrison of Charmouth Grange escaped to the Creek 218

CHAPTER XXVI.

The last 237

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Charles I. . . . . *Frontispiece*
The Royalist meeting at Colton Abbey 8
A servant entered with the intelligence that Ronald had arrived 13
Plucking the knife from the wound, Harry fell into Ronald's arms 43
The *Jane's* main-mast went by the board 55
Sir Arthur Hazelton superintending the removal of the plate from the Grange 68
Reception of Sir Arthur Hazelton and his officers by Charles at Shrewsbury 81
Ronald snatched a pistol from his holster, and shot his assailant 123
The prince would have slain him, had not Sir Arthur seized his bridle 143
Mounted on a ladder reared against the house was a haggard, lank-haired man 203
From the windows Ronald's men poured a deadly fire on the foe 219
"Behind that rubbage there be a door" 230

CHARMOUTH GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

The Grange—Ronald Cathcart—Troublous times.

CHARMOUTH GRANGE was situated in the township of Charmouth, a village lying in a sequestered valley in the fair county of M——y. The river "Char" flows through this valley and empties itself into the sea at Chandler's Creek, some eight miles from the Grange. Chandler's Creek is now a seaport town of considerable importance, possessing a fine natural harbour in which vessels of 500 or 600 tons can ride in safety; but two centuries ago it was only a fishing village, with a population of 400 souls.

The Grange stood on a slight eminence overlooking the river, and covered a considerable extent of ground. It was a large square mansion, built in the centre of a spacious quadrangle, surrounded by an embattled

wall, and a broad, deep moat. The southern portion of the quadrangle was tastefully laid out as a garden. On the west side stood the stables, granaries, and other outbuildings. In the north face was the principal entrance—a noble gateway protected by a demi-lune having a large barbican, strongly walled and flanked by bastions. A broad, well-kept roadway, bordered with trees, led through this gateway up to the dwelling-house.

Half a mile to the north-east of the Grange was the village of Charmouth, at the far end of which was a fine old church, almost hidden from view by a belt of well-grown chestnuts.

Between the Grange and Chandler's Creek there was a small forest, extending from the north bank of the river to the foot of the Char-Dale Hills.

The road leading from the Grange to the creek skirted the forest, which was also intersected by drives and bridle-paths, more or less used.

* * * * * *

It was a pleasant autumn evening in the year of grace 1642, a gentle breeze fanned the leaves, just browning on the thinning branches of the rustling trees, when a horseman rode up to Charmouth Grange, and crossing the drawbridge that spanned the moat dismounted at the gateway.

A few villagers, with sad and anxious faces, loitered

near, talking to each other with bated breath. They doffed their caps as the horseman passed, and one or two followed him across the bridge. A deep gloom had fallen upon Charmouth, for that dread enemy, who forces his way into the strongest castle as easily as into the humblest cottage, had invaded the Grange, and Sir Henry Lovell, the lord of the manor, and owner of all the broad acres which stretched far away over hill and dale, lay in his tapestried chamber, sick unto death.

Aroused by the ring of the horse's iron-shod feet upon the drawbridge, the old porter, Simon Goodlake, rose from his seat before the lodge fire and hurried to the wicket, whilst, in answer to his call, two or three grooms came running across the court.

"'Tis I!" cried the horseman impatiently, "Ronald Cathcart! Open quickly, Simon!"

"Ay, Master Ronald," exclaimed the old man, hastening to unbolt and unbar the massive oaken gates; "but I'm right glad thou'rt come at last, though I fear me sadly thou be over late."

"Is my uncle no better, Simon?" inquired the other anxiously, as the heavy gate swung back.

The porter shook his head sorrowfully.

"What ill-chance kept thee? for I know full well thou wouldst not tarry when once the sad tidings reached thine ears," said he.

"'Twas past noon ere Mark Hillis arrived at the abbey," replied Ronald Cathcart. "I quitted Colton within half an hour of receiving the news of my uncle's sickness, and, as you may well see, I have not spared Bevis."

So saying, the young man pointed to his distressed horse, whose distended nostrils and heaving flanks, flecked with blood-tinged foam, bore silent but convincing testimony that his rider had spared neither whip nor spur.

"I' faith, young sir, thou hast indeed ridden hard! It must have been strange for Bevis to be scored by the rowels and taste the sting of the lash! But what kept that varlet Mark? Surely *he* loitered not on the road?"

"Nay, Simon," rejoined Ronald; "'twas no fault of Mark's he was late. Near to Brankbourne Wood, three foot-pads, armed with swords and quarter-staff, beset him; but he beat them off, and one lies stiff and stark by the road-side. Then, though sorely hurt, Mark galloped onward and delivered his mournful message."

"He's a brave lad," the porter said, as he closed the gate. "But get thee to thine uncle's bedside, Master Ronald. I pray that my good lord may yet be able to hold speech with thee, though I fear that ere this his tongue be frozen by death."

Resigning his tired horse to the care of the grooms, young Cathcart hurried away to the house, devoutly hoping that he would not be too late to receive the dying man's blessing, and hear his last wishes and instructions.

Ronald was the son of Agnes Cathcart, Sir Henry Lovell's sister. His father, Sir Robert Cathcart, had been the friend and *protégé* of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, and accompanied that gallant sailor in his disastrous expedition to Guiana in 1617, and was severely wounded at the attack on St. Thomas.

On his return to England he married Agnes Lovell, and two years later Ronald was born. Of a roving, restless disposition, Robert Cathcart could never settle down quietly as a country gentleman, but yearned for the adventurous life of his younger days.

In spite of the entreaties of his wife, he joined the fleet, which, under command of the Earl of Essex, sailed from Plymouth on the 7th of October, 1625. At the attack and capture of the fort of Puntal, Robert Cathcart displayed great gallantry and skill, and was knighted for his services on that occasion.

Once again he tempted fortune, and joined the expedition to the Isle of Rhé in 1628, but was lost overboard ere his ship (the old *Destiny*, in which he had sailed to Guiana with Raleigh, eleven years before) had cleared the channel.

On the death of her husband, Lady Cathcart went to reside at Charmouth Grange with her brother, who was a widower. Save his sister and her son, Sir Henry Lovell had no blood relations, so Ronald was brought up as his uncle's acknowledged heir. Ronald Cathcart was now just twenty years of age; in height he was five feet eleven, full-limbed, but not coarse, with a cleanness of make and shape that bespoke great strength and muscular activity. His dark brown hair clustered in unstudied locks upon a lofty forehead, and his bright brown eyes beamed through their long fringes, giving life and animation to an open, intelligent countenance.

Of a bright, genial disposition, young Cathcart had won the goodwill and esteem of his uncle's friends and neighbours, as well as of his tenants and dependants. Nor was he wanting in the sterner qualities which go to make the man, for he was prudent and determined beyond his years, and, though naturally devoted to sport, and by no means adverse to a life of adventure, he had fortunately not inherited his father's restless temperament, but was resolved to fit himself for the position he was destined to fill.

A week previous to the day on which he arrived at the Grange, Ronald had set out for Colton Abbey, to attend—on behalf of his uncle, who was a great invalid—a meeting of M——yshire lords and squires

assembled to consult as to the best means of raising and equipping a regiment of horse for the service of King Charles I., whose devoted supporters they were. Charles, who was now embroiled with his Parliament, was making strenuous exertions to raise an army powerful enough to cope with that of the rebellious commons. The king had issued a proclamation, in which he denounced as traitors all who had taken up arms against him, and called upon his faithful subjects to meet him at Nottingham on the 25th of August, 1642, on which day Sir Edward Verney unfurled the royal standard.

At present his forces were in a very low condition; besides the trained bands under Sir John Digby, he had barely 500 infantry; his cavalry numbered close on 1000 sabres, but they were ill-provided with arms; moreover, he was lamentably deficient in artillery and munitions of war. He was, however, being reinforced from all quarters, and his faithful adherents were doing their utmost to aid him with money, arms, and men.

In the meantime his adversaries were making every preparation for the civil war. They had at their disposal nearly all the military stores of the kingdom; the fleet was in their hands; they held possession of the metropolis, and most of the large towns and important seaports; and, above all, were

able to raise the "sinews of war" by imposing duties both on imported and exported merchandize, as well as by drawing the revenues of the rich city of London. The king, on the other hand, was for the most part

THE ROYALIST MEETING AT COLTON ABBEY.

dependent for pecuniary aid on the munificence of his friends, many of whom mortgaged their properties or disposed of their jewels and plate in order to assist him.

Not being strong enough to face the Parliamentary

troops, Charles prudently retired, by slow and orderly marches, westwards, collecting men and receiving contributions as he went. From Nottingham he marched to Derby, and thence to Shrewsbury, in order to countenance the levies which his friends were making in those quarters.

Shrewsbury was within seventy miles of Charmouth, and the efforts of the M——yshire Royalists to raise recruits were redoubled by the advent of the king.

The Royalist meeting at Colton Abbey was eminently successful.

Nearly all the county magnates were present, many of them attended by their principal tenants and retainers.

Tents were pitched in the grounds for these latter, who numbered upwards of two hundred men, the majority well-armed and horsed. Military discipline was enforced, and troops and companies formed, so the peaceful abbey assumed for some days the appearance of a camp.

On the third day of the meeting the whole assembly gathered in the park, and, amidst loud cheers and acclamations, lords, baronets, knights and squires, masters and servants, landlords and tenants, swore an oath of fealty to the king.

It was then resolved that a regiment of horse and a battalion of infantry should be raised and des-

patched as soon as possible to join the Royalist army at Shrewsbury.

The proposal was well received, and before sunset no less than two hundred yeomen (all of whom provided their own horses and arms) had enrolled themselves in the regiment of horse; whilst ninety-seven labourers, servants, and villagers from Colton and the neighbourhood, volunteered to serve in the infantry.

A subscription was also opened to provide a sum for the equipment and pay of the new corps, and a large amount was collected.

* * * * * *

During his nephew's absence at Colton, Sir Henry Lovell, who had been ailing for some time past, was suddenly seized with a painful and alarming illness, which baffled the skill of the two leeches hastily summoned to his bedside.

After five hours' mortal agony, during which his friends expected every moment would be the last, Sir Henry Lovell rallied, and gradually all pain left him.

But the hard struggle had been too much for his shattered constitution, and it was evident to all that the good old knight was sinking fast.

Lady Cathcart instantly despatched a messenger to Colton Abbey, to bear the sad tidings to Ronald; and on receiving the summons he lost no time in hastening home.

CHAPTER II.

The captain of the *Dragon*—Death of Sir Henry Lovell.

IN a huge bed with carved posts supporting a heavy canopy, lay Sir Henry Lovell, propped up with pillows, his life ebbing slowly away, though he still retained consciousness.

Seated by the bedside was Lady Cathcart, Ronald's mother; near the door stood the two leeches talking in whispers to John Shakeshaft, Sir Henry's house-steward and confidential attendant—a sleek, respectable man of middle age.

There were two other persons present; one was Sir Arthur Hazelton, the other Captain Philip Ruddach, a brother of Sir Henry's deceased wife.

Sir Arthur Hazelton was a fine soldierly-looking man, habited in a scarlet tunic, with breastplate, backpiece, and gorget of polished steel.

He was a friend and neighbour of Sir Henry's, and had just returned from Shrewsbury, whither he had been to offer his services to the king.

On his arrival at home he was informed of his old

friend's sudden illness, and at once rode over to Charmouth Grange.

Philip Ruddach, a powerfully-built man of five-and-forty, with a saturnine and forbidding cast of countenance, was master and owner of the *Dragon*, a barque of 400 tons burthen, carrying eight guns, now laying in Chandler's Creek.

Ruddach and his brother-in-law had never been on very good terms, for there could be little sympathy between the courtly old knight and the rough, unmannerly sailor.

During his sister's lifetime, Ruddach had caused Sir Henry much annoyance by his repeated applications for pecuniary assistance. Lady Lovell (who was many years older than her brother) at length lost patience with his importunity, more especially as he wasted his money in dissipation, and at her request Sir Henry refused to help him any more.

This refusal mortified Ruddach greatly, and he retired in high dudgeon; nor did he again visit the Grange until some years after his sister's death. He then reappeared, apparently in good circumstances, but his jealousy was most unreasonably aroused when he found Lady Cathcart and her son settled at Charmouth; and, giving way to his incontrollable temper, he behaved in so insulting a manner that Sir Henry was compelled to forbid him the house.

A servant entered with the intelligence that Ronald had arrived.

Page 13.

Since the first outbreak of hostilities between Charles I. and his parliament, Ruddach had been the voyage between Chandler's Creek and Bristol (which city was held by the Roundheads under Nathaniel Fiennes) twice, but for the last fortnight he had remained at the creek, ostensibly for the purpose of repairing his vessel.

On the morning on which Sir Henry was taken ill, Captain Ruddach appeared at the Grange, and was admitted by the steward to his master's chamber.

At such a time nobody cared to question his right to remain there, especially as John Shakeshaft, the steward, did not make any move in the matter, but, so far from requesting him to retire, treated him with obsequious civility.

As for Lady Cathcart, she was too overcome with grief to notice Ruddach at all; so there he remained all day.

In the intervals of quiet between his paroxysms, Sir Henry recognized his brother-in-law, but made no remark as to his presence.

Sir Henry, with his right hand grasping that of his sister, gazed with anxious eyes at the door, in momentary expectation of his beloved nephew's return.

At length a servant entered with the welcome in-

telligence that Cathcart had arrived, and in a few minutes he himself came into the room.

A gleam of joy lightened up the dying man's face as Ronald hastened to the bedside, and he silently offered up thanksgiving that he had been spared to see the lad once more. After the first greetings were over, Sir Henry made known his wish that every one should retire, save Ronald, Lady Cathcart, and Sir Arthur Hazelton. All obeyed with good grace, except Captain Philip Ruddach, who hesitated for a few moments; but a look from his dying brother-in-law shamed him into following the others, and he stalked from the room with ill-concealed fury.

For some minutes Sir Henry Lovell lay exhausted; but he rallied after awhile, and motioned to his nephew and Hazelton to come close to his side.

Then with great difficulty and labouring breath he spoke.

"You all know," he said, his voice raised scarcely above a whisper, "how willingly I would have sacrificed my life, my lands, my all, in the cause of our king, had not death laid hands on me ere I had opportunity to prove my loyalty. 'Tis of his gracious majesty that I would now speak, and for that reason, and for that reason alone, I wished Philip Ruddach to retire whilst I give you my last instructions.

The cause of the king is uppermost in my mind, and, having made my peace with God, I feel I must devote the short time that is left me to that cause, for which I would willingly have laid down my life. But first, dear nephew, tell me of the meeting at the abbey."

Mastering his emotion, Ronald gave a short account of the Royalist meeting, to which the old cavalier paid deep attention.

"Good!" he muttered, when his nephew had finished his narration. "And how fares the king at Shrewsbury, Hazelton?"

"Right well," replied Sir Arthur; "recruits are flocking in from all quarters, and his majesty will soon be able to take the field."

"God prosper him!" said Sir Henry, a gleam of satisfaction passing over his worn face; "but I fear me 'twill be a hard struggle, and I would the country had been spared the horrors of a civil war."

"Alas, I fear that much blood will be shed in this unhappy strife," rejoined Hazelton. "'Twas a pity that the breach between the king and Parliament could not have been healed without recourse to arms."

"True!" the dying man replied. "But time is slipping away, and I have still much to speak of. I feel my strength is going, sister! canst thou not give me something that will enable me to bear up until I have finished?"

Sir Henry paused awhile, and his sister administered a cordial, which had the effect of reviving him considerably. He then continued,—

"When my last hour is so close at hand, I would fain be at peace with all men, and I charge you here present to remember that I feel in all Christian charity with my kinsman Ruddach, so far as I myself am concerned. But I know him to be greatly disaffected towards the good cause, and more than suspect that he is in league with the knaves, who would drive our king from the throne. You know, Ronald, that you will inherit all my wealth, but I charge you to do even as I would have done; place yourself and property at the service of King Charles; fight for him so long as you have strength to crawl, and think no sacrifice too great if by making it you can benefit his cause."

"I swear it, uncle," said Ronald, laying his hand on that of Sir Henry. "Mother, you will not hinder me?"

"Never, my son!" replied the poor lady. "'Twill be hard to part, for you are the only one left to me; but I would not withhold you from your duty. I pray that heaven may be merciful, and restore you to me in safety."

"Thou art a true Lovell, sister mine," said Sir Henry, gratefully pressing her hand. "I fear me that troublous days are coming, and have sad fore-

bodings that for awhile the king's enemies will triumph. If my forebodings come to pass and our king is driven from his throne, 'tis certain that all true men will suffer persecution, and their estates will doubtless be confiscated by the rebellious commons, and given to those who favoured their unrighteous cause. Lest this should happen, I have done my best to mitigate the loss that you might suffer, nephew; for some time past I have laid by the half of my income, and I mortgaged my two estates in Shropshire to Levi Isaacs, of Bristol, so altogether I have amassed a sum of money which in itself will be an ample fortune. This money I have changed into gold, and your mother alone knows where it is secreted. My wish is that so soon as I am buried, you should collect all the plate, pictures, and jewellery that I possess, and pack them securely; charter a well-armed and swift vessel, and let your mother sail at once for France, taking with her everything of value, and the money I have spoken of; save a sum sufficient to equip, and furnish six months' pay for a troop of horse at least forty strong; also to provision for a like time, and put into a state of defence this house, which must be held for the king. Your mother will remain in France until these troubles are over, and will supply you with what money you need should your estates be confiscated.

"Hazelton, I have named you my executor, and

appointed you guardian to Ronald until he attains his twenty-second year. I leave you in sole charge of the property until then, and request that you will take upon yourself the carrying out of my wishes as I have expressed them. Ronald, I know well that you will welcome my old friend as your guardian, and will regard him with the dutiful affection that you have ever shown to me?"

"Right willingly, dear uncle," replied Ronald. "I am glad that you have so willed it."

"That is well," rejoined the knight, whose breathing became more laboured every moment. "I thank God that I have had strength to give my last instructions! Let there be no delay in making known the contents of my will! Farewell, dear friends, farewell! a long, but, I trust, not an eternal farewell! My last words to thee, dear Ronald, are 'fear God and honour thy king!'"

The dying man fell back exhausted, and for a moment they thought all was over. But once more he raised his head, and exclaimed in broken accents,—

"Shakeshaft knows where my will is to be found—let there be no delay—may God save King Charles!" And with that loyal cry upon his lips, Sir Henry Lovell sank upon his pillow, and his gallant spirit returned to Him who gave it.

CHAPTER III.

Arcades Ambo—A villainous plot.

PHILIP RUDDACH quitted his kinsman's chamber with feelings of bitter hatred towards the dying man and all his belongings.

Descending the broad staircase, he made his way to the steward's private room, where he found that worthy discussing a flask of wine in company with a friend, whose appearance was decidedly not in his favour.

This latter individual was a meagre, miserable-looking fellow, with very narrow shoulders, and a large head covered with coarse red hair; his face was gaunt and lantern-jawed, his cheeks hollow, and his nose large and red. He was attired in a rusty suit of broadcloth, at least two sizes too small for him; and his whole appearance stamped him at once a rogue, who strove to veil his natural character by assuming an air of sanctimoniousness.

"Well, trusty John Shakeshaft!" said Ruddach,

with a sneering laugh, as the steward rose to receive him; "thou hast not been long in seeking consolation from the wine-bin! 'Tis but ten minutes since thou quitted thy dear master's death-bed, with tears streaming from thine eyes, and lo! I find thee making merry with that king of hypocrites, Ezekiel Snawk. A goodly pair, forsooth!"

"'Thou'rt ever ready with a jest, Captain Ruddach," replied the steward, with a sickly smile. "I was but drinking success to the future lord of Charmouth," he added, with a meaning look.

"Verily! 'tis a poor heart that rejoiceth not!" snuffled Ezekiel Snawk, turning up the whites of his eyes, and draining his mug with great gusto. "Wine is good! yea, 'tis a priceless gift! Friend John, pass the flagon!"

"So far our plot hath succeeded well," said Ruddach, bestowing a look of disgust at Master Snawk; "but I fear me that my absence from Lovell's room at such a time may work mischief. Curses on that smooth-faced nephew! I would that I had on board the *Dragon* all the snivelling crew who stand between me and fortune."

"Gently, Master Philip!" remonstrated Shakeshaft, seeing the other was working himself up into a passion. "Thou must not vex thyself; it matters little what Sir Henry may say or do, so long as he

doth not recover—and that, let us be thankful, is impossible."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ruddach, his face brightening; "thou art the prince of plotters, and the most hypocritical of knaves! Little do those fools upstairs suspect that Henry Lovell owes his death to thee, his most trusted servant—that thou didst poison him, with words of affection and respect on thy lips as thou handed him the fatal draught."

"H'sh, for mercy's sake!" whispered the steward in terrified accents, the perspiration pouring down his pale, convulsed face. "Walls, they say, have ears; and if thy words were heard by the meanest varlet in Charmouth, I warrant me that ere another hour passed we should both be hanging from the nearest tree. Be cautious in thy speech, I implore thee!"

"John is right! his words are those of wisdom," hiccoughed Snawk, whose copious libations were beginning to take effect. "Thou'rt too free with thy tongue, most valiant captain. Verily, a wagging tongue oft leads to the gallows!"

"Then hold thine own, Master Snawk," retorted Ruddach, "and let us to business. Thou hast secured old Lovell's will, John?"

"'Tis here," the steward replied, taking a parchment deed from his doublet. "Ezekiel has altered

the names right cleverly—Sir Henry himself could scarce detect the fraud; and when the will is read, 'twill be found that Captain Philip Ruddach is heir to Charmouth Grange."

"Amen!" said Ezekiel Snawk. "Verily, the cause of freedom and—and—and all that sort of thing, doth prosper! The Philistines shall be driven forth! the Amalekites shall—shall—what shall the Amalekites do, friend John? My power of prophecy fails me! let us seek inspiration in another stoup of Burgundy."

Seeing that Snawk was becoming hopelessly drunk, John Shakeshaft tried to induce him to retire into a small sleeping-chamber, opening off the steward's room. "Thou'rt not well, Ezekiel; come with me, my worthy friend," said he in persuasive tones. "Rest and sleep will restore thee."

"Pooh!" muttered Snawk. "Wine! more wine's what I need, not sleep! Don't poison it though, John," he added, with a drunken leer.

"Pest on the knave! he may babble in his cups," growled Ruddach. "He must be silenced, or our lives will be in jeopardy."

"Come, good Snawk, if thou lovest me!" said Shakeshaft, trying to cajole him.

But Ezekiel was not to be taken that way, and he refused to stir.

"Then, dear Snawk, help me fetch more Burgundy," said the other, trying him on another tack, and taking him gently by the arm.

"Let me alone!" cried he, staggering to his feet. "My name's no longer Snawk, so Snawk me not, John Shakeshaft; henceforth I will be known to friend and foe by the name of—"

"Silence, fool!" thundered the furious captain, catching him by the throat and forcing him back into a chair.

"I won't!" yelled the wretched fellow, waxing uproarious. "Let me depart in peace, that we may fetch drink—drink to inspire my prophetic soul! As news from a far country, so is Burgundy to the thirsty spirit! Verily, wine maketh the heart to rejoice, and —and the nose to redden!"

"He'll alarm the house," said Ruddach, clapping his hand over his mouth; "be silent, thou pestilent fool, else I'll strangle thee!"

Snawk struggled hard to release himself from the captain's powerful grasp, but in vain. At length he managed to wriggle near the table, and giving a vigorous kick, overthrew it with a loud crash.

"Perdition seize the fellow!" exclaimed Shakeshaft, a devilish look on his face; and snatching up an empty bottle, he dealt the hapless wretch a fearful

blow on the head, stretching him stunned and bleeding on the floor.

"Quick, Master Philip!" said he, opening a narrow door leading into a closet; "drag him in here; hasten, for mercy's sake, lest any one hath heard the uproar, and come to see what caused it!"

Thus exhorted, Ruddach lifted up Snawk's lifeless form and pitched him headlong into the closet, where he fell all of a heap in the corner, and the steward closed and double-locked the door.

They then set to work to remove all traces of the struggle, gathering up the pieces of the broken bottle, and replacing the tables and chairs that had been upset.

"'Tis all right; no one hath heard the noise," said Shakeshaft, breathing a little freer when, after a few moments' suspense, all seemed quiet.

"What mad folly induced thee to let that knave get drunk?" said his companion angrily.

"I knew not that he had drunk so much, good sir," replied the steward, throwing a deerskin mat over a pool of blood which stained the floor.

"But let us waste no more time. My master will not survive the night, and, according to his wishes, the will is to be read at once."

"And what of that?"

"They'll suspect foul play when the contents are known, and 'twill go hard with us, Master Philip."

"Wherefore didst thou not think of this before?" Ruddach replied; "the plot was of thine own hatching, and thou hast always been certain of success.

"I reckoned on Sir Henry dying before he could hold converse with any save myself; all would then have been well, for you could have taken possession before any one knew of the change in the will. Young Cathcart's return, and the arrival of so many of Sir Henry's friends hath completely upset our plans. My master will assuredly make known the contents of his will to Sir Arthur Hazelton, and when it is read they will divine that we have tampered with it."

"Did not I say so but a while ago?" said Ruddach excitedly, rising from his chair and walking up and down the room; "and you replied that, so long as my brother-in-law did not recover, it mattered not."

"True, good sir, I did say so; but only lest that villain Snawk should smell a rat, and fancy there was a chance of our plot not succeeding. The knave knows not what honour means; and had he for a second suspected there was aught amiss, he would have betrayed us."

"Thou hast bungled sadly, fool!" growled the other. "Why didst not thou prevent them sending for Ronald?"

"I knew not they had done so, Master Philip, until it were too late," replied the steward. "But reproach me not, good sir; let us rather consider how we are to act."

"Suppose I take possession by force?" said Ruddach. "Once master of the place, I care not whether they dispute the will or not; the Parliament will confirm my claim without inquiry."

"The whole neighbourhood is a hot-bed of Royalists," replied Shakeshaft, "and an attack on the Grange would bring a hornet's nest about our ears. There are but a score of men sleep within the walls, but there are two hundred and more within easy distance, who would come to the rescue in case of need."

"And a good watch is kept at night?"

"Even so; the gates are securely barred and the drawbridge raised."

"If I could but smuggle fifty men into the place, I might hold it until Fiennes sent a sufficient force from Bristol to garrison it," said Ruddach musingly.

"Whatever we do we must do to-night, or we are lost," replied the steward. "But thou canst not muster fifty men, and yet leave a sufficient crew on board the *Dragon* to take her to Bristol; and we have no other means of communicating with the governor."

"That can I," retorted Ruddach. "I have a company of Parliament troops secreted on board, sixty-five strong, besides my trusty crew, which numbers thirty-seven all told; but though I might well hold this place for a time with threescore men, were they once within the walls, I could scarce hope to storm it with five times that number, seeing that the first shot would bring all the Royalists in the neighbourhood to the rescue."

John Shakeshaft's face brightened at Ruddach's speech.

"Master Philip," he exclaimed in gleeful tones, "we have troubled ourselves for nought. I knew not that thou hadst so many men on board the *Dragon*. I can admit your soldiers without a soul being the wiser."

"Is that so?" cried the other, seizing his arm; "how would you manage it?"

"Listen, good sir!" replied the steward. "Last Martinmas Sir Henry had a small wicket made in the east wall, and a handbridge thrown across the moat. I have the key of that wicket, and 'tis but one man's work to lower the bridge. Do thou hasten back to thy ship, bring up thy men with all speed and caution, and I'll let thee in when all is quiet. It wants but two hours to midnight, and thou must be back before dawn."

"'Tis a good scheme, and may with care be carried out," said Ruddach, after a moment's consideration. "My chief difficulty will be to avoid observation, and I think I had best come up the river; the tide flows at eleven, so by two 'twill be near high water. I will be off at once; and in three hours, if all goes well, I can have my men at the old boat-house in Black Slough Wood. Wait until all are gone to rest and the place is quiet, then hie thee to thy post and show a light. Be not over hasty, for remember 'twill be one and perhaps two before we reach the boat-house."

"Fear not, Master Ruddach, I will wait with patience; and may success attend our enterprise! But how shall I know thou hast arrived?"

"I will show a light from the roof of the boat-house. But stay! that might cause suspicion if it was noticed by others."

"Nay, there is no danger of that; the watchmen will think 'tis some varlet fishing, and pay little heed to it."

"Then so be it, worthy John," said Ruddach heartily. "I care not now whether Lovell lives or dies; to-night I vow to take possession of Charmouth Grange, and hold it for the Parliament."

"'Tis a pity we thought not of this before," observed Shakeshaft. "It would have saved the fifty pounds I paid that villain Snawk."

"It matters not, friend, so that we succeed in our venture now. But do not forget that knave; see to him by-and-by, lest the blow thou dealt him hath not put an end to his misery. The rogue hath a thick skull."

Ten minutes later Ruddach was galloping along the road to Chandler's Creek; and John Shakeshaft, with a look of sorrow on his hypocritical countenance, stood by the bed on which lay the body of the master he had so foully murdered.

Sir Henry Lovell had fallen a victim to the vile plotting of his brother-in-law and the servant whom for twenty years he had trusted and loaded with favours. Shakeshaft had witnessed his master's will, and well knew the contents of it. It was a very simple document, made when Ronald Cathcart was eleven years of age, and dealt solely with Sir Henry's landed estates, which were left to Ronald unconditionally.

It happened one day, shortly before our story commences, that Shakeshaft took the document from Sir Henry's bureau (of which he had a key), and showed it to Philip Ruddach.

It at once struck them that by substituting Philip's name for that of young Cathcart, and Shakeshaft's for that of Sir Arthur Hazelton (as executor), the whole purport of the will might be altered, and

Captain Ruddach would figure as Sir Henry Lovell's heir.

No sooner was the nefarious design conceived than they hastened to put it into execution. In Ezekiel Snawk they found a willing and skilful tool, and he it was who actually made the necessary alterations. Nor was the measure of their iniquity yet complete, for Shakeshaft, aware that his master had sold his Shropshire property, feared lest he should wish to alter his will, and so discover that it had been tampered with; so he resolved to bring matters to a climax by poisoning Sir Henry.

The absence of Ronald at Colton Abbey afforded an opportunity not to be lost, and the fatal draught was administered by Shakeshaft. The poison did not, however, take effect as soon as he expected, and the return of Ronald Cathcart and the advent of Sir Arthur Hazelton threatened to upset their plans.

The steward shrewdly guessed that Sir Henry Lovell would confide to Sir Arthur how he had left his property, and would naturally tell him that he had been named executor; so when the will came to be read, the fact that it had been altered would be palpable to all.

Ever since he left his master's room, Shakeshaft had been thinking how he could best induce Philip Ruddach to abandon the plot, which he saw was

fraught with peril. By simply burning the will, they would leave Ronald to take peaceable possession as heir-at-all ; and this is what the steward was anxious to propose, but he feared Ruddach's violent temper, to which he invariably gave way if thwarted. When, however, Ruddach told him that he had so strong a force on board the *Dragon*, Shakeshaft at once saw a way out of his dilemma. He could easily admit the captain and his men, and, once in possession of the Grange, the rest was easy.

So, intensely relieved, the steward proposed a fresh scheme, which appeared not only possible, but certain of success.

The conspirators were, however, destined to meet with a check from a quarter they little expected.

CHAPTER IV.

How the plot was discovered.

JOHN SHAKESHAFT'S words, that their lives would be in jeopardy should the meanest varlet in Charmouth chance to overhear Ruddach's evil speech, were almost prophetical. Scarcely had he and his companion in crime quitted the room, when a head appeared from beneath a couch, and looked cautiously round. Seeing the coast was clear, the owner of that head crawled from his hiding-place.

It was Richard Deacon, a shrewd lad of fifteen, who held the humble post of scullion at the Grange. Richard's plump, round visage was pale with terror, and great drops of perspiration rolled down his fat cheeks. But though frightened and horrified, the boy had his wits about him, and his first act was to mount a chair, and reach down a heavy horse-pistol that hung over the high mantel-shelf.

"If those villains come back, I'll rouse the house with this," muttered he, clutching the pistol. "The scurvy knaves! I hope they will hang afore an

hour be passed. I myself would right gladly put the ropes around their necks."

Next he went to the closet into which Ezekiel Snawk had been thrown, and taking out the key put it into his pocket; then opening the window, which was but a few feet from the ground, he squeezed through the iron bars, and dropped down into the courtyard, and so made his escape. The lad's opportune presence in the room may thus be accounted for. Master Richard was well aware that in a certain cupboard in John Shakeshaft's sanctum was a store of various comestibles, which the steward kept for his own especial enjoyment; now Richard's perception of the difference between "meum" and "tuum"—so far as sweets and savouries were concerned—was decidedly hazy; and feeling convinced that Shakeshaft would not be likely to leave his dying master, and rightly judging that the confusion in which everybody in the Grange had been thrown by Sir Henry's alarming illness, would greatly lessen the chances he ran of detection, he had stolen into the steward's room, and was engaged in a diligent search for the store-cupboard key, when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed him, and he dived beneath the couch.

Hardly had the boy concealed himself when the steward and Ezekiel Snawk entered the room, and

shortly afterwards Philip Ruddach joined them. From his hiding-place Richard Deacon overheard every syllable of the conversation between the conspirators, while he lay quaking with terror lest they should discover him.

Nor did the fate of the unhappy Snawk serve to lessen his fears, for he felt that he was at the mercy of two desperate villains who would not hesitate to murder him in order to insure their own safety.

It was a trying situation for a lad to be placed in; but, fortunately, he never lost his presence of mind, but kept still as a mouse, and so escaped detection. Though somewhat prone to commit petty larcenies, and appropriate to his own use sundry potables and eatables destined for his betters, Richard Deacon was not a badly-disposed boy, and would disdain to purchase immunity from punishment (and punishment, swift and severe, he knew well would overtake him when his raid upon the steward's room was known) by concealing what he had overheard.

He had listened with horror to the disclosures and plans of Ruddach and John Shakeshaft, and he now ran off to give warning of their diabolical plot.

Richard Deacon was an orphan, and had been brought up by his maternal grandfather, Simon Goodlake, the old gate-porter.

Simon was a stern old fellow, and poor Dick was

only too certain that even the importance of his communication would not save him from a sound drubbing when his grandsire heard the purpose for which he had invaded the privacy of the steward's room. Nevertheless, he hesitated not a second, but ran as hard as he could to the lodge to tell Simon Goodlake all that he had overheard, hoping to be in time to prevent Philip Ruddach leaving the Grange. Unfortunately, Dick was too late to stop Ruddach, who had passed through the gates some five minutes before the boy reached the lodge, and the bridge was already raised again.

Simon Goodlake listened to his grandson's recital in speechless amazement. At first his honest face blazed with anger; then he turned sick at the thought of Shakeshaft's treacherous and hateful crime.

"Not a word of this to any one, Dick," said he, after awhile. "I must speak with Sir Arthur Hazelton before 'tis spread abroad. One villain hath escaped, but if we keep counsel, perchance we may yet entrap the whole crew. Get thee into that cupboard, boy. But stay! I'd forgotten one thing. For what purpose didst thou enter that villain's room?"

Richard reddened, hung his head, and was silent.

"Tell the truth!" said the old martinet sternly,

reaching down a formidable leathern strap that hung over the fireplace.

Poor Dick looked askance at the strap; they were well acquainted, and whimpered, "I—I—I only went to—to—to—"

"*Steal!*" thundered Simon. "Solomon says, 'Spare the rod, spoil the child.' 'Twas the wisest saying he ever spoke. Off with thy jerkin, boy."

We will draw a veil over the painful scene that ensued, which ended in Richard Deacon retiring into the cupboard, rubbing his person vigorously, and bathed in tears.

Nor was he very much consoled by his grandfather's after-speech.

"For thine own sake I could not spare thee, grandson," said the old man, replacing the strap on its own particular hook; "dishonesty must be dealt with sharply and severely. Still, now that thy punishment is over, I tell thee I am right well pleased with thee. Sit thou on that box, an thou art able to sit, and dry thy tears."

So saying, Simon locked the door, and hurried off to apprise Sir Arthur Hazelton of the plot to take Charmouth Grange.

As for poor Dick, he squatted down in the narrow cupboard, and bemoaned the hard fate that had left him to the mercies of so Brutus-like a guardian.

Then he began to consider whether, after all, it was not better to be content with the good fare provided for him in the pantry, and he made a resolution that in future he would leave pastries, cakes, and other delicacies to those for whom they were intended.

"Stolen fruit is sweetest," so says the old saw; but perchance the originator of the saying never had his hide tanned with a leathern strap after partaking of the "stolen fruit," otherwise he might have thought differently.

CHAPTER V.

How John Shakeshaft escaped from the Grange.

WITH a heavy heart Sir Arthur Hazelton left the death-chamber, and bent his steps to the banqueting-room, where several gentlemen, friends, and neighbours of the dead knight were congregated, anxiously awaiting to hear news of their respected friend. Some of them had been at the royalist meeting at Colton Abbey, and had called at the Grange on their way home; others had ridden over to make inquiries.

"Is all over?" asked Harry Hazelton, Sir Arthur's eldest son—a handsome young man of two or three and twenty, who wore the uniform of King Charles' Guards—as his father entered the room.

"Alas, my boy! our old friend hath gone to his rest," replied Sir Arthur sadly.

"Then we have lost a good neighbour, and the king a faithful subject," observed Colonel Whitgreave, an experienced and skilful officer, who had

served in one or two campaigns on the Continent. "Did Lovell die peacefully?"

"In good truth, he did. His last words were, 'God save King Charles.'"

"May God rest his soul," said the white-haired old vicar of Charmouth. "Sir Henry was a sincere Christian and a true gentleman. His death will be felt by rich and poor alike."

A murmur of assent echoed the vicar's words.

At that moment Ronald Cathcart came into the room, and whilst he was receiving the heartfelt condolences of all present, Simon Goodlake made his appearance, and beckoned Sir Arthur aside.

In a few hurried words the old porter informed Sir Arthur of the plot that Richard Deacon had overheard. Hazelton listened with indignation, and heard with passionate grief of the foul manner in which his old friend had been done to death, and of the conspiracy to deprive young Cathcart of his rightful inheritance.

"Let us to Shakeshaft's room, to see if this man Snawk be still there," said he, mastering his passion with a strong effort. "I will wait awhile before I make this known; if we act cautiously, we may snare these villains and trap them in their own net."

"So thought I, Sir Arthur," replied Goodlake.

"'Twould be a rare thing to capture the whole company, bag and baggage!"

"Ronald," called Sir Arthur, "entertain our friends for a few minutes. Gentlemen, I crave your indulgence for a short time."

"'Tis time we were going, Hazelton," said Colonel Whitgreave; "the hours have slipped away, and it is late."

"I pray you to remain until my return. I have something to communicate to you," replied Sir Arthur, as he quitted the room in company with Simon Goodlake.

Together they repaired to the steward's chamber, and, unlocking the door of the closet, discovered Ezekiel Snawk huddled up on the floor.

Simon tried to rouse him with a kick, but as that had no effect, he knelt down and held a lantern to his face.

Snawk was not dead, nor was he dangerously injured; but he presented a most ghastly appearance, for the blow he had received had inflicted a severe wound, and his hair was matted with clotted blood.

"Miserable wretch!" exclaimed Sir Arthur. "Is he dead?"

"Nay, Sir Arthur. Such as him was never intended to die, save on the gallows. I pray thee, sir, hand me a jug of water, an thou canst find some, and we'll

quickly bring the knave to his senses. 'Tis but a flesh wound, though a plaguy nasty one!"

Sir Arthur Hazelton found a jug of water in the inner room, and in a short time they succeeded in reviving the senseless Snawk.

"Ish ol' Lovell dead?" grunted he, opening his eyes, and looking up at Simon with a vacant stare; "poison's a fine thing! Burgundy's better though! Let'sh 'ave 'nother flashk!"

"Thou wretched hound!" growled Simon, "I've a mind to choke thee, were I not loath to cheat the hangman of his due!"

"Leave him now, Simon," said Sir Arthur, as Snawk, after a vain attempt to stagger to his feet, fell back and went off into a drunken sleep. "He can do no harm, and 'twere well that Shakeshaft should find him here, if he comes in before we've decided how to act. Keep counsel with all within the Grange, but send your grandson to summon the tenants and villagers, and charge him to say nothing as to the reason why they are summoned."

"What about John Shakeshaft?" asked Simon. "Shall I arrest him?"

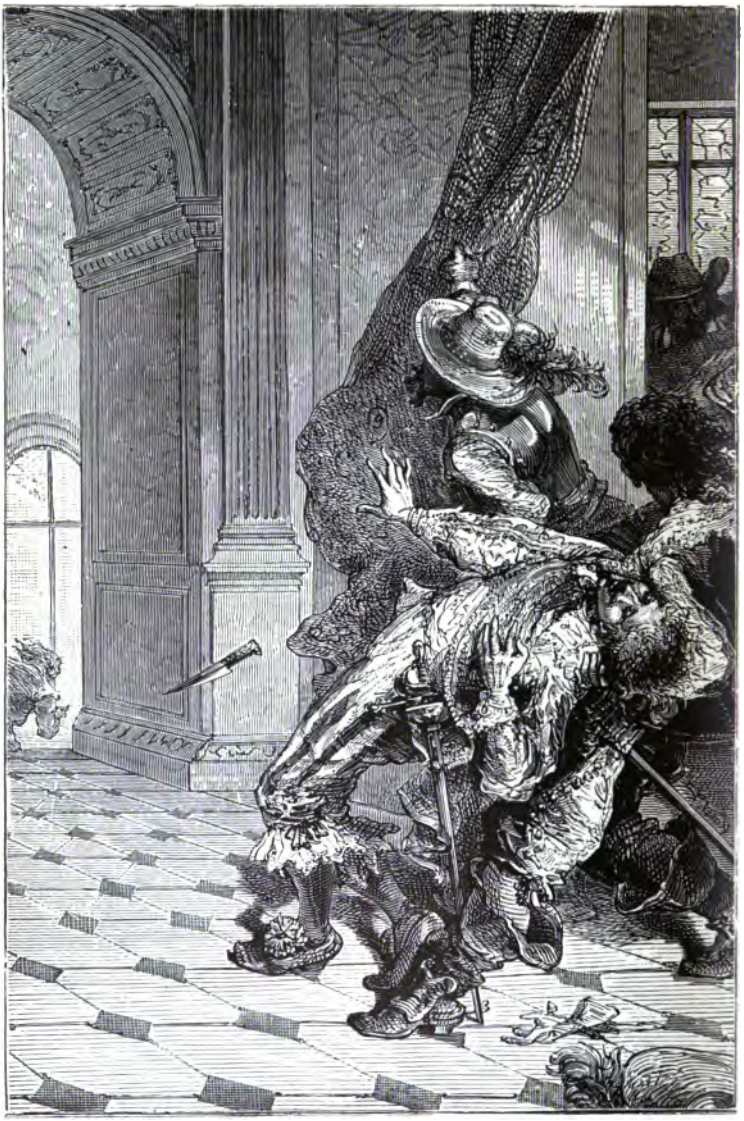
"Interfere not with him, unless he tries to leave the Grange. I would keep him in ignorance of the discovery of his treachery for the present, but, nevertheless, the villain shall hang before sunrise."

Sir Arthur then returned to the banqueting-room, whilst Simon Goodlake hastened to carry out his instructions.

Calling his friends together, Hazelton related the story of Shakeshaft's perfidy. Looks of horror and fury were depicted in every face. As for Ronald Cathcart, he was well-nigh distraught with grief and resentment against the authors of the crime; and he and some of the younger men present would have wreaked instant vengeance on the treacherous steward, but Sir Arthur Hazelton restrained them, pointing out how desirable it was to keep Shakeshaft in ignorance, as long as possible, of the fact that his crime was known, as they would then be able to entrap Ruddach and his party without much difficulty.

"I have summoned the tenants and villagers," said Sir Arthur, "and in an hour's time 150 well-armed men will have assembled on the green. They shall be admitted quietly by Simon Goodlake, who will conceal them in the gate-tower until we want them. Let John Shakeshaft carry out his plan; Ruddach and his men are welcome to enter the Grange, but once in they will never leave it alive."

Hazelton's proposal met with general approval, and even Ronald was forced to confess that it was policy to wait awhile before bringing the steward to book.



Plucking the knife from the wound, Harry fell into Ronald's arms.

Page 43.

He and Harry Hazelton happened to be standing near the doorway of the banqueting-hall, which was closed by richly embroidered curtains, surrounded by an escutcheon, emblazoned with the Lovell arms.

Hearing the heavy breathing of some one close at their back, Ronald and Harry turned sharply round, and, drawing aside the hangings, found themselves face to face with John Shakeshaft.

The steward had quitted his dead master's room, and, hearing voices in the banqueting-hall, crept close up to the curtains and listened attentively. The few words he chanced to hear convinced him that his crime was discovered, and he was on the point of retiring in order to make his escape, when his laboured breathing attracted the notice of our hero and his friend.

With a shout of anger, Ronald and young Hazelton sprang upon the guilty wretch, but he, rendered desperate by his peril, drew a long knife from his doublet, and plunged the keen blade into Hazelton's right shoulder. Uttering a cry of anguish, and with a convulsive effort plucking the knife from the wound, Harry fell into his friend's arms.

John Shakeshaft hesitated not a second, but turned and fled down the broad staircase.

Crossing the courtyard, he gained the small gate in the east wall without hindrance; opening it with his

key, he passed through, and reclosed and locked it behind him. The hand-bridge was raised, but it was easy work for him to lower it; and so he escaped into the woods.

CHAPTER VI.

The pursuit.

ALL was confusion! The meeting broke up in the "most admir'd disorder." Some assisted in carrying the wounded man to a bedchamber; others rushed off with the intention of pursuing the assassin.

Sir Arthur Hazelton, however, retained his presence of mind, and, aware that Shakeshaft knew every twist and turn in the forest, pointed out that pursuit on so dark a night would be mere waste of time.

Ronald Cathcart agreed with him, and suggested that the most sensible plan would be to march straight for the creek, and attack the *Dragon* before she could put to sea.

Sir Arthur assented to this, and while he paid a visit to his son, Ronald gave orders for the servants and others to arm themselves and assemble in the courtyard; he also despatched a couple of mounted messengers to hurry up the tenants and villagers who had not already responded to the summons conveyed by Richard Deacon.

In the meantime Sir Arthur, to his intense relief, had heard from the doctors (who were in attendance on Sir Henry Lovell, and were still at the Grange) that his son was not mortally wounded, but that, with care and attention, there was every hope of his recovery. With a great load lifted from his heart, he left him to the care of Lady Cathcart, and returned to the banqueting-room.

A consultation was at once held as to the best course to take. On one point they were unanimous, namely, that Shakeshaft would make for the creek, in order to warn Philip Ruddach that their plot was discovered.

"At all hazards we must bring those double-dyed villains to justice," said Ronald Cathcart. "We have a force strong enough to attack the *Dragon*, for more than a hundred of the tenants and neighbours are already assembled, and before dawn we may reckon that double that number will have responded to our summons."

"Then there are a score of us here present, well-armed and mounted," put in Colonel Whitgreave, "to say nothing of the servants and grooms. Moreover, we shall be supported by all the creek fishermen, who are loyal to the backbone, and only need a leader to give a good account of those crop-eared loons."

"Then let us start at once," cried Ronald, impatiently, "I have already given orders for the horses to be saddled."

"The plan is a good one," observed Sir Arthur. "But there is one thing we have not reckoned upon! Suppose the *Dragon* hath already put to sea? Sir Henry's murderers are scarce likely to await the punishment which they well know will overtake them once they fall into our hands. Ride hard as we may, Shakeshaft will be there before us, for he knows all the by-paths, whilst we must perforce follow the road. Therefore, before we can reach the creek, Ruddach will have received warning, and, I feel sure, will not wait to be attacked."

"Sir Arthur speaks good sense," said an old, weather-beaten man, who hitherto had taken no part in the discussion. "The *Dragon* hath been ready for sea since last Thursday. In two hours from now 'twill be high water, and Phil Ruddach will have both tide and wind in his favour, for there's a stiff sou'-westerly breeze blowing. He's a shrewd knave, and will not wait to be hanged. If he doth not get under weigh within half an hour after John Shakeshaft boards him, may I never sail another craft!"

The speaker was a ship's captain, Michael Roberts by name. He owned a small barque of 250 tons, in which he traded along the coast, and between Bristol

and Cork. Roberts also held a farm under Sir Henry Lovell, and had been one of the first to call and inquire after his landlord, with whom he had always been on good terms.

"Then the villains will have escaped us after all!" cried one and all, with blank looks.

"Nay, nay, sirs," responded old Michael. "Alter not your plans, let us set out for the creek without delay, for at the worst the *Dragon* hath got but a short start of us."

"But how can we follow her, Master Roberts?" said Sir Arthur, rather impatiently.

"Readily enough, sir, an thou'lt deign to accept my help," retorted the old skipper. "I'm master and owner of the fastest craft in these waters. 'Twas my intention to have sailed for Cork to-morrow forenoon, and the *Jane* is even now ready for sea. If Philip Ruddach hath sailed when we reach the creek, I'll willingly place the *Jane*, myself, and crew, at your disposal, and if I don't overhaul the *Dragon* afore she's out o' sight o' land, I'll forfeit a hundred pounds! The *Dragon* carries eight heavy cannon, whilst I can only boast of four small culverins; but we'll ship a hundred stout fellows, lay the *Jane* aboard her and carry her that way. Counting myself, I've twenty hands on board, and can safely reckon on engaging forty or fifty of the creek fishermen for the cruise, so if you can

make up the number from amongst yourselves the thing is done."

A murmur of applause greeted the blunt sailor's speech.

"I accept your offer as freely as you make it, my friend!" cried Sir Arthur, shaking the old man's horny hand. "How long will it take to get under weigh?"

"An this breeze holds, I'll be clear of the river and standing out to sea within fifty minutes from the time we get on board the *Jane*," was the confident reply.

Two hours later, Ronald, Sir Arthur, and their friends, with forty-five well-armed followers, galloped into the village of Chandler's Creek. A messenger having preceded them, they found the whole population in a state of excitement, turned out to receive them, and they learnt that the *Dragon* had weighed anchor and stood out to sea an hour before their arrival.

Sixty stout fishermen gladly volunteered their services, and no time was lost in embarking on board the *Jane*. Forty of the party from Charmouth also embarked, leaving their horses in charge of their comrades, who remained on shore; so, reckoning Captain Roberts and his crew, 120 good men and true mustered on the deck of the barque.

The moon had now risen, and with a fair breeze and ebb-tide the little vessel stood down the river, amidst the cheers of those gathered on the banks.

CHAPTER VII.

How the *Dragon* was taken by the Royalists.

THE wind freshened, and under easy sail the *Jane* ran out to sea until daybreak, when the look-out man sighted a vessel hull down on the weather bow. The hands were turned up, and all sail made in chase. The stranger was on the starboard tack, and kept steadily on her course, whilst the little *Jane* bowled after her, until those on board could clearly perceive she was the vessel they were in search of.

"Said I not that we should overhaul her 'fore we lost sight o' land!" cried Captain Roberts, rubbing his hands gleefully. "The *Jane* sails two feet to her one, and if the wind holds we shall soon be alongside."

"I'm better judge of horse and hound than of ships, Master Roberts," said Sir Arthur; "but I need not telling that your little *Jane* deserves all the praise you can bestow upon her. See, Whitgreave, how she cleaves through the water, answering to

her helm like a well-trained charger to his rider's hand!"

Nothing pleased the old captain so much as hearing the *Jane* praised, and he cast his eye aloft with an admiring glance at her swelling canvas and tapering spars.

Though cumbersome and unwieldy when compared with the trim, well-designed vessels of the present day, the *Jane* was a taut, well-built craft. Her hull was more shapely than was usual with vessels of that period, though there was a considerable spring in her decks, and on her forecastle another small deck, called the topgallant-forecastle, ran from the knightheads, whilst her quarter-deck was broken by a poop which rose high out of the water, giving her a somewhat top-heavy appearance. She was square-rigged on her fore and main masts, but her mizzen had a large sail fixed to a lateen-yard; her bowsprit staved so much that it almost looked like a fourth mast.

"She's a beauty!" exclaimed her skipper, now started on his favourite theme; "there's not her equal 'twixt Land's End and the Firth o' Forth! Master Ronald knows her well, Sir Arthur; we've had many a cruise together."

"Would that the king had a few like her," observed Ronald, who was intently watching the chase.

"Ah! the Roundheads have the advantage of us

there, for the whole fleet is in their hands," said Colonel Whitgreave. "'Tis a pity, too, for, as we may have to depend on foreign aid, we ought to have had command of the Channel."

"True," said Sir Arthur; "but from the very commencement the Parliament saw the importance of securing the fleet, and, depend on it, that is the reason they removed Sir John Pennington and gave Lord Warwick the command."

"Aye, sir," put in Captain Roberts; "and they've made Master Batten vice-admiral; and his Majesty has no greater enemy than he. But see! the *Dragon's* hove about and is standing towards us!"

The truth of the saying that a "stern chase is a long chase" was not proved in this instance, for the *Jane* had rapidly overhauled the *Dragon*, until the latter, seeing escape was impossible, shortened sail and prepared for action.

"We must run alongside of her," continued Captain Roberts, "and try to board before her guns sink or dismast us. Let your men stand to their arms, Sir Arthur, and keep them under the poop until we are within half a cable's length; my crew is sufficient to work the vessel, and until the moment comes for boarding, the rest will only be in the way."

The party from Charmouth buckled on their

hangers, and examined the priming of their horse-pistols; then, stripped to the waist, and divested of their heavy riding-boots and spurs, they waited anxiously under shelter of the high poop.

The creek fishermen, with Cathcart at their head, gathered under the topgallant-forecastle, armed with cutlasses, axes, and boarding-pikes.

The *Dragon* had tacked, and now bore down on her adversary. When within three cables' length, her commander luffed up sharp into the wind, and fired a broadside; two shots hulled the *Jane*, the third went between her masts.

"No damage done!" sang out old Roberts, who was now in his glory. "We'll be aboard of the villains in another two minutes! Ease her off a little, my son; steady!"

The *Dragon* fired again with greater effect, for the *Jane's* main-mast went by the board, killing three of the crew in its fall. Ronald, who had taken charge of the forecastle, replied with the culverins and pateraroes mounted thereon, and shot away the *Dragon's* mizzen-sail halliards, and wounded two of the crew.

"Up with the helm! stand by with the grapplings!" shouted the old skipper, as the two vessels neared each other; "cut away the wreck of the main mast!"

A dozen active fishermen, axes in hand, rushed

aft, and quickly cleared away the fallen mast; and in a few seconds the *Jane* ranged alongside the *Dragon*.

"Away, boarders!" cried Captain Roberts, as, followed by Sir Arthur Hazelton and the party from Charmouth, he sprang down from the high poop into

"THE JANE'S MAIN-MAST WENT BY THE BOARD."

the *Dragon's* main-channel; whilst the fishermen and crew, led by Ronald and the mate, clambered over the bulwarks and gained the forecastle. "For the king! for the king! Down with the rebels!"

A company of musketeers was drawn up on the

Dragon's poop, under command of a captain whose stalwart proportions and great stature rendered him a conspicuous object.

Coolly, as if on parade, this officer gave the word of command to fire, and a volley was delivered which sent four of the boarders to their account, and wounded three others. In spite of this warm reception, Sir Arthur Hazelton and his men gained the poop, and with a loud cheer charged the musketeers before they had time to reload.

The Roundheads met the impetuous rush with firmness; their officer singled out Sir Arthur and furiously attacked him; but, though greatly his superior in physical strength, the Roundhead was no match for Sir Arthur Hazelton, either in skill or coolness.

In vain he endeavoured to overpower the knight by sheer brute force, his efforts were of no avail, and after a few rapid passes, down he went, pierced through the lungs.

In the meanwhile the crew of the *Jane*, aided by the fishermen, had gained a footing on the forecastle of the *Dragon*, and slowly, but surely, drove the Roundheads back. Ronald Cathcart was foremost in this attack, and led the boarders right gallantly. He now, at the head of a dozen men, leapt down from the forecastle, and, charging along the deck,

joined Sir Arthur and his party, still hotly engaged with the musketeers, who fought with great courage and determination.

They were admirably led by their lieutenant, who set them a splendid example of cool courage. This officer had been singled out for attack by Captain Roberts; but the gallant old sailor was soon put *hors-de-combat;* his rough and ready mode of wielding his hanger being better adapted for a general *mêlée* than a single-handed encounter with an accomplished swordsman.

Cathcart came up just in time to prevent the Roundhead lieutenant giving Captain Roberts the *coup-de-grâce*, and they at once crossed swords, each feeling that he had an antagonist "worthy of his steel."

They fought for some seconds, and the Roundhead had slightly wounded his adversary in the sword-arm, when the grapplings, which held the two vessels in close embrace, parted, and the *Dragon* thus released forged ahead, leaving the *Jane* some thirty yards astern.

Ronald's quick eye saw what had occurred, and throwing all his force into one desperate lunge he bore his foe to the deck; then cutting his way through the now wavering soldiers, he seized the tiller and jammed the helm hard down so that the *Dragon* was brought to and her way stopped.

"Bravely done! Master Ronald; thou art a credit to me," cried old Roberts, who had staggered to his feet, and was leaning against the bulwarks, bleeding from a severe cut on the head. "*Jane*, ahoy! put about, and come alongside again!"

Seeing that both their officers had fallen, the musketeers cried for quarter, and laid down their arms.

The crew of the *Dragon* had already surrendered, so the fight was over and the barque became the prize of the victorious Royalists.

From the moment when the two ships came together, up to the surrender of the *Dragon*, neither Philip Ruddach or Shakeshaft had been seen. A search was now made for them, but without success.

"Who commands this ship?" said Sir Arthur, going amongst the prisoners, who were drawn up in two lines under the break of the forecastle.

"I did," replied a tall, sullen-faced man, stepping forward.

"You!" cried Ronald Cathcart. "Where, then, is Philip Ruddach?"

"Half-way to Worcester, I trust, young man," was the reply.

"Stay!" cried Sir Arthur furiously. "Jest not with us, traitor! tell me instantly where that arch-villain is concealed, or you shall swing from the yard-arm!"

"Verily I have but told thee the truth," calmly replied the Roundhead; "any one of these good men will bear me witness that I speak no lie. My good captain and his friend were put ashore at the mouth of the Char, and I hope that ere nightfall they will be safe with my Lord of Essex's army. My orders were to make for Bristol, and there await Captain Ruddach's return. That is all I know; ye may hang me or not, as pleaseth thee."

A cry of rage rose from the cavaliers, rendered furious at the escape of their prey, and more than one would have attacked the bold speaker had not Sir Arthur interposed.

"Did it not strike you," said he, addressing the prisoner, "as somewhat strange your captain should thus desert his ship?"

"I said not that he deserted his ship," retorted the sailor; "nor was it any business of mine to question Master Ruddach's movements. All I know is that I have done my best to obey his orders, and I care little what others may say, so long as he blames me not for the loss of this good barque."

"You might have kept the ship and welcome if we had only laid hands on your captain," said Colonel Whitgreave. "It grieves me sore to think the villains have again escaped us."

"Dost thou know why we are so anxious to cap-

ture Ruddach and his companion?" asked Captain Roberts, who, having had his wounds attended to, now resumed command of his vessel. "Thou seemest an honest fellow, and I can hardly think thou'rt in that villain's confidence."

"Aye, sir captain, but I am," replied the sailor carelessly. "I know well that he hath got to windward of you Royalists; the papers he and Master Shakeshaft carried off from Charmouth Grange will be of the greatest service to Lord Essex, and the gold they laid hands on would purchase the *Dragon* thrice over. I marvel not at thine anger; this ship and all she contains will ill-compensate thee for what thou hast lost; but thou must not grumble, all is fair in love and war."

"Papers! gold! what meanest thou?" exclaimed the old skipper, completely bewildered.

"Do you call murder and forgery fair play?" said Sir Arthur sternly.

"I know nothing about murder or forgery; all I know is that Captain Ruddach, aided by Master Shakeshaft, managed to secure for the Parliament certain documents of great importance, and also a large sum in gold intended for King Charles. Is not that what our captain told us, shipmates?"

"Aye, aye, Master Rowbotham, that be true enough," replied one of the crew.

"Philip Ruddach lied to thee," cried Ronald. "He hath taken neither gold nor papers from Charmouth; but he and the treacherous villain with him poisoned the truest gentleman in all M——yshire, after forging a will in order to obtain possession of their victim's estate—not for the Parliament, but for themselves."

"I knew that the Grange was to be taken if possible," rejoined Rowbotham; "it was for that purpose we shipped these musketeers at Bristol. But as to my captain poisoning any man, gentle or simple, that I cannot believe; an it were true, I would myself be the first to deliver him up to justice. We deem our captain an honest man, and zealous in the cause we have espoused."

"Thou'rt greatly in error," retorted Captain Roberts, "as thou wilt presently learn. His own welfare is all Ruddach cares about, and the party that can best promote *his* interests is the one he'll support."

"'Twas not that we were anxious to repossess ourselves of any papers or property that your captain had purloined that we have so hotly pursued him, for we know well he hath taken nothing of value; but we were all desirous of bringing to justice two of the vilest scoundrels that ever disgraced a nation."

So spake Sir Arthur Hazelton, and his speech went

far to convince the Roundheads that Philip Ruddach had misled them, and was actually guilty of the crimes imputed to him.

"Well, sir," replied Rowbotham in more respectful tones, "'tis not for me to gainsay you, though 'tis hard to believe that the man I have sailed under for the last two years is but a cowardly rogue. It *did* strike me as strange that he should quit his ship at such a time, but his reason seemed plausible enough—namely, that if you pursued and captured us, the documents and money, for which he had risked so much, would be retaken. On the other hand, he and his friend might make their way to Worcester on foot with perfect safety, and, moreover, Lord Essex would have these papers the sooner."

"'Twas their own safety the villains were anxious to secure," replied Sir Arthur; "they knew well that once in our hands their lives would be forfeited."

"Maybe it is as you say," rejoined the other. "We only knew that the *Jane* was ready for sea, and that Captain Roberts was a staunch Royalist, and would not hesitate to put out after us, an he had a mind to. But 'tis no use our disputing, good sir; right or wrong, Ruddach has made good his escape, and we can't bring him back."

During this conversation the mate of the *Jane*, assisted by men of both parties, had seen to the

wounded, and cleared the deck of the slain. He now came up with a rough list of the killed and wounded.

The struggle had been a severe one, and the loss on both sides was heavy.

The Roundheads had lost fifteen killed and eight wounded, whilst of Sir Arthur's party nine were dead and twenty-three wounded. Those most injured were carried below; the remainder were attended to on deck.

As soon as damages were made good and the prisoners secured, a prize-crew and a strong guard were placed on board the *Dragon*, and the two vessels stood in for the land.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Cathcart sails for France.

RONALD'S anger at the escape of his uncle's murderers was only equalled by that of Sir Arthur Hazelton; they were much mortified at the manner in which they had been duped, although they could not help confessing that the capture of so fine a vessel as the *Dragon* ought to console them for their disappointment.

The *Dragon* was well found and provisioned; and besides the arms taken from the soldiers and crew, Captain Roberts discovered three light field-pieces, two tons of gunpowder, a quantity of shot, and a stand of 100 firelocks, together with several hangers, pikes, halberts, and other weapons concealed in the hold.

"Come, Sir Arthur," said the skipper, "we must not grumble; those villains will meet with their deserts sooner or later, and in good truth we have made a grand haul for King Charles."

"Thou art right, my friend," said Sir Arthur.

"Come, Ronald, be not so cast down; as Master Roberts truly says, Ruddach and John Shakeshaft will surely meet with the punishment due to their crime, and 'tis no use fretting about their escape. This good vessel will come in right usefully just at this time, and the arms and ammunition are a priceless boon."

"I do not undervalue our good fortune, Sir Arthur," rejoined Ronald; "but it seems that I can interest myself in nothing until my good uncle's death is revenged."

"Nay, my boy, think what Sir Henry himself would have had thee do! Let private griefs give way to thy zeal for the king's cause, which is greatly benefited by this capture. Moreover, Ronald, this affords us the means of conveying your mother to France."

"This mood will doubtless pass away," replied the other in more cheery tones, "and rest assured I will do my best to conquer it."

Sir Arthur Hazelton then informed Captain Roberts that, in accordance with Sir Henry Lovell's injunctions, he was desirous of sending off Lady Cathcart to France, with all the plate and other valuables as soon as possible.

"The *Dragon* would be a capital vessel for the purpose," said he, "if we can meet with a trusty captain and crew."

"I'm your man, Sir Arthur," cried the captain. "I'll take her ladyship over the water in safety! The *Jane* can lie up in the Creek until my return, and I'll ship my own crew and forty others on board the *Dragon;* we shall then be a match for any craft we're likely to fall in with."

Hazelton and Ronald gladly closed with this offer, and it was decided that Lady Cathcart and her attendants should start as soon as it was possible to have all things prepared.

Roberts there and then called his crew aft, and asked them if they were willing to undertake the voyage from Chandler's Creek to Brest; they volunteered to a man, nor was any difficulty experienced in engaging a sufficient number of fishermen to make up a complement of sixty hands.

It was close on sunset before the two vessels made the mouth of the Char, and by dark they were safely moored alongside the quay at Chandler's Creek. The prisoners, with the three field-pieces, and the arms and other munitions of war found on board the *Dragon*, were taken under a strong escort to Charmouth Grange. The victorious cavaliers were welcomed with great joy, although all regretted the escape of Ruddach and his accomplice.

Next morning Sir Arthur made inquiries after Ezekiel Snawk, whom everybody seemed to have

forgotten; but when they came to examine the cupboard he was not to be found.

The fact was that when Snawk came to his senses, a short time after Ronald and his friends started off for the creek, he had a hazy recollection that something had occurred which rendered his presence at the Grange not at all desirable.

He therefore determined to make an effort to escape; he managed to burst open the door of the cupboard, and then got out of the steward's room in the same manner as Richard Deacon—by dropping out of the window. There was a good deal of bustle and confusion at the Grange that night, for men kept coming in, singly and in small parties, until early dawn; so Ezekiel, after dodging about the premises for some time, managed to slip unobserved through the gates, and taking to his heels never stopped until he had put a good four miles between himself and Charmouth.

The following morning Sir Henry Lovell's remains were borne to their last resting-place in the chancel of Charmouth church.

A large concourse of people from all parts of the country attended to pay their last respects to one who had gained the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Immediately after the funeral, preparations were made for Lady Cathcart's departure for Brest.

Under the immediate superintendence of Sir Arthur and Ronald, the plate, pictures, and other valuables were securely packed in large iron-bound cases, and conveyed, under a strong guard, to Chandler's Creek, where they were shipped on board the *Dragon.*

SIR ARTHUR HAZELTON SUPERINTENDING THE REMOVAL OF THE PLATE FROM THE GRANGE.

In addition to the crew and fishermen engaged for the voyage, Ronald decided, with Sir Arthur Hazelton's concurrence, to call for twenty volunteers from amongst the tenantry, to accompany his mother as a special guard ; his call was immediately responded to.

All being ready, Lady Cathcart set out for the creek, and then embarked.

It was a painful parting between mother and son, for neither knew when they might meet again, and it was such a break up of their happy home.

Ronald felt very miserable as he watched the *Dragon* cast off her moorings and stand down the river. His mother gazed at him with tearful eyes, until, overcome by emotion, she sank weeping on the deck, and was helped below by her handmaids and good old Captain Roberts. Then he turned away, and mounting his horse galloped back to the Grange.

CHAPTER IX.

Preparations for the campaign—Mistress Alice Thomas—The departure for Shrewsbury.

RONALD CATHCART had no time to nurse his grief, for he was fully occupied assisting Sir Arthur Hazelton in raising, organizing, and equipping the troop of horse destined to join Charles's army at Shrewsbury, and also in putting the Grange into a state of defence. Our hero threw all his energy into this work, and for the present forgot his troubles.

A committee of M——yshire gentlemen had been appointed at Colton Abbey to carry out the resolutions of the meeting, and this committee (of which Sir Arthur Hazelton was chairman and Ronald a member) now decided to hold the harbour and village of Chandler's Creek, as well as Charmouth Grange. The inhabitants of both villages had declared *en masse* for the king, and volunteers came flocking in from the surrounding country.

In a fortnight's time there were close on 800 men gathered at Charmouth and the creek. From

amongst these Sir Arthur Hazelton selected 100 well-armed and mounted yeomen, and formed them into two troops. The first troop was commanded by Sir Lloyd Pryce, with Ronald Cathcart as his lieutenant, and Will Thomas—son of the Vicar of Charmouth—as cornet. Ronald had been urged by his friends to accept the command of this troop, which was for the most part recruited from his own tenantry, but he modestly declined in favour of Sir Lloyd Pryce, an officer of considerable experience, who had served in Ireland.

The officers of the second troop were Captain John Phillips, Lieutenant Lord Charles Harvey, and Cornet Williams.

Sir Arthur Hazelton commanded the squadron.

The three guns discovered in the hold of the *Dragon* had been intended for field-service, being fully equipped, with limbers and caissons complete, and this half-battery was horsed and attached to the squadron.

After an absence of three weeks, Captain Roberts returned from Brest in the *Dragon*. He had made the most of his short visit to France, for he brought with him fourteen 12-pounder guns, and as many culverins, besides a large number of firelocks, and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

His advent was hailed with delight, for arms

and munitions of war were sadly wanted by the Royalists.

Four 12-pounders and eight culverins were brought up from the creek for the defence of the Grange, which was to be garrisoned by sixty artillerists and 250 musketeers.

Earthworks were thrown up at Chandler's Creek, and a heavy "boom" constructed at the mouth of the "Char;" the entrance to the creek was also commanded by a four-gun battery. The garrison of Chandler's Creek numbered 300 men, under Captain James Pryce. Colonel Whitgreave was selected to command the two garrisons, having his head-quarters at the Grange.

It was also proposed that the *Dragon* and the *Jane* should be commissioned respectively by Captain Roberts and his first mate; and that as soon as they could be got ready for sea they should sail in company, and endeavour to intercept and capture some of the convoys sent by the Parliament to Ireland.

Every exertion was made to hurry on these preparations, so that Sir Arthur and his squadron of horse might join the king as soon as possible.

At length the day for their departure was fixed, and the night before they were to march, there was a great gathering at the Grange to wish the gallant yeomen "God-speed."

A banquet was served, at which every officer and man not on duty, and many of the neighbouring gentry and farmers, were present. The king's health and other loyal toasts were drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, and loud and prolonged were the cheers.

Ronald Cathcart felt in no humour for revelry, and the noise and mirth soon palled upon him. He had not yet recovered the shock of his uncle's death; moreover he had an appointment which he was all anxiety to keep. At length he was able to steal away.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the cottage where dwelt the Vicar of Charmouth. He was heartily welcomed by Mr. Thomas and his pretty daughter, Alice, who were expecting him.

Alice Thomas and Ronald had known each other from childhood, and it was with feelings of great satisfaction that their respective relatives saw friendship gradually develop into a warmer feeling.

Sir Henry Lovell felt great respect and affection for the vicar, with whom he had for years been on terms of the closest intimacy; so when his nephew confessed that he had lost his heart to fair Alice Thomas, Sir Henry was much gratified, and cordially gave his sanction to the engagement.

And thus it came to pass that Ronald and Alice plighted troth.

Our hero was warmly congratulated by his friends, who considered him a very lucky fellow, for, although only nineteen, Alice had refused several "very eligible" offers, and was looked upon as the belle of M——yshire, and was toasted by all the young gallants in the county.

"And you march at daybreak," said the fair girl, looking sadly at her lover. "Alas! when shall we meet again, dear Ronald?"

"'Twill not be long, sweetheart," he replied, kissing away the tears that came into her dark-blue eyes. "Our cause is a just one, and we shall soon drive the rebels from the field."

Alice shook her head despondingly; the events of the last few weeks had sadly unnerved her. Sir Henry's death was a terrible shock, for she loved the kind old man dearly; then Lady Cathcart's departure for France was another trial, and now her lover was "off to the wars."

"I am going to ask you to promise me one thing before I go, Mr. Thomas," said Ronald, "and that is, that you will reside at the Grange, until we return. You will be safer there, and Alice can occupy my mother's apartments. At this lonely cottage you are unprotected, and so long as Philip Ruddach and Shakeshaft are at large I shall feel a sense of insecurity. It is well known to all that Alice is my

affianced wife, and these villains might seek to revenge themselves through her."

"Your argument has much sense in it, Ronald," replied the vicar. "I have felt somewhat insecure here, and as it would in nowise interfere with my duties, I will accept your offer."

"You have greatly relieved my mind," Ronald said. "I will give orders that apartments be prepared. You must not lose your heart to handsome Harry Hazelton, Alice; he will not be able to rejoin his regiment for some days yet, so you will have to entertain him at the Grange."

"That reminds me," exclaimed the vicar, "Reuben Jones came to me this evening, and declared that he had seen Philip Ruddach, disguised as a pedlar, at the creek. I can scarce credit his story, but perhaps 'twould be well to mention it to Colonel Whitgreave."

"I will do so, sir; though methinks Reuben must have been dreaming. Ruddach would hardly put his head into the noose."

"Well, forewarned is forearmed," replied Mr. Thomas. "'Tis certain that if it be Captain Ruddach, his presence bodes us no good."

* * * * * *

Tan-tan-ra-ra! tan-tan-ra-ra!! tan-tan-tan-ra-ra-ra!!

A bright autumnal morning, and the trumpets sound "boot and saddle."

The open space before the Grange is crowded with spectators, as the two troops defile under the gateway, and amidst the cheers of the men and the sobs of women and children take the high-road for Shrewsbury.

"One moment, Hazelton," cries the white-haired old colonel, who is to command the garrisons at Charmouth and Chandler's Creek. "One moment!"

"Halt your men, gentlemen!" shouts Sir Arthur, waving his sword. "Now, Whitgreave."

"Doff your hats, my friends!" calls out the colonel. "Now then! all together! Three cheers for his gracious Majesty, King Charles, and confusion to all traitors!"

A ringing cheer burst from the throats of all present, and before its echoes had died away, the squadron moved on, and breaking into a trot soon left Charmouth behind.

CHAPTER X.

The march to Shrewsbury—Sir Arthur's story—Charles I.—Progress of the war.

IT was Sir Arthur Hazelton's intention to march about twenty-five miles the first day, and halt for the night at C——, a large village, where he would be able to billet his men and find good accommodation for their horses.

The road from Charmouth to C—— was extremely grand, a continued succession of varied scenery, in some parts rude and majestic, in others picturesque and lovely.

Seven miles from Charmouth they left the highway, and turned aside into a by-road, which crossed a wild, romantic tract lying at the foot of a lofty range of hills. After traversing the heath for two or three miles the road turned abruptly to the left and led over the hills, through a pass known as the Robbers' Pass, and thence descended into a narrow valley, where it rejoined the highway.

"See you those ruins, Ronald?" said Sir Arthur,

pointing to the remains of a picturesque old castle that lay half-way up the hills. "That is Castle Bowshot, and there my mother was born."

"Is there not a legend connected with the place, Hazelton?" asked Sir Lloyd Pryce, who was riding by the side of Ronald.

"Mean you the story of my grandsire's murder?" replied Sir Arthur. "'Tis no legend, Pryce, but sober truth."

"Suppose you relate it, Sir Arthur," suggested Ronald. "'Twill beguile the time, as we ride along."

"In the neighbourhood of D——," began Sir Arthur, "towards the end of the last century, there existed a numerous band of robbers, known as the Black Bandits, who kept the surrounding country in a perpetual state of fear; for even in open day they would sally forth in search of plunder, driving away herds of cattle to their haunts in the woods and hills, extorting contributions from the proprietors of estates, and bidding defiance to the civil power. In short, they spread such terror throughout the district that, to avoid falling into their hands, travellers would take circuitous routes, and many farmers and country people abandoned their homes and fled to the nearest towns. At length their enormities attracted the attention of the queen, who perceived that it was necessary to take vigorous measures to apprehend the

daring offenders and bring them to justice. Accordingly Elizabeth gave a commission to my grandfather, Sir John Conway—who was then high sheriff of M——hshire—to enroll a force strong enough to deal with the Black Bandits.

"On Michaelmas Day, 1576, an attack was made upon the retreats of the robbers with such success that more than thirty were slain and fifty seized and condemned to be hanged. Amongst these latter was a youth of seventeen years of age, whose mother earnestly besought Sir John to spare his life. Her entreaties were sternly refused, and the lad there and then paid the penalty of his crimes, and was executed with the rest of the prisoners. The unhappy mother witnessed her son's shameful death, and then rushed up, half-frenzied with grief and anger, to Sir John, and exclaimed,—

"'Cruel and relentless man, beware! his brothers shall surely wash their hands in your blood!'

"That dreadful threat was literally accomplished; for the brothers of the young criminal waylaid Sir John Conway as he was returning from the assizes the following year, and plunging their swords into his heart actually bathed their hands in the warm stream which gushed forth. That night Castle Bowshot was attacked by an armed band, who, having massacred nearly all the inmates, set fire to it and left but the

bare walls standing. My grandmother and my mother, then a child of nine, chanced to be absent from home, and so escaped. After the perpetration of this cruel deed a larger force was despatched against the remnants of the band, and it was speedily exterminated."

* * * * * *

At sunset on the third day after his departure from Charmouth, Sir Arthur Hazelton entered Shrewsbury at the head of his squadron of horse, and passing down the main street formed up in the High Cross —as the open space in the centre of the town was then called.

It was on this spot that David, brother of Llewelyn, the last of the ancient Welsh princes, suffered a cruel and ignominious death, by order of Edward Longshanks; and here, too, many noblemen were executed after the battle of Shrewsbury, when, after a long and bloody engagement, Henry IV. defeated the fiery Hotspur, on the 21st July, 1403.

Sir Arthur and his men were here met by Lord Wilmot, who conducted them to the cavalry camp, pitched in a fine meadow of some twenty acres, which sloped down to the river. Lord Wilmot informed Sir Arthur that the king would inspect the squadron at noon on the following day, and left him to his duties, after extracting a promise that he and some of

Reception of Sir Arthur Hazelton and his officers, by Charles, at Shrewsbury.
Page 81.

his officers would join him at supper at the Raven, so soon as they had seen their men and horses settled down. . . .

Punctually at noon the king, attended by Prince Rupert, the Earl of Lindsay, and Lord Wilmot, arrived at the camp. Sir Arthur Hazelton presented his officers to his Majesty, who received them graciously, speaking a kindly word of welcome to each.

It was the first time that Ronald Cathcart had seen his sovereign, and he was much struck by his appearance and stately bearing. Since trouble had fallen so heavily upon him, Charles had lost much of his former coldness of manner, though he still lacked that affability and peculiar grace which distinguished his eldest son and other members of the ill-fated house of Stuart, who, whatever their faults may have been (and they had many), certainly possessed the knack not only of winning, but of retaining the affections of their adherents. Charles I. was then in his forty-third year; his fine, well-developed figure was shown off to advantage by a close-fitting doublet of crimson velvet, across which he wore a richly-embroidered sword-belt; his breeches were of black velvet, and his boots of black maroquin leather. His long, dark locks were worn in true cavalier fashion, and fell over his shoulders. On this occasion he wore the Garter, the George of Diamonds, and one or two foreign orders.

His generals were more richly dressed, and their gay attire and flowing locks contrasted with the plain costumes adopted by Sir Arthur Hazelton and his officers, who wore their hair cut short—a fashion which gave them a far more soldierly appearance.

Charles expressed himself highly pleased with this welcome addition to his forces, and informed Sir Arthur that he proposed to attach to his squadron three weak troops raised in Shropshire, and thus form a regiment of two squadrons, of which Sir Arthur was to be the colonel, and which was to be known as Hazelton's Horse.

The commissions of Ronald and his brother-officers were also confirmed. . . .

Before proceeding further, it will be well to take a glance at the state of affairs, previous to the departure of the Royalist army from Shrewsbury.

The Parliament had placed the Earl of Essex (Old Robin, as his soldiers loved to call him) in command of their army, which numbered close on 13,000 men. His rank and wealth made the earl one of the most important members of the Parliamentary party; moreover, he had served with credit in the War of the Palatinate, and bore a high military reputation.

After remaining some time at Northampton, Essex marched to Worcester, near which place a body of his

cavalry was attacked and utterly routed by Prince Rupert, the king's nephew.

In the meanwhile Charles's sojourn at Shrewsbury had been attended with most important results; he had received numerous reinforcements, and the arms and munitions of war belonging to the militia of several counties had fallen into his hands, as well as two or three convoys destined for Ireland.

His army now mustered 15,000 of all ranks, and was commanded by the Earl of Lindsay, with Lord Wilmot and Sir Jacob Astley as his major-generals of infantry, while the dashing Prince Rupert led the cavalry.

Towards the middle of October Charles and his lieutenants decided that they were in a condition to take the field, and a council of war was held to discuss the plan of the campaign.

The king's great aim was to break up the Parliament, and to do this it was obviously necessary for him to inflict a crushing defeat on Essex, or else to outflank him and march straight upon London.

By the advice of Lord Lindsay, Charles chose the latter course, and orders were at once issued to the troops to prepare to leave Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER XI.

The review in the Quarry—Of the adventure that befell Ronald and Cornet Thomas.

To the south-west of Shrewsbury, close to the river, is a noble park-like tract of meadow-land, known as the Quarry or Dingle; it is planted with magnificent limes and chestnut-trees, and is one of the principal attractions of the town. Ever since the ancient borough was built and encircled with walls, the Quarry has been the favourite resort of the inhabitants for exercise and recreation.

On the west side of the Quarry are the remains of a spacious amphitheatre, with ascending seats formed in the turfy bank, where, in the "good old days of chivalry," tournaments and other grand spectacles were held; and here, too, the friars of the adjacent monastery were wont to perform the "mystery plays," so popular in the days of our pleasure-loving ancestors.

At early dawn on the 10th of October, 1642, the bells of the Shrewsbury churches rang out a merry peal,

and an hour or two later a crowd of burgesses, dressed in their best broadcloth, with their wives and daughters in holiday attire, might have been seen wending their way towards the Quarry, to witness the review which Charles intended to hold on that day, previous to his departure from Shrewsbury. The royal standard floated over the massive, square keep of the castle, flags were displayed on all the principal buildings, and the town presented a gay appearance. Punctually at ten o'clock Charles, attended by his staff, and accompanied by the mayor and aldermen of the borough in their full robes of office, rode on to the ground and took up his position near to a clump of chestnuts, facing the amphitheatre, which was crowded with spectators.

Presently the sound of martial music was heard, and the cavalry were seen defiling through the gateway; they were led by Prince Rupert, who was mounted on a splendid roan charger.

The first to pass the king was a weak but well-appointed squadron of cuirassiers, whose polished steel helmets and corslets glittered in the sun; though few in number, the cuirassiers (who were nearly all gentlemen of means) were splendidly equipped, and their accoutrements and horses were far superior to those of the ordinary cavalry. They were received with shouts of applause by the spectators, and as

they passed before his Majesty, they brandished their long, heavy swords and shouted, "Long live King Charles! confusion to his enemies!"

The cuirassiers were followed by a regiment recruited in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, which had a large proportion of Roman Catholics in its ranks.

Then came six troops of dragoons, and they were succeeded by Hazelton's Horse, whose soldier-like appearance called forth the warm encomiums of the king and his staff, though they did not attract the applause of the spectators, as their more gaily-attired comrades had done. Two other horse-regiments followed Sir Arthur's corps, and then came the artillery.

The Royal Foot Guards marched next—a splendid body of men, led by the Earl of Lindsay; they wore a scarlet uniform, with blue trunks and hose; their musketeers were armed with long-barrelled firelocks, and had "collars of bandoleers" slung over the left shoulder; the pikemen carried 16-feet pikes and long swords, and their persons were protected by breast-plates and back-pieces. As they passed they were greeted with loud cheers.

After the Guards came Sir John Digby's trained bands, in buff tunics and iron helmets, or "pots," as they were then styled.

The rest of the infantry followed the trained bands.

The review over, Charles left the field and returned to the Market Hall (a magnificent building erected in the reign of Elizabeth), where he and his principal officers sat down to a banquet given by the mayor and corporation.

As soon as the king had taken his departure, the troops were marched back to their quarters and dismissed. . . . . .

Just before Ronald Cathcart rode past in front of his troop, his eye happened to alight on a tall, meanly-dressed man, who had elbowed himself into the front rank of the spectators. There was nothing very particular in the appearance of this shabby individual, and our hero would not have bestowed another thought upon him, had he not honoured him with a most unmistakable scowl.

Ronald naturally felt surprised at this expression of a perfect stranger's hostility, for that the scowl was meant for him, he could not for a moment doubt. He was riding two horses' length in front of his men, on the flank nearest the crowd, so there could be no mistake that *he* was the person at whom it was directed.

Ronald therefore gave a second look, and then the hot blood surged into his face as he felt convinced that the hostile stranger was none other than Philip Ruddach. The rumour that Ruddach had been seen

in the neighbourhood of Charmouth, disguised as a pedlar, flashed across his mind, and strengthened his conviction that it was his uncle's murderer who now stood within twenty feet of him.

An almost incontrollable impulse to gallop out of the ranks and sabre his enemy on the spot seized him, but with a great effort he restrained himself; for he reflected that, in the first place, such a proceeding would scarcely be in accordance with military discipline, and, secondly, he might be mistaken—in which case he would be placed in a very unpleasant position. So, with a rather lame attempt to appear unconcerned, Ronald stole another glance at the man, and "took him in from head to toe."

The instant his troop was dismissed, our hero went up to his friend Will Thomas, and told him what had occurred.

In the absence of Sir Arthur Hazelton, who was one of the guests at the Market Hall, Will advised Ronald to report the circumstance to the provost-marshal, and secure that dreaded functionary's assistance in tracking the supposed Philip Ruddach, and they at once set out for his quarters, which were at the other end of the town.

As they left the cavalry lines, a respectable-looking lad came up to them, and, doffing his cap, said,—

"An it please your honours, can you tell me where I shall find Lieutenant Ronald Cathcart?"

"My name is Cathcart," replied Ronald, stopping short.

The boy handed him a scrap of paper, on which were pencilled these words,—

"Philip Ruddach hath been in Shrewsbury since Friday e'en; I have tracked him to his hiding-place. Meet me at sun-down, under the Abbey wall, and I will lead thee to the villain's lodging; come alone, for the bird is shy, and we two should be able to net him without aid. Simon Hornblower."

"Who gave you this, boy?" asked Ronald, somewhat puzzled by the note, for he did not recollect any one of the name of Hornblower.

"A pikeman of Sir Owen Watkins' regiment," replied the lad. "He told me to say that he served on board the *Dragon*, under Captain Ruddach."

"I remember!" exclaimed Ronald, giving the lad a piece of money. "He was one of those who declared for the king after we captured his ship. An honest-looking, pock-marked fellow, with red hair, is he not?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "He is billeted at my father's, Sampson Robinson, the clothier, in the market-place."

"Tell him I will be there."

"What think you of this, Will?" said Ronald, as the messenger disappeared round the corner.

"What do you know of the writer of the note?" returned Will Thomas, answering his friend's question by asking another.

"Little or nothing, except that he was one of the crew of the *Dragon*, who volunteered to continue to serve on board her when Captain Roberts took my mother to France."

"How came he in Watkin's regiment?"

"Oh, when Roberts returned from Brest, he gave a rather good account of Hornblower, who he declared was a Royalist at heart, so we enlisted him as a musketeer in the Charmouth garrison; but at his own request he was transferred to the draft we sent to Watkin, he preferring to be with the army rather than do garrison duty."

"Come, that sounds well," said Thomas. "I say, go by all means; but I shall come with you,"

"Nay, Hornblower distinctly says, 'come alone,'" Ronald replied.

"That only means, 'don't bring a guard with you,'" rejoined the other. "We'll go together, and then, if there's aught amiss, you will have somebody to back you. Besides, I have a private grudge against Ruddach, and have no objection to cross swords with him before we consign him to the gallows-tree."

"You cannot fight an assassin, Will," expostulated his friend; "that is out of the question. But what is this grudge you have against that villain?"

"Well, last summer the impudent dog thought fit to fall in love with Alice, and—"

"What!" cried Ronald furiously. "Philip Ruddach dared to—"

"Come, my dear fellow," laughed Will, "don't be violent. I gave Master Phil a sound drubbing for his insolence at the time."

"I'll horsewhip the scoundrel before the whole town," continued Ronald, who—truth must be told—was of a rather jealous disposition.

"As he will probably be hanged before noon to-morrow, I think you might forego the whipping," said Will Thomas drily. "But make not such an ado about nothing! I would not have told you if I had thought you would be so troubled in mind about it."

"But, Will," rejoined Ronald, feeling rather ashamed of his outburst, "suppose that false hound had attempted to abduct Alice! He is capable of any crime; and your father's cottage is very lonely. 'Twas a good thought of mine, persuading the vicar to go to the Grange; they will be safe enough now, at all events."

"It was, Ronald; and I'm right glad my good father and sister are there. However, if we lay

hands on Master Philip this night, he will have small chance of abducting any one; a short shrift and a long rope is what he may expect."

"There's our gallant captain, Lloyd Pryce, standing at the door of the Raven," said Ronald, as they entered the market-place. "I've not broken fast since early this morning, and feel both hungry and thirsty. What say you, Will, shall we see if mine host of the Raven can satisfy our cravings?"

"With all my heart," replied the other; "'tis but three o'clock, so we've a good two hours before we need set out on our search. Say not a word to Pryce," he added, as Sir Lloyd walked towards them; "he might object to our going without a proper guard, and I confess that I should be sorry to be baulked in this adventure."

Inviting Sir Lloyd Pryce to join them in their meal, they entered the tavern and called for the landlord.

"Canst give us aught to eat, Master Bottlenose?" asked Will, throwing himself into a chair by the fire; "anything thou hast in the pantry will suffice us."

The landlord bowed obsequiously, and promised to attend to them directly, and in a few minutes a sumptuous repast was placed on the table. There was the best part of a magnificent Severn salmon, fit to grace the royal table, flanked by a grouse-pie, a cold roast

capon *vis-à-vis* to a fine ham, and a "pasty made of the good red deer."

"Thankful am I that the worshipful mayor did not include my name in his invitations to the banquet," cried Will, drawing his chair to the table, and eyeing the tempting viands with a look of satisfaction. "When his Majesty appoints me generalissimo of his forces, I'll make thee purveyor-in-chief, friend Bottle-nose! Come, Sir Lloyd, let us not waste time. An empty stomach brooks not ceremony."

Having an appointment in the town, Sir Lloyd Pryce left his two subalterns to finish their repast by themselves, and they, as soon as they were left alone, at once broached the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

"Methinks," said Ronald, taking the note from his pocket, "that this honest fellow, Hornblower, writes uncommonly well, Will."

"So it struck me; it is a clerkly hand and not such as you might expect from a rough sailor. Perchance he got some one to write it for him."

"'Twas a foolish thing to do if he did so," Ronald replied. "In these days it is unsafe to trust any one, and a matter like this should be kept from all."

"True," said Will, pouring himself out a tankard

of home-brewed ale; "but it is time we were moving, for we shall have to doff our uniform and disguise ourselves, as well as we can, as plain burgesses."

"If this Hornblower shows the slightest sign of treachery, I'll spit him like a lark," said Ronald, rising from his seat, and buckling on his sword. "I will pay the reckoning, Will."

* * * * * *

Half an hour after sun-down, they quitted the town and made for the village of Merivale, where the remains of the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was founded by Roger de Montgomery, a powerful Norman baron, may still be seen.

The two friends had changed their dress and were now attired in plain, dark-coloured doublets, and breeches and hose of a like hue; they had discarded their long riding-boots, and wore stout shoes with steel buckles.

Their swords they retained, and each carried a heavy brass-mounted horse-pistol.

They found Simon Hornblower waiting for them near the abbey-gate, and saw that he too had put off his military clothes, and was dressed like an ordinary countryman.

When Hornblower perceived that Ronald Cathcart

was not alone, his face fell, and for a moment he seemed undecided what to do; but he did not hesitate long, and, asking them to follow him, turned down a narrow lane.

"Didst see the look he gave when he saw me?" whispered Will; "he likes not my company, I can tell."

"Be on your guard," said Ronald, quietly drawnig his sword. "I have my suspicions that this rascal will play us false."

"He shall rue it an he does."

They followed their guide down the lane for a mile or more, until it terminated at the river-side. Here they came upon a small cottage standing close to the water's edge.

It was nearly dark, but no light appeared in any of the windows, nor showed through the chinks of the door. Sword and pistol in hand, they crept cautiously forward, keeping a careful eye on Simon Hornblower, who now halted and faced them.

"There," whispered he, laying his hand on Ronald's arm, "Philip Ruddach is lodging in this cottage, and save an old woman and her idiot son, he is quite alone."

Unfastening a rickety little gate, Hornblower led them across a patch of ill-kept garden-ground up to the cottage-door.

"He cannot escape us," said he, feeling for the latch, "for this is the only entrance."

Will Thomas shifted his pistol to his right hand, and kept close behind the pikeman.

Hornblower hesitated for a moment, and gave a furtive look round; then, lifting the latch, he blew a shrill whistle, and at the same time threw open the door. As if by magic, half a dozen figures sprang from behind some stunted bushes and surrounded the two Cavaliers, whilst in the doorway appeared Philip Ruddach, and behind him the ungainly figure of Ezekiel Snawk, carrying a lighted torch which shed a lurid glare on the scene.

Ronald and Will were not altogether unprepared for this unpleasant *dénouement*, for, as we have seen, their suspicions as to the honesty of their guide had been already aroused. Thomas had been watching Hornblower's movements from the first, and no sooner did he perceive that he had betrayed them than he levelled his pistol and shot the wretched Simon through the head.

Then facing sharply about, he took to his sword, and defended himself from the vigorous onslaught of Ruddach's confederates.

Ronald in the meantime had flung himself upon his uncle's murderer, and bore him heavily to the ground; shortening his sword, he would have quickly sent that

villain to his last account, had not Ezekiel Snawk thrust the blazing torch in his face, and thus created a diversion in Ruddach's favour.

The latter recovering himself aimed a desperate blow at his adversary's head, but Ronald, quick as lightning, raised his pistol, fired, and broke his sword-arm, and the sabre fell from his grasp.

Our hero then hurled his discharged pistol with so true an aim that it struck Ruddach on the forehead, and knocked him backwards into Snawk's arms, and the latter losing his balance, the two rolled over on the floor of the cottage.

All this, though it takes some time to relate, happened in a very short space of time, during which Will Thomas managed to keep his assailants at bay.

They now, however, pressed him hard, and drove him back into the cottage.

For some time Ronald and he fought back to back; but six to two are terrible odds in a hand-to-hand encounter, and at last they were overpowered and disarmed, but not before they had mortally wounded two of their opponents.

Bruised and bleeding, the two friends were dragged into an inner room, where, after binding their arms behind their backs and securing their ankles with leathern straps, their captors left them to reflect

on the mutability of human affairs, and their own foolhardiness in having set forth on such an expedition without taking proper precautions in case of treachery.

CHAPTER XII.

How Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas made their escape.

"ART much hurt, Will?" asked Ronald, as soon as they were alone.

"A scratch or two, that's all," Will replied; "though I feel stiff and sore from heel to crown! and how have you fared at the hands of those swashbucklers?"

Ronald gave himself a shake, as if to ascertain whether any of his bones had suffered, and answered,—

"I'm much in the same plight as yourself, cut and bruised, with a scorched face into the bargain, but there's nought much amiss, as I'd prove were my arms free."

"Curses on the cowardly knaves! they kicked and pommelled us black and blue, and then trussed us like a brace of capons," rejoined his companion, making a violent effort to free himself from the cords that bound his arms.

"'Tis useless to struggle, Will," Ronald said, "these knots were tied by sailors, and they'll hold firm, rely on it! one thing comforts me, they paid

dearly for their victory, and Simon Hornblower has reaped the just reward of his treachery."

"What'll they do with us, think you?"

"Much the same as we should have done with Philip Ruddach, had he not thus turned the tables upon us; only they'll dispense with all ceremony. I would that I had come alone, Will! it grieves me sore to have brought you to this pass."

"Trouble not yourself about me, Ronald," said Will, "not for a king's ransom would I have let you go alone! But hark! the knaves are coming back."

As he spoke, the door opened, and Philip Ruddach and his companions entered, followed by Snawk, bearing a lantern. Ruddach looked deadly pale; his head was swathed in a blood-stained kerchief, and he carried his sword-arm in a sling.

Ezekiel Snawk, who knew something of surgery, had examined and dressed his wounds; he found the arm was broken, but the fracture was a simple one, and the bullet had not lodged; so he set it as well as he was able, and though faint and weak from loss of blood and pain, Ruddach was quite capable of action.

"Take these young dogs down to the boat," he growled, glaring at them with his savage eyes; "be quick about it; too much time's been lost already."

"Art going to add another murder to your long

list of crimes?" said Ronald bitterly. "Would that my bullet had pierced your craven heart!"

"Know you not the rogue is bullet-proof?" cried Will, with a scornful laugh; "how can you shoot a man that's born to be hanged?"

"Thou wilt hang thyself ere to-morrow's sun sets," retorted Ruddach, kicking Will savagely in the face. "I'll teach thee manners, young sir!"

"Miserable poltroon! thou didst sing to a different tune when I horsewhipped thee in the Church lane," Will replied. "But I had my hands free then."

"Come, bandy not words with the lads, Master Ruddach," interposed one of his companions, "thou hast them in thy power right enough, so let that suffice! Bear a hand here, Tom, and help me cast off these lashings."

The straps that fastened their ankles were loosed, and Ronald and Will rose to their feet.

"Let us begone," said Ruddach, "and if they make an attempt to escape, or speak a word, blow their brains out."

The prisoners were then led into the front room, where lay the bodies of Hornblower and the two other men who had fallen. One of their captors asked Ruddach to have them buried, but the latter bade him hold his tongue, adding with a brutal laugh, "let the owner of the cottage, whoever he may be,

bury them if he pleases; I trouble not myself about dead men!"

Under the river-bank was moored a heavy clinker-built ship's boat, intended to pull eight oars, double-banked; into this boat Ronald and Will were pushed, and ordered to take their seats in the stern-sheets.

"Hey, Master Ruddach," said one of the men; "who are to man the oars? this cranky old tub was heavy enough to pull when fully manned; how dost thou expect us to shove her along, when there are but three of us to row? Tom Jones must take the tiller, now thou'rt wounded."

"Ay, Silas speak truth, captain," said another. "With thyself, that land-lubber Snawk, and the two prisoners, 'twill be precious hard work."

"Why not make these lads take an oar each?" suggested the first speaker; "they're strong, well-built fellows, and I warrant me they ken how to pull."

"Thou art an impudent varlet," retorted Ronald, unable to suppress a laugh at the coolness of the proposal; "but suppose we refuse, what then?"

"We'll make short work of you, that's all," said Ruddach, who for a wonder approved of his confederate's suggestion. "Either row or not, as you please, but if you do *not*, I'll knock you on the head

without further trouble. After all, I'm not sure 'twould not be the best plan."

Will Thomas was about to refuse point-blank, but Ronald gave him a nudge, and said,—

"It seems to me that as we are doomed to be murdered by you and your myrmidons, it matters little when or where the crime is committed; but life is sweet, and even a few hours' respite is a boon, so we'll do as you wish."

"Cast loose their arms," replied Ruddach, taking his seat in the boat; "and let them pull the stroke oars. Snawk, take thy pistol and watch young Thomas; I will see to my worthy brother-in-law's nephew. Hark ye, dog! I can still hold a pistol and pull a trigger; if thou dost not row with all thy might and main, or if thou attempt to play me false, I'll shoot thee dead; and Ezekiel there will do the same by thy comrade."

Ronald and Will took their places on the stroke thwart side by side, and the oars were placed in their hands. Ruddach sat as close as possible to Ronald, pistol in hand, whilst Snawk occupied a like position with regard to Will—both taking care to avoid hindering them in their stroke.

Then Silas Thompson cast off the painter, and the boat was pulled into the middle of the stream.

The two friends bent to their oars right manfully, and the clumsy craft made good way down the river.

They had pulled a mile or so without a word being spoken, whilst Ruddach and Ezekiel Snawk sat watching their victims like a cat watches a mouse.

Suddenly Ronald ceased rowing.

"Go on," said Ruddach, menacing him with his pistol. "Wherefore dost thou stop?"

"I must have a drink of water," Ronald replied; "I am parched with thirst."

"Fill that baler from the river, Jones," said Ruddach, addressing the man who was steering.

Jones leaned over the gunwale to fill the can, and his weight made the boat heel over to port. This was just what Ronald expected; he had noticed from the first that, though broad of beam, the boat was clumsy and very crank; so as she heeled over he seized Will Thomas by the collar, and throwing his whole weight on the port side, and dragging his friend on the top of him, he capsized the boat.

It was done in a moment, and before Ruddach and his companions had even time to cry out, they were struggling in the river.

"Make for the left bank, Will," shouted Ronald, as soon as he got his head above water; "we're safe enough now!"

"I'm close behind you," spluttered Will, who had

been quite as much taken by surprise as the others. "'Twas a well-conceived idea boldly carried out, though I confess for the moment I guessed not your design."

A dozen strokes brought them to the bank, up which they clambered, and in two seconds they were once again on *terra firma*—and free!

"There are the lights of Shrewsbury," said Ronald, "let us be off at once."

"With all my heart!" responded Will. "*Au revoir*, Master Ruddach! we shall meet again, no doubt; for I know thou wast never born to be drowned!"

Then they set off at a sharp run, and cutting straight across country, in less than an hour found themselves safe within the walls of Shrewsbury.

They made no official report of their adventure, though they told Sir Arthur Hazelton the whole story, and he—while he expressed his unbounded delight at their escape—rated them soundly for their foolhardiness.

* * * * * *

Will Thomas was right! Ruddach was *not* born to be drowned. Despite his disabled arm, he managed to cling to the overturned boat, until Silas Thompson

and Snawk came to his assistance, and supported him to the bank.

The other three men, being unable to swim, lost their lives.

CHAPTER XIII.

The advance of the Royalist army—The eve of Edgehill.

ON the morning after their perilous adventure, Ronald and Will Thomas awoke, feeling uncommonly stiff and sore from the cuts and bruises they had received.

As for Will, he was not presentable, for the right side of his face was discoloured and swollen from the savage kick that Philip Ruddach bestowed upon him.

Under these circumstances they were not sorry to hear that the order to march at noon had been countermanded, and the army was to remain in Shrewsbury until the 13th. Their satisfaction was complete when a note came from Sir Arthur, saying that they were excused from all duties for the next two days.

In the course of the day a noted leech visited them, and so skilfully did he treat their hurts, that when the morning of the 13th dawned there were very few traces of disfigurement left, and they were able to parade at the appointed hour without their appearance attracting attention or causing remark.

* * * * * *

Early on the 13th of October the royal army marched from Shrewsbury, and shortly after noon the advanced guard entered Bridgenorth, which was held for the king by a small force under Colonel Montgomery.

The situation at Bridgenorth is extremely picturesque; it stands on a promontory guarded by steeply scarped sides of sandstone rock, overlooking the Severn and the little tributary river which here joins it.

At the extremity of this promontory, defended on three sides by rocky steeps which are quite inaccessible to troops, is the castle, which was built in the eleventh century by Roger de Belesme, third and last Norman Earl of Shrewsbury.

In those days Bridgenorth Castle was of considerable strategical importance, commanding as it did the river and the main roads leading to the sea-coast.

At Bridgenorth Charles received the information that Warwick and Coventry were occupied by the Parliamentary troops under Lord Brooke—that fanatical nobleman who afterwards met his death at the siege of Lichfield Cathedral.

The king therefore avoided those towns, and directed his march to Kenilworth, where he slept the next night.

On receiving intelligence of the advance of the

Royalist army, the Earl of Essex quitted Worcester, and pressed on the king by forced marches.

Charles left Kenilworth and crossed the Avon at a ford between Coventry and Warwick, and thus turned the enemy's flank; then he advanced on Southam. But as Stratford-on-Avon had been entered by the Roundheads under Hampden a day or two before, Essex was able to make the passage of the river unmolested, and follow in pursuit of the Cavaliers.

On the night of the 21st Charles slept at Southam; he was escorted by half a troop of "Hazelton's Horse," commanded by Ronald Cathcart, who passed the night under the same roof as his Majesty.

On the following morning Charles started from Southam to ride to Edgecot, the seat of Sir William Chauncey.

He was accompanied by the young Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and attended by two or three members of his staff, and Ronald Cathcart.

The road led through a pleasant, undulating country, well studded with elm and ash trees, while here and there a primitive hamlet nestled under the grassy hill-slopes. It was a bright sunshiny morning, and as they cantered over the soft, springy turf, the spirits of Charles and his sons rose, and their cares and anxieties were for the time forgotten.

Suddenly the sound of a horn echoed amongst the

woods, and as the little party breasted a steep hill, a pack of hounds burst from a neighbouring covert and came full cry over the brow of the hill.

Then the joyous "view holloa" of the huntsman greeted their ears, and half a dozen horsemen came galloping over the hills, cheering the running hounds to the echo.

Charles reined in his charger, and a look of vexation came o'er his face. "Whom have we here?" cried he, "who is the gentleman who follows his hounds, rather than the fortunes of his sovereign? Ride after him, Mr. Cathcart, and say that we should wish to speak to him."

Putting spurs to his horse, Ronald galloped after the hunters, who pulled up directly they perceived him; and one of them, a fine, good-looking man mounted on a splendid chestnut mare, cantered back to meet him.

"Can I be of any service to you?" said he courteously. "I am Mr. S——, of S—— Hall."

"His Majesty the King desires to speak to you, Mr. S——," replied Ronald, doffing his broad-brimmed, heavily-plumed hat.

"The king!" exclaimed the gentleman in astonishment. "Is that the king? I will follow you at once, sir. Call off the hounds, Will Deakin!" he shouted to his huntsman. "Now I am at your service, sir."

Charles received Mr. S—— most graciously, but gently remonstrated with him, for that while his king was about to fight for his crown and dignity, he should be engaged in amusing himself with his hounds.

Mr. S—— frankly acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and at once rode home, raised his tenantry, and next morning joined the royal army at the head of a troop of horse. Charles knighted this gallant gentleman on the field of Edgehill, as a token of his gratification at such prompt compliance with his request.

* * * * * *

On the 22nd of October Prince Rupert and the cavalry occupied the village of Wormleighton, where his Highness was entertained by Sir Robert Spencer, the lord of the manor.

"Hazelton's Horse" was billeted in a small hamlet a mile and a half from Wormleighton, Sir Arthur and his officers occupying a substantial farm-house standing close to the road. On arriving at Edgecot, Ronald and his party were relieved from escort-duty by a detachment of dragoons, and they at once set out for Wormleighton, which they reached in the afternoon.

Here Ronald received orders to attach himself to Prince Rupert's staff, and he accordingly took up his quarters at the manor.

Shortly after midnight, Prince Rupert, accompanied by Ronald and half a dozen troopers of "Hazelton's Horse," set out to visit the outposts.

They had hardly cleared the Manor Park, when an officer galloped up the road in hot haste, and, saluting the prince, informed him that the Parliamentary army was even now bivouacked on the plain at the foot of Edgehill, and that the watch-fires were visible from the Royalist outpost at Fenny Compton, a hamlet three miles from Wormleighton Manor.

Rupert put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his aides-de-camp and the escort, rode straight across country to Fenny Compton, where he saw for himself that the report of the proximity of the enemy was correct.

The prince hastily scribbled a few lines on a scrap of paper, and handed the despatch to Ronald, saying,—

"Ride for thy life to Edgecot, and deliver this into his Majesty's own hands. I will get me back to Wormleighton, and turn out our men. By this time to-morrow we shall have taught those scurvy traitors a lesson which they'll ne'er forget."

Ronald took the despatch with a mingled feeling of gratification and responsibility at being selected as the bearer of so important a message, and, turning

his charger's head, rode off in the direction of Edgecot.

Our hero was mounted on his favourite horse, Bevis, a magnificent red roan, standing close on sixteen hands, whose speed was only equalled by his powers of endurance. He had about six miles as the crow flies to ride, across the picturesque country around Avon Dasset, and Farnborough, and then over the Cherwell, at a ford a mile above Cropredy.

Away he went at a stretching gallop, straight across country, over "fence, gate, and bar," until he reached the outskirts of Edgecot Park, and then, slackening speed, he cantered up the avenue, and drew rein before the noble mansion where the king was staying.

Sir William Chauncey, a hale old gentleman in his seventieth year, had not yet retired to rest, though it was towards the small hours of the morning, and he himself conducted Cathcart to the chamber where Charles was sleeping as peacefully as though the morrow was not to decide the fate of his kingdom.

It was hard upon 3 a.m. on Sunday the 23rd of October, when the king was roused from his couch by Ronald with the news that Lord Essex's army was at hand, and that he might fight at once, if he thought fit.

"Sir William Chauncey," cried his Majesty, as he

perused Prince Rupert's despatch, "we pray you send for the Earl of Lindsay; and you, Stewart, let orders be issued without delay for our troops to march direct to Edgehill. Mr. Cathcart, we thank you for the speed you have made in bringing us this welcome intelligence. To-morrow we trust to have scattered these rebels, and then we shall have it in our power to reward those who have so loyally served us. You, young sir, deserve well at our hands, not alone on account of your own valuable services, but also for the sake of our lamented friend, Sir Henry Lovell. So soon as thy horse is rested, and thou hast partaken of some refreshment, we will give thee an answer for his Highness Prince Rupert. Sir William, we commit this young gentleman to thy care."

Filled with emotions of pride and pleasure at the gracious words the king had spoken, Ronald retired from the room.

Half an hour later he was once more in the saddle, galloping back, for dear life, to Wormleighton Manor, with Charles' reply to the prince in his pocket.

This letter, which has been preserved amongst Prince Rupert's papers, was couched in brief terms, and ran as follows :—

"NEPHEU,—I have given order as you have desyred; so I dout not but all the foot and canon will bee at Eggehill betymes this morning, where you

will also find your loving oncle and faithful frend, CHARLES R.—4 o'clock this Sonday morning."[1]

Rupert read the king's reply, and thanked Ronald heartily for having executed his mission with such despatch.

"Now," said he, laying his hand on Ronald's shoulder, "wouldst thou like to serve on my staff, or rejoin thy regiment to-morrow?"

"An it please your highness, I—I," stammered Ronald, not liking to refuse the prince's kind offer and yet unwilling to be absent from his own corps at such a time, "I should—"

"Rather be with thy regiment," interrupted the prince, smiling. "Thou'rt a lad after mine own heart. Well, do as thou wilt, and join friend Hazelton in the morning."

[1] "Memoirs of Prince Rupert" (Warburton).

CHAPTER XIV.

The battle of Edgehill—Principal events after Edgehill.

UNDER the massive gateway of Wormleighton Manor Prince Rupert rode forth that cold October morning, and putting himself at the head of his cavalry, marched to Edgehill, and took up a position along the brow of the hill, his extreme right resting on the spot where the road comes up from Kineton. His appearance with the Royalist cavalry gave the first intelligence to Essex that his enemy was near, just as the fires of the Roundheads in the plain below had betrayed their presence to the outpost at Fenny Compton.

At Edgehill the broken country of the border sinks suddenly down upon the central plain of England; the long ridge, which is entirely in Warwickshire, extends nearly north and south, and, at its northern extremity, is crossed by the Dasset Hills, which throw out a spur of high ground into the level. At the time of the battle the whole country was unenclosed, and

there could have been very little of the wood that now clothes the slope of the hill.

Before it was daylight Charles had left Edgecot, and, riding by a cross-country road, arrived at the centre of his position, immediately over the village of Radway, just as the infantry, under the Earl of Lindsay and Sir Jacob Astley, were forming up. The foot-guards (the king's own regiment), commanded by Lord Willoughby, Lindsay's son, occupied the centre of the line, and in their rear the king's tent was pitched and the royal standard displayed.

The left wing of the army, commanded by Lord Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston, stood where the road from Stratford-on-Avon runs up to what was then a wayside inn, called the "Sun Rising."

Thus Charles' whole force was disposed along the hill, and overlooked the entire position of his adversaries.

The Cavaliers were in high spirits, and felt certain of victory. As their monarch rode along the line he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers.

Charles was clad in armour, and wore the ribbon of the Garter across his glittering cuirass, and never had he appeared in better heart or more confident of success.

"If this day shine prosperous unto us, we shall be happy in a glorious victory," said he to his devoted fol-

lowers. "Your king is both your cause, your quarrel, and your captain. The foe is in sight! Come life or death, victory or defeat, we will bear you company."

The Parliamentary army found itself in a fertile plain, bounded in front and to the left by steep green hills, about two miles distant; in its rear was the little market-town of Kineton. From their position the Roundheads could see the figure of a gigantic horse cut into the red, iron-stained rock, which to this day gives a name to the plain (the Vale of the Red Horse), and the Puritan ministers who passed up and down the ranks, holding forth to the soldiers, as was their custom, pointed to this figure and dubbed it "the Red Horse of the Lord, about to ride furiously to the ruin of the foe."

Essex's right wing consisted of three regiments of horse under Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir William Balfour, and Lord Fielding. Sir John Meldrum's brigade led the van. Essex commanded the centre in person, and Lords Brooke and Hollis the rear. Sir James Ramsay was in command of the left wing, which was composed of twelve squadrons of cavalry.

The Earl of Essex occupied a plot of rising ground now known as the "Two Battle Farms," Battledon, and Thistledon.

Not only did the Royalists overlook the enemy's position, but they were, at the commencement of the

fight, the stronger force by nearly 1500 infantry and a few troops of horse; and had Charles taken the advice of the brave old general, Lord Lindsay, and quietly waited for Essex to attack his strong position, he would in all probability have gained a most decisive victory. Unhappily for himself, he allowed the hot-headed counsel of his younger generals to prevail, and determined to push forward his two first lines and meet the attack half-way.

Although Edgehill had been occupied at early dawn, it was some time past noonday before the battle commenced.

The Earl of Essex was in no hurry to fight; he still hoped that the horrors of a civil war might be averted. Moreover, he had left Hampden in his rear with 2000 infantry, six squadrons of horse, and some artillery, and he was anxious that this force should join him before the battle began.

About 2 p.m. the first line of the royal army advanced down the hill, and Essex opened fire with some guns posted on his right.

The fiery Rupert pushed forward his cavalry, and attacked the enemy's left wing. As he approached, to his astonishment, an entire troop of horse, under Sir Faithful Fortescue (who had been on service in Ireland, and had only just returned), deserted the Parliamentary ranks, and, discharging their petronels

into the ground, wheeled about by divisions, and joined Rupert in his attack on Essex's left.

This treacherous act struck dismay and suspicion into the hearts of the Roundhead cavalry; the left wing fell into confusion, then rallied and held its ground for a few minutes, only to break again and flee in disorder before the furious onslaught of the Cavaliers, who pursued the fugitives across the fields as far as Kineton.

But now the bad discipline and love of plunder that characterized Rupert's followers, caused their very success to lead to a decided reverse. The prince allowed nearly an hour to be wasted in plundering the baggage of Essex's army, which blocked up the streets of Kineton, and this imprudent and unsoldierlike act proved fatal. It happened in this wise.

Lord Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston had been equally successful in their attack on Essex's right wing, which had also fled in confusion. Unfortunately the king's reserve, composed almost entirely of raw troops, seeing the enemy run, thought that all was over, and, led by Sir John Biron, charged down the hill and joined in Rupert's mad pursuit.

Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, saw his opportunity, and at once attacked the royal infantry, and made great havoc amongst them.

In the meanwhile Rupert had paid dearly for his imprudence.

"Hazelton's Horse" had been posted on the extreme right of the cavalry, and had joined in the pursuit as far as Kineton; but when that town was entered Sir Arthur would not allow his men to join their comrades in plundering the baggage, but drew the regiment up in column in a large pasture just outside the town.

Ronald Cathcart, with a score of troopers, was ordered to advance and reconnoitre in the direction of Chadshunt. Wheeling to the right by threes, Ronald cantered up the lane, and, advancing about half a mile, extended his men right and left.

In this order they trotted forward to the top of a low hill, from whence Ronald obtained a good view of the surrounding country.

To his right rear lay Kineton, the streets of which town were now filled with a noisy rabble, plundering and destroying everything they could lay hands on; fallen men and horses dotted the fields across which the discomfited Roundheads had fled; whilst in the distance he could see many fugitives galloping away for dear life, though the pursuit had ceased.

Suddenly his attention was called to a body of troops debouching from a wood, and marching rapidly towards Kineton; a second look convinced him that

they must be Parliamentarians, and calling in his men, he rode back to give the alarm.

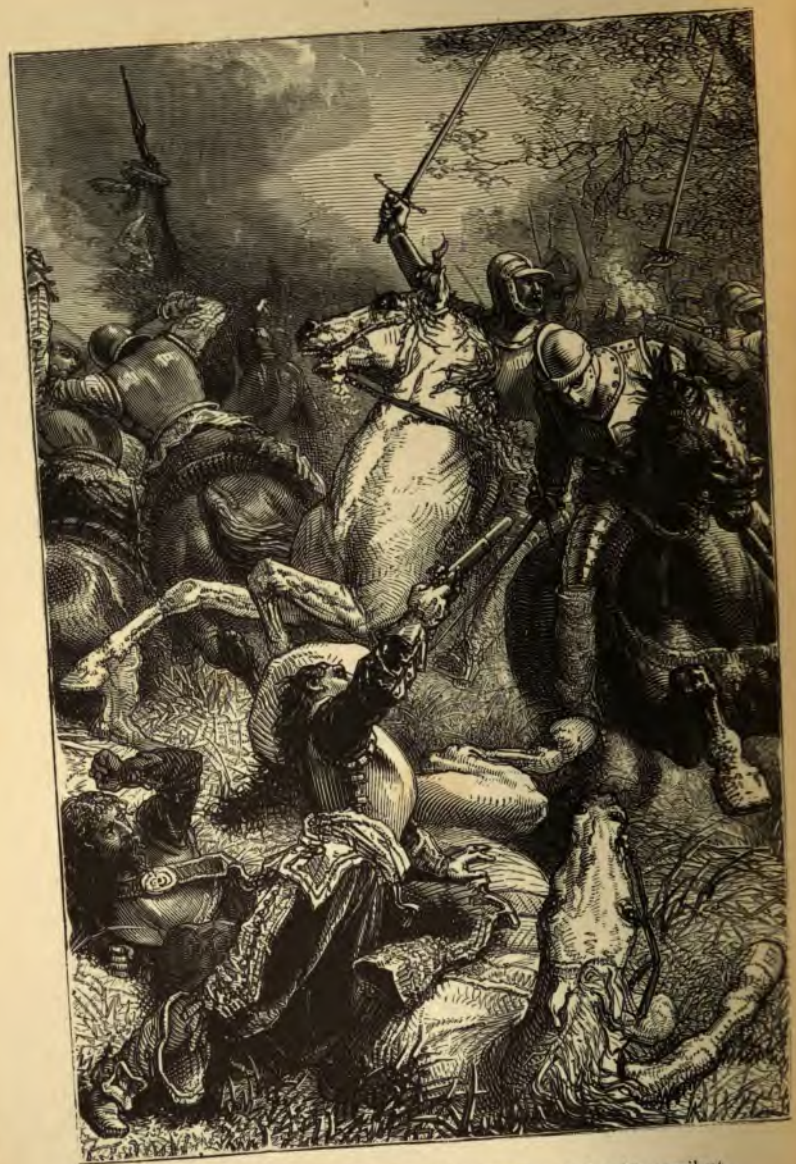
Just as he reached the prince's side, one of the king's aides-de-camp galloped up with the intelligence that Charles was hard pressed by Sir William Balfour, and urgently needed succour.

Rupert, alarmed at the news, at once gave orders for the cavalry to reform on ground that to this day bears the name of "Rupert's Headland."

But it was too late!

The troops that Ronald had espied were those commanded by Hampden, and before the prince's orders could be carried into effect, they arrived on the field and opened fire; at the same time some of the routed left wing rallied and advanced to support them. The Royalist cavalry were compelled to recross the plain in great confusion, their retreat being covered by Sir Arthur Hazelton's regiment and a troop of dragoons.

Sir Arthur and his men were successful in covering Rupert's retreat, and had they been supported, might have driven back the troops opposed to them; but they were greatly outnumbered, and exposed to a galling fire both of musketry and artillery. At length Sir Arthur gave orders for the dragoons to fall back, and as soon as they were in safety he commenced to retire his own regiment. Hardly had he given the



Ronald snatched a pistol from his holster, and shot his assailant.

order when the enemy's fire ceased, and a strong body of heavy cavalry charged down upon "Hazelton's Horse," and literally rode over them.

The Cavaliers fought with the utmost gallantry, but their adversaries were comparatively fresh, and, being mounted on heavier horses, had by sheer weight and the impetus of their charge rolled over nearly half of Sir Arthur's troop.

Ronald's horse fell with him, and he was heavily thrown; seeing this, a Roundhead officer rode furiously at him, and would certainly have run him through, had not Ronald snatched a pistol from his holster, and shot his assailant in the throat—the bullet entering where his head-piece joined the gorget.

"Well saved!" cried a voice behind him; and turning round, Ronald saw Sir Arthur lying on the ground beside his horse.

"Are you hurt?" he said, as the Roundheads swept onward, and left the plain strewn with the dead and dying.

"I was unhorsed and fell just in your path, and your charger has rolled half over me," was his colonel's reply. "Can you manage to pull him off my legs?"

Seeing some men of his own troop who had been overthrown but not injured, Ronald called to them, and by their united exertions Sir Arthur was released from his unpleasant position.

Placing their colonel on a stray horse, the little party made the best of their way to Radway; and being fortunate enough to escape observation, reached the Royalist lines in safety.

*· * * * * *

Prince Rupert reached the centre of the king's position only to find the guards and infantry in complete disorder; in fact, he was only just in time to prevent the total overthrow of the main body of the royal army. On his opportune arrival Sir William Balfour, seeing himself outnumbered, retired in good order. Even now, had Rupert charged the Roundhead infantry, he might have again changed the fortune of the day; but his cavalry were so disordered and blown that he dared not face the resolute front shown by the enemy.

The Royalists had suffered severely, and their dead and wounded covered the ground. Ludlow says: "I saw about threescore lie within the compass of threescore yards, upon the ground where that brigade fought in which the king's standard was."

The Earl of Lindsay, while endeavouring to rally the foot-guards, was shot through the thigh, and fell into the hands of the Roundheads. His son, Lord Willoughby, rushed to his rescue, only to share a like fate.

They were both carried off, and the earl was placed

in Lord Essex's coach, in which he breathed his last on the road to Warwick Castle.

Sir Edmund Verney was killed, and the royal standard captured.

The standard was, however, recovered by as daring an act of bravery as there is on record. It was taken by a certain Cornet Young, who handed it over to the care of Lord Essex's secretary, Mr. Chambers.

A lieutenant of Lennox's troop, John Smith by name, had witnessed Verney's death and the subsequent capture of the standard. Dismounting from his horse, Mr. Smith deprived a fallen Roundhead of his orange scarf (the Parliamentary badge), and, putting it over his own shoulder, vaulted into his saddle, and rode boldly into the enemy's midst in search of the royal banner. Spying out Mr. Chambers, Smith tore the honourable trophy from his grasp, and galloped back to lay it at Charles's feet. For this gallant service Mr. Smith was knighted and decorated with a golden medal, bearing the king's portrait on the obverse and the banner on the reverse.

Charles himself narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

Owing to the darkness of the October evening, the Royalists were enabled to hold their ground ; and the guns nearest the enemy having been retired, the king and his shattered forces spent the night upon the

field. At daybreak part of the Earl of Essex's army was still seen in array; but both sides had suffered too severely to care to renew the struggle.

Although the Parliament claimed the victory, the real advantage rested with Charles; for his army still held their position, and were between Lord Essex and London.

Had Charles been more prudent, and awaited the attack of the enemy instead of advancing to meet him, there can be little doubt that he would have inflicted a crushing blow on the Parliament; but at the same time it is evident that the reckless imprudence of Prince Rupert, together with the disorderly conduct of the reserve, prevented the king from profiting by his first successes.

No great display of generalship was exhibited on either side; indeed, the leaders of both parties appear to have been somewhat incapable. It seems almost incredible that the two armies should have started within two days of each other (the one from Shrewsbury and the other from Worcester, which towns are only twenty miles apart), and yet for over a week they marched in mutual ignorance of the proximity of one to the other, and were actually within six miles of each other before either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Hume, alluding to this extraordinary fact, remarks, "So much had

military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England."

* * * * * *

During the greater part of the following day the two armies lay confronting each other without firing a shot. Later in the afternoon Essex began to withdraw his troops, and fall back upon Warwick. Charles then returned to the quarters he had occupied the previous night, and a few days later removed his headquarters to Oxford, which city was devoted to him cause, to prepare for a winter campaign.

"Hazelton's Horse" had suffered severely in their heroic attempt to cover the retreat of the royal cavalry. Four officers had been killed, and seven, including Sir Arthur, more or less injured; whilst nearly half the men were killed, wounded, or missing. In fact, the regiment was so cut up that when it paraded next morning not more than 120 of all ranks answered to their names, and many of them had received wounds.

Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas both escaped injury, and the former was promoted to the command of his troop, *vice* Sir Lloyd Pryce, killed in action; Will Thomas obtained the vacant lieutenancy.

Sir Arthur was soon able to resume his duties, and marched into Oxford at the head of his regiment.

The disaster that had befallen "Hazelton's Horse"

at Edgehill turned their colonel's attention to the necessity of establishing one or more corps of heavy cavalry in the Royalist army. With the exception of the squadron of cuirassiers that led the march past at Shrewsbury, the king had no heavy troops; the cuirassiers had never mustered more than seventy sabres, and at Edgehill, where they acted as Charles's personal escort, they lost all their officers, as well as several of the gentlemen who rode in their ranks as troopers, and so were practically broken up.

Sir Arthur spoke to Rupert on the subject and obtained his cordial co-operation, and the king at once commissioned him to raise and equip a regiment of six troops able to cope with the Roundhead heavy cavalry.

Each troop was to consist of a captain, a lieutenant, a cornet, and a quarter-master, with three corporals, two trumpeters, and forty private troopers. The men were to be mounted on horses more remarkable for bone than blood—strong, powerful chargers, like the "destriers" of the days of chivalry.

The order for the arming of the troopers ran as follows:—

"Each private trooper to have for his offensive armes, a sword and a case of pistolls, the barrels whereof are not to be under foorteen inches in length; besides these aforesaid armes, twelve troopers in each

troop shall carry carbines, strapt, with bright barrels, two foote six inches in length; each trooper for his defensive armes to have back-piece, breast-plate and gorget, and iron pot with barred vizor."

The nucleus of this new corps was formed from the remains of the cuirassiers and "Hazelton's Horse," after weeding out all the smaller men and horses and drafting them to other regiments. Recruits—mostly the sons of substantial yeomen—came flocking in, and in a short time all the troops were up to their established strength. The command of the regiment —which was named "Hazelton's Cuirassiers"—was given to Sir Arthur.

* * * * * *

The battle of Edgehill threw the whole nation into consternation. War was a new trade to the English, for they had not seen a hostile engagement in the island for many years, and this first serious conflict of the Civil War, with all its horrors and sacrifice of life, struck dismay into their hearts.

It is not our intention to follow closely the course of this unhappy struggle in which—

> The son and father loosed mild nature's ties,
> And by a brother's hand a brother dies,

but a slight sketch of the progress of the war subsequent to Edgehill, and during the winter months

and early spring, will perhaps not be out of place.

Soon after Edgehill Essex marched to London, and about the same time the king attacked Brentford. Hollis' regiment was quartered in this town, and made a good defence, but would in all probability have been entirely cut off, had not Lord Brooke and Hampden come up to its assistance. A fierce and bloody conflict was maintained until nightfall, when Charles drove the Roundheads from the town, which he occupied. Next morning the Parliamentary forces, reinforced by the London trained bands, marched against Brentford, upon which the king retired to Kingston, and from thence to his old quarters at Oxford.

During the winter the war was carried on in various parts of the kingdom.

On the whole, fortune seemed to favour the Royalists, though they sustained one or two serious reverses.

Many towns of which the Parliamentarians thought themselves assured opened their gates to the king's troops. In the north the Earl of Newcastle, at the head of 8000 men, forced the passage of the Tees, and marched upon the city of York, which he entered. Soon after this he defeated a small force of Roundheads, led by Lord Fairfax, at Tadcaster. On the

other hand, Sir Thomas Fairfax took the important town of Leeds, and made prisoners of 500 Cavaliers.

Early in February, 1643, the queen came to reinforce the royal party; she had purchased large supplies of arms and ammunition in Holland, through her son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, and these, after narrowly escaping capture by the Parliament men-of-war, she succeeded in conveying in safety to the king.

During these three months Prince Rupert had not been idle; at the head of his cavalry he had carried on a species of guerilla warfare, and pillaged the country around Oxford, even to the suburbs of London itself.

Many of the older Cavalier officers regarded with anger and concern the excesses committed by the Royalist cavalry upon the unhappy townsfolk and peasantry—excesses which there is little doubt Rupert not only permitted but encouraged. Sir Arthur Hazelton more than once hinted to the prince, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, that the lawless conduct of the cavalry, so far from furthering the king's cause, only tended to alienate the country people and make them detest the sight of a Cavalier; the prince laughed at his friend's remarks, but did not appear offended with him.

On the 2nd of February Rupert took the town of

Cirencester by storm, and after slaying 200 of the garrison, would have given up the place to be pillaged by the victorious Cavaliers, had not Sir Arthur Hazelton remonstrated in strong terms upon the barbarity of such a proceeding.

The prince gave in, but his proud, wilful spirit deeply resented the rebuke, and a coolness sprang up between Sir Arthur and himself, which later on culminated in an open rupture.

CHAPTER XV.

How Ronald Cathcart stormed a battery, how Birmingham was taken by Prince Rupert, and how Sir Arthur Hazelton saved the life of the Roundhead leader.

THE early spring of 1643 was spent by Charles in fruitless negotiations with the Parliament, but the latter, aware of its own consequence and strength, was more haughty than ever in its demands, which seemed to increase in proportion to the reverses which its forces experienced. Prince Rupert took no part in these negotiations, trusting rather to his powers in the field, than to his diplomacy in the cabinet.

During the first week in April a strong force of Cavaliers left Oxford under command of Rupert, and marched northwards. This column consisted of two regiments of cavalry, of which "Hazelton's Cuirassiers" was one, a few guns, and 1200 foot.

The object of the expedition was to open up communication between Oxford and York, as well as to punish the men of Birmingham for their undisguised hostility to the king.

Animated by a love of civil and religious liberty, the inhabitants of Birmingham had from the very first sided with the Parliament. Their workshops were busied forging weapons for the Roundheads, but whenever a person suspected of favouring the royal cause gave an order, the smiths flatly refused to execute it.

Later on, when Charles and his army passed by, just before Edgehill, Clarendon tells us that "Birmingham proved itself so generally wicked, that it had risen upon small parties of the king's, and killed or taken them prisoners, or sent them to Coventry, declaring a more peremptory malice to his Majesty than any other place."[1]

For these "knaveries" the prince intended to give the Birminghamites a sharp lesson.

Before setting out from Oxford, Sir Arthur Hazelton called on the prince at his own lodgings, and begged him earnestly to restrain his followers from committing any outrages on the defenceless inhabitants of Birmingham.

"Levy contributions, and heavy ones too, for the knaves richly deserve punishment," said he; "but let there be no outrages or indiscriminate plunder. I come in the name of our brother-officers, and I urge your highness to pay heed to our request, for the sake of

[1] Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," v. 3.

that cause which we have not hesitated to support at the risk of our lives and property."

Rupert retorted, with some warmth, that he was quite competent to judge between right and wrong, and there was no necessity to remind him of his duty towards his uncle the king.

Seeing that further remonstrance would only lead to a serious quarrel, Sir Arthur respectfully saluted his chief and retired to his own quarters.

At daybreak next morning the trumpets sounded to horse, and two hours later Prince Rupert left Oxford at the head of his troops.

Hazelton's regiment furnished the advanced guard, which was commanded by Ronald Cathcart. Late the same evening they crossed the field of Edgehill, and arrived without adventure at Kineton, where the troops were billeted for the night.

From Kineton Rupert took the road to Stratford-on-Avon, and branching off to the right before reaching that town, prepared to cross the Avon at Weldon, a small hamlet between Stratford and Warwick.

Here the Royalists met with their first check.

Weldon was held by a small body of Roundheads under Captain Simeon, a brave and skilful officer.

Simeon had thrown up a small earthwork, upon which were mounted two 6-pounders, and these guns

commanded the ford over which it was Rupert's intention to pass.

Ronald Cathcart, whose troop still formed the advanced guard, had ridden forward and joined his advanced party, when he was made aware of the proximity of an enemy by the detached files falling back.

"The ford is guarded by a party of the Roundheads, sir," said the corporal; "they have two small guns with them, mounted on a battery, en barbette."

"Did they offer to fire upon you, Corporal Ridley?" asked his officer.

"No, Captain Cathcart," the corporal replied, "I do not think they perceived us; we caught sight of their sentries, and I thought it better to fall back on the advanced party and report to Mr. Trevor."

"Quite right, Corporal Ridley," said Ronald. "Trevor, send back a man to tell Thomas to hurry up with the rest of the troop."

"You are not going to carry the post before the prince comes up?" cried Trevor, who was the cornet of Ronald's troop.

"We'll try, Fred, any way," his captain replied. "It seems to me the knaves must be napping, and if we can take them by surprise, and drive them out of the village without assistance, 'twill be a feather in our caps."

"With all my heart am I with you, mon capitaine," laughed the young cornet; "'tis you will get the blame if we are worsted, whereas if we carry the post we shall *share* the praise! So I risk nought but my life!"

Ronald's plan was a very simple one, and the success of it depended almost entirely on whether he surprised the foe or not.

He waited until Will Thomas came up with the rest of the troops, and having sent the connecting files back to report to Sir Arthur Hazelton that the passage of the ford would probably be disputed, he made his arrangements for the attack. Dismounting twenty of his men, he ordered them to link their horses together in a line along the hedge, and leave them in charge of four of their comrades. This done, he advanced his troop as far as he could without attracting the enemy's attention.

There was no time to be lost if he wished to carry the position without aid, for Sir Arthur Hazelton would hasten up directly he received intelligence that the enemy were disputing the passage of the river.

"Now," said our hero to Will Thomas, "I shall lead the dismounted men as close as possible to the river-bank, then rush the ford and storm the battery; so soon as you see we are well over the parapet, do

you gallop down to the ford, cross it, and cut down every Roundhead you meet who refuses to surrender."

"A very pretty programme!" laughed Will; "if we don't get shot by the enemy, we shall probably be tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders! However, never mind, recklessness often succeeds where caution fails, so let's be doing."

Sword and pistol in hand, Ronald led his dismounted troopers down to the river-bank, taking advantage of every bush or tree that might conceal them from the enemy's view. He actually reached the ford (which was a very shallow one) without attracting attention, then with a loud cheer he and his men dashed into the river, and were half-way across before the sentries gave the alarm. The Parliamentary soldiers at once stood to their arms, and prepared to give the daring Cavaliers a warm reception.

The guns were fired, but fortunately, in the confusion, the artillerists did not depress the muzzles sufficiently, and the shots went over the heads of Ronald and his party.

"Forward, lads!" shouted Ronald, breasting the low parapet of the battery.

A hasty volley was fired by the Roundheads, and two of the cuirassiers fell back and rolled down the slope. The rest gained the top of the parapet, and

discharging their pistols in the faces of its defenders drove them back some distance.

Seeing that his men were demoralized by the suddenness of the attack, Captain Simeon, hoping to inspire them with confidence and courage, seized a halbert, and, rushing at Ronald, struck him down.

Corporal Ridley sprang forward to his captain's assistance, but the gallant Roundhead thrust at him with the halbert, and wounded him severely in the throat. Simeon's men now rallied, and charging the little band of Cavaliers—reduced to seventeen men—drove them back over the parapet.

At this juncture a wild hurrah rang through the air, and Will Thomas galloped down to the ford, crossed it without hindrance, and having reached the opposite bank, wheeled to his left and took the Roundheads in the rear.

Encouraged by the advent of their comrades, the storming party fought with redoubled vigour, and, though outnumbered by nearly four to one, succeeded in re-entering the battery.

One of them, Tobias Howlett by name, determined to avenge the fall of Ronald and the corporal, singled out Captain Simeon, and first cutting his halbert in two by one stroke of the sword, ran him through the body.

Seeing their leader slain, and their retreat cut off,

the Roundheads threw down their arms, and surrendered at discretion.

The whole affair did not last five and twenty minutes, and Will Thomas had hardly secured his prisoners when the leading files of Hazelton's regiment crossed the ford, and a few minutes after Sir Arthur himself came up.

The colonel's first thought, as soon as Thomas had made his report, was for Ronald. He had him carefully lifted and carried into a cottage, where his wounds were examined.

The surgeon of the regiment pronounced the wounds serious, though not dangerous, but expressed his opinion that it would be some days before Ronald could return to duty.

Alarmed by the firing, Prince Rupert and some of his staff had ridden forward in haste, and now made their appearance at the ford.

The prince appeared much pleased with the manner in which the attack had been carried out, and cordially congratulated Sir Arthur on the pluck and *élan* exhibited by Ronald and his troop; he also spoke most warmly to Will Thomas.

Sixty-five prisoners had been taken, and Captain Simeon and seven of his men slain; of the cuirassiers, five had been killed and two wounded.

Amongst the slain was Corporal Ridley, who had

bled to death; he was much regretted by the officers of his corps, for he was a thoroughly reliable soldier, and a well-educated and intelligent man.

Leaving Will Thomas with twenty troopers and thirty musketeers at Weldon, Prince Rupert resumed his march on Birmingham.

He arrived before that place early next day, and halted his men at a spot on the south side of the town, still known as "Camp Hill."

Two centuries and half ago Birmingham was a comparatively small town, though it was even then of considerable note as the centre of an important industry.

A writer of the sixteenth century thus describes it: "The beauty of Bermingham, a good markette towne in the extreame parte of Warwickshire, is one street going up alonge, almost from the left ripe of the brooke, up a meane hill by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parroch church in the towne. There be many smiths in the towne that use to make knives and all mannour of cuttinge tools, and many loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors. Soe that a great part of the towne is maintained by smithes who have their iron and sea-cole out of Staffordshire."[2]

Rupert demanded a free passage through Birming-

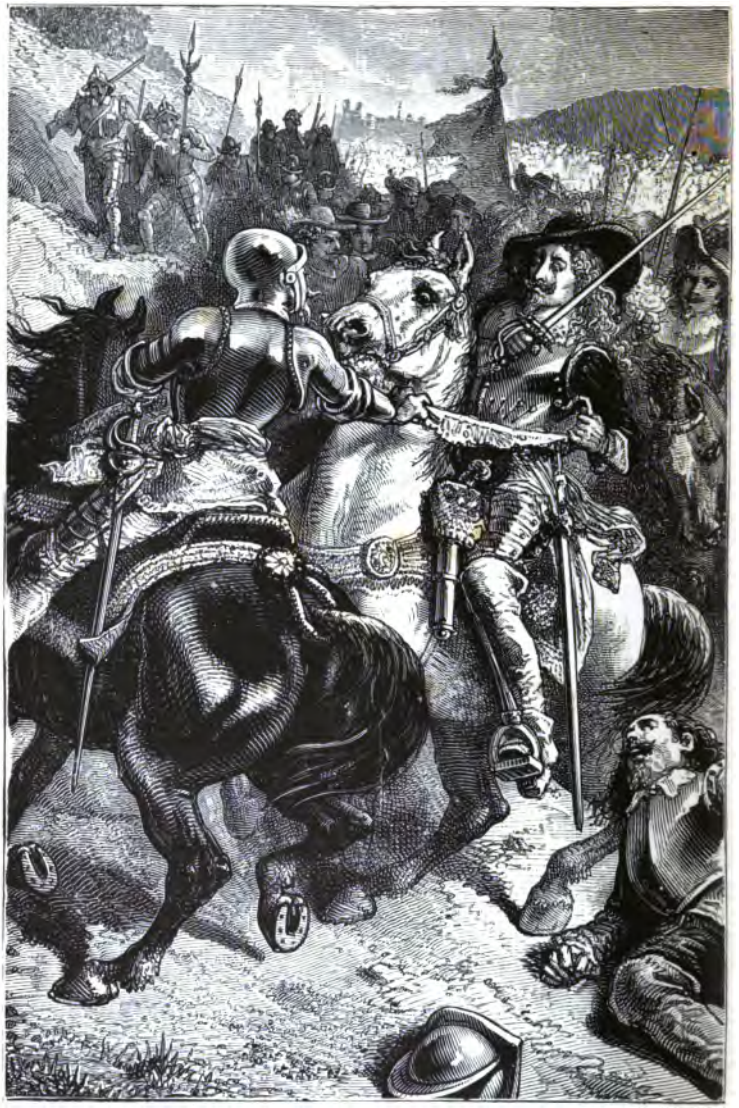
[2] Leland's "Itinerary."

ham, up the "meane hill," but the townspeople refused.

There were a few Parliamentary soldiers in the town, under a Colonel Markham, and these now prepared to aid the townsfolk in resisting the Cavaliers. Rupert at once attacked the town, and after some sharp street-fighting the Roundheads fell back, and were pursued by the exultant Royalists. Colonel Markham was a man of great courage, and he did all he could to induce the soldiers to make a stand, and not desert the townsfolk, who, armed with axes, bill-hooks, and other similar weapons, resisted stoutly. In person Markham was very conspicuous, for, unlike the majority of the Parliamentary officers, he wore his hair long.

Cutting their way through the mob of smiths, Rupert and his men pressed close on the heels of the flying enemy, and drove them up a road running between steep embankments. Colonel Markham retired after his men, and aided by a few brave soldiers, endeavoured to cover their retreat. But now the Royal musketeers drew on one side, and made way for the cavalry, who charged into the midst of the panic-stricken Roundheads.

Sir Arthur Hazelton, unwilling to see so brave a man butchered, rode up to Colonel Markham, and called upon him to surrender, promising to protect



The prince would have slain him, had not Sir Arthur seized his bridle.

Page 143.

him; the colonel, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, saluted Sir Arthur, and sheathed his sword in token of submission, but at that moment a shot struck him, and he fell from his horse badly wounded.

As he fell, Prince Rupert, flushed with victory, galloped up, and on Markham attempting to rise, he struck him to the earth again.

Sir Arthur Hazelton called out that the colonel had surrendered; but the prince, in the excitement of the moment, would have slain him had not Sir Arthur seized his bridle, and implored him for his honour's sake to stay his hand.

For a moment Rupert looked as though he would have struck Hazelton with his sword; but he raised it to the salute instead, and with a bitter smile rode on.

Much to his chagrin Sir Arthur found, on re-entering Birmingham, that some of the Royalists had already commenced to pillage the houses and maltreat the inhabitants, and had, moreover, set fire to part of the town. He at once exerted his authority, and being supported by several officers, as well as by his own regiment, he quickly put a stop to such disgraceful work, but not before damage to the extent of 40,000*l.* had been committed.

When Prince Rupert returned from pursuing the Parliamentary soldiers, he sent for Sir Arthur

Hazelton, and—much to his credit be it written—frankly acknowledged that, had he slain Colonel Markham, it would have been a blot upon his fair fame, and he thanked him for his timely interference.

* * * * * *

But though the prince made the *amende honorable*, this incident, and the part Sir Arthur subsequently took in putting a stop to the sacking of Birmingham, widened the breach between them, and they were never again close friends.

When his Majesty heard of the affair, he expressed his entire approval of Sir Arthur's conduct; and the principal officers of the Royal army held similar opinions; but amongst those to whom the doctrine of "no pillage" was obnoxious, Hazelton was roundly abused.

* * * * * *

After the taking of Birmingham, Prince Rupert marched against Lichfield, which city had surrendered to the Roundheads on the 1st of March.

Lord Brooke, who commanded the Parliamentary troops on that occasion, was shot by a gentleman named Dyott, whose descendant, Colonel Dyott, of Freeford Hall, until lately represented the city of Lichfield in Parliament in the Conservative interest.

Lichfield capitulated to the Royalists, and Prince Rupert was preparing to push further north, when he

received intelligence that the Earl of Essex, with an army of 19,000 men, was besieging Reading.

Rupert on the receipt of the news at once set out for Oxford.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Lord Essex besieged Reading, and of the efforts made by the king to relieve the garrison.

WE left our hero under the care of Will Thomas, whose orders were to remain at Weldon until his captain was sufficiently recovered to be able to mount a horse, and then to push on after the regiment, leaving Weldon garrisoned by the musketeers. Ronald's wound was more serious than the doctor had imagined, and it was nearly a week before he was able to leave his bed.

The first day he left his room an officer, escorted by half a dozen dragoons, arrived from Oxford, *en route* for Lichfield, to recall the prince and his forces. By the advice of this officer, who was one of the king's personal staff, Ronald decided to return to Oxford instead of following the regiment; and accordingly he and Will Thomas set out the next morning, and the following day reached the Royalist headquarters.

They found the Royal army in a state of great

excitement over the siege of Reading, and every preparation was being made to relieve the beleaguered town.

Before the battle of Edgehill, Reading was held for the Parliament by a body of troops under Colonel Henry Martin, a member of the House of Commons; after Edgehill and the subsequent advance of the Royalists to Oxford, Colonel Martin, considering his position untenable, evacuated Reading and fell back on London.

When Charles retired from Brentford, he passed through Reading, and having left a garrison there, returned to his old quarters at Oxford.

The inhabitants of Reading had from the first warmly espoused the royal cause, but Charles now entirely alienated their affections by his harsh treatment and extortionate demands. He requisitioned the town for so large a sum of money, that the corporation were quite unable to raise it in the ordinary way, and, after vainly petitioning for a reduction, were compelled to mortgage the public property in order to make up the amount.

Reading was now garrisoned by 3000 troops, and Sir Arthur Aston was appointed governor, with Colonel Fielding as his second in command.

Aston, who was justly considered one of the most capable and energetic officers in the Royal army, was

not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, and he at once commenced to put the town in a state of defence.

Entrenchments were thrown up with all possible expedition, and every able-bodied man in the place was ordered to work "in raising the bulwarks in the Forbury;" a fine of *7d.* being inflicted for each day that an inhabitant absented himself from this enforced labour; out of the sum thus accumulated the "poorer sort" were paid *8d.* per diem for their toil.

Under such a taskmaster the work proceeded rapidly, and by the end of the year (1642) the fortifications around Reading were complete, including an outwork that the governor had thrown up on Caversham Hill, so as to command the Henley road, and also to prevent the enemy establishing himself on the high ground which overlooks Reading and the River Thames. Two forts defended the entrances to the town, one called Fort Royal, erected at the end of Coley Lane, and another, dubbed the "Invincible Fort," commanding the Pangbourne and Caversham roads.

On the 15th of April, 1643, the Earl of Essex, who was probably aware of the absence of Rupert from the headquarters of the Royal army, left Windsor and marched to Henley-on-Thames, with the avowed intention of attacking Reading.

Sir Arthur Aston, who was kept well informed of the enemy's movements, sent to warn Charles of Lord Essex's advance, and also to request that a fresh supply of ammunition might be brought into Reading, as there were but forty barrels in the magazines.

On receipt of this message Charles despatched an officer to recall Rupert, and made preparations to reinforce Aston both with men and ammunition. In the meantime Essex had left Henley, and marched on Reading by way of Binfield Heath. On reaching Caversham he stormed and carried the entrenchment, forcing its defenders to take refuge in the church, which had been hastily fortified. They did not hold the sacred building long, for the Roundhead leader brought a battery to bear upon it, and in a very short time succeeded in battering down the steeple; whereupon the Royalists retreated across Caversham bridge (then a very narrow structure, allowing only four persons to walk abreast) under a heavy fire from Essex's guns, and rejoined their comrades in Reading.

Essex followed them over the river, and entrenched himself in the meadows on the Berkshire side.

Next day he was reinforced by Lord Gray of Warwick with 7000 men and a few cannon; he then threw up entrenchments on the south-east side of the town, and, continuing to advance his works, gained a

commanding position in the fields that lay on either side of the Bath road.

Aston, anxious to dislodge the enemy from so advantageous a position, mounted some guns on the tower of St. Giles' church, but the Parliament batteries on Red Lane Hill quickly silenced them, and reduced the tower to ruins.

The governor, seeing that his fortifications were entirely commanded by the enemy, offered to evacuate Reading, provided the Royalist troops were permitted to march out with the usual honours of war—drums beating, trumpets blowing, and colours flying, and with one piece of ordnance, "horsed and traced," in front; but Lord Essex refused to accede to these terms, for he cared far more about making prisoners of the garrison than of gaining possession of the town.

So Aston saw nothing for it but to hold out until the king came to his relief, or the enemy took the town by assault.

On the third day of the siege Sir Arthur Aston was severely wounded in the head, and the command of the garrison devolved upon Colonel Fielding.

* * * * * *

Such was the state of affairs in the ancient town of Reading when Ronald Cathcart rejoined the headquarters of the Royalist army at Oxford.

The king, however, had not been idle, and having learnt from some spies that it might be possible for a small force to enter Reading from Sonning by means of the river, the weakest point of the investment, he determined to make the attempt.

The relief party was to consist of 500 picked men, commanded by Colonel Wilmot; each man was to carry fifteen pounds of ammunition (made up into cartridges, and packed in a canvas wallet, well tarred to render it waterproof) for the use of the beleaguered garrison. The men allowed to volunteer were all powerful, active fellows, and were specially armed for the occasion with hangers, half-pikes, pistols, and "hammer-hatchets;" the force was divided into ten companies, each company officered by a captain and three subalterns; as far as possible the object of the expedition was kept secret. During the absence of their regiment, Ronald and Will Thomas were, so to speak, "gentlemen at large," so they volunteered for the expedition, and much to their delight their services were accepted.

No particular day or hour was fixed for the departure of the relief party, but each man was warned to hold himself in readiness to turn out at an hour's notice; and in order that every soldier should be in his place at the rendezvous when the time came, each company was allotted a quarter, whither the

men composing it repaired at sundown, and there passed the night.

It was more than suspected that Essex had spies in his pay in Oxford, who kept him well informed as to the movements of the Royalists; so when at last the expedition started, it left Oxford by the Banbury road, and marched northwards as far as Wolvercot, and then crossing the Thames near Wytham, marched back to Hinksey, and there embarking in flat-bottomed boats provided for the purpose, dropped down the river to Goring.

It was very fortunate that this precaution was taken, for a certain cobbler, Simon Softly by name, had an inkling of the object of the expedition, and confided his suspicions to Jeremiah Ives, one of Essex's spies. Ives communicated with Lord Essex, and promised to advise him directly Colonel Wilmot left Oxford.

It was an hour after sunset when the relief party paraded, and the watchful Jeremiah, ever on the alert, witnessed their departure. Convinced that this was the force he was watching, Jeremiah followed at a distance, when, much to his surprise and chagrin, Wilmot marched up the Banbury road. The spy accompanied the party half-way to Wolvercot, and then made up his mind that he was mistaken, and that the troops whom he was dogging had nothing to

do with the relief of Reading, so Jeremiah retraced his steps and went to bed, and thus his lordship the Parliamentary general was left in the dark as to Wilmot's movements.

On reaching Goring, Colonel Wilmot landed his men and marched to Mapledurham, a riverside village on the Oxfordshire bank of the Thames, three miles above Caversham.

Here he was welcomed by Sir Charles Blount, the lord of the manor, a devoted supporter of the king. Sir Charles led the party to the manor-house, which had been fortified under the personal superintendence of Sir Arthur Aston.

It was now late, and the troops were both fatigued and hungry.

Sir Charles, who expected his visitors, had made every preparation for their entertainment, and while the officers were quartered in the house, the men bivouacked in the stables and outbuildings, where they found an abundance of food ready for them.

Colonel Wilmot was very anxious to ascertain where he could secure a sufficient number of boats in which to convey his men up the river from Sonning to a certain spot nearly opposite the Forbury. It was by the river he hoped to enter Reading, but the question of transport had from the first been a difficulty.

"I much regret that on this point I can give no advice, Wilmot," said Sir Charles Blount. "I tried to see my old friend the vicar of Sonning, but have hitherto been unable to seize an opportunity."

"Would he be able to assist us?"

"No man could help you better," was Sir Charles' reply.

"'Twould not be possible to drop down the river from here, I suppose, Sir Charles?" asked Will Thomas.

"Impossible, young sir," replied the baronet. "The only way you can enter Reading is by the river from Sonning. Unless," he added, with a grim laugh, "those rebellious knaves, the besiegers, will give you a free passage and provide the boats."

Colonel Wilmot, who, though a brave and skilful officer, was not fertile of resource, appeared much perplexed. The truth was he had depended much on Sir Charles Blount's good offices, and now he blamed himself for not ascertaining that every possible effort had been made to insure success.

"You will remain here to-morrow, of course?" asked Sir Charles. "Under no circumstances ought you to march through the country during the day."

"If all had been well, I thought of starting about dusk," Colonel Wilmot replied; "but we *must* get information about the boats, otherwise I may as well return to Oxford."

"Suppose that Sir Charles Blount gives me a letter to his friend at Sonning," suggested Ronald, "I might walk there early to-morrow, and consult with him; there would be plenty of time for me to go and return between sunrise and sunset."

"An excellent idea, Captain Cathcart!" exclaimed Sir Charles Blount; "you must be disguised though, and I will send a trusty man to guide you thither."

"And I will accompany you, Ronald," put in Will Thomas. "We always hunt in couples, Sir Charles, and find that two heads are better than one."

"Provided they remain on the shoulders," laughed the baronet; "but, young sirs, if my lord of Essex lays hands on you, I fear me twenty heads would not suffice you."

Colonel Wilmot gladly fell in with this proposal, and next morning, so soon as it was light, Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas started off for Sonning under the guidance of one of Sir Charles Blount's serving-men.

They were disguised as plain country-folk, and elected to go afoot rather than on horseback, as they would be less likely to attract attention.

They took the Caversham road, and walking boldly through that village reached Sonning soon after nine o'clock.

"Canst thou tell us where parson's house be?"

asked Will Thomas of a rough-looking rustic, for they had dismissed their guide at Caversham, lest he should be recognized as one of Sir Charles' household.

"Wha-at?" drawled the fellow, scratching his head.

"Canst thou take us to parson's house?" repeated Will, eyeing the dullard with a comical look of disgust. "Surely thou kens what a parson be?"

"Wa-al, I do-ant know tha-at!" replied the man. "Who be you, gaffer?"

"My name's Jehosaphat Smirk, of Boroughbridge, i' Yarkshire," answered Will; "an' this be my brother-in-law, Master John Hogg, of Halifax." "Coom, mon," he added coaxingly, "tak' us to parson's house, an' we'll gi'e thee the price o' a pottle o' cider."

"But I do-ant know where parson's house be!" grunted the man, with just a gleam of intelligence passing over his stolid face.

"Then why on earth didn't you say so, blockhead," cried Ronald angrily, "instead of keeping us fooling here? Take that for thy pains!" so saying he gave the astonished boor a ringing box on the ear, and turned away.

The man gazed stolidly after them, rubbing his ear as though to make sure it had not come off, and then he slouched up the road.

"What made you say we were Yorkshiremen, Will?" asked Ronald as they crossed the wooden bridge that spanned the Thames at Sonning.

"Just to see how you would support the character," laughed his friend. "Did you ever meet so dull an oaf?"

"A truce to all such play, if you love me, Will," rejoined Ronald. "See, here's a decent-looking fellow," he added, as a man appeared round the corner. "Canst thou direct us to Mr. R——n's house, master?"

"That be it, straight afore you," answered the man, "and yonder be the parson himsel' talking to old Goody Plympton."

Mr. R——n, the vicar of Sonning, read Sir Charles Blount's letter, and cordially welcomed the two officers.

Ronald explained to him the difficulty they were in, and Mr. R——n, who was a staunch Royalist, promised to aid them to the best of his power, and give them his advice as to the easiest and safest way of approaching Reading.

"I should advise Colonel Wilmot to march here at dusk," said he, "and then follow the right bank of the river until he comes to the spot where the Kennet flows into the Thames. I know for certain that the Roundheads do not patrol the meadows between the

Thames and the Kennet, so once on the river it will be comparatively easy to escape notice, and you can land your men in a field close under the abbey walls."

"But where are we to find boats to convey them there?" Will Thomas asked.

"Hard by the spot where I propose you should take the river, there is a boat-shed in which a Reading merchant keeps three large barges, each capable of embarking 150 to 200 men if seated close together, and besides these, six or eight fine wherries, which this gentlemen had built for the use of his workmen."

"Cavalier or Roundhead, he is a man after mine own heart!" said Will; "may all good fortune attend him for his benevolence!"

"If report speaketh truth, he is a rank rebel," laughed the vicar. "But that matters nought so long as we secure his boats."

"And that I trust we shall do," said Ronald. "But how far shall we have to row up the Kennet?"

"About four furlongs. Does the governor know of this expedition?"

"His majesty sent him instructions to be on the watch night and day," answered Ronald; "and we are to display three lanterns on a halbert, one above the other, to signal our approach."

The vicar then gave them instructions as to the

route they were to take when marching to Sonning that evening, and promised to meet them on the road.

"And may Heaven aid your enterprise!" he fervently exclaimed, as he shook their hands at parting, "and prosper our gracious sovereign's cause. I will be on the look-out, but remember! time your march so as to reach Sonning not earlier than nine o'clock, by which hour most of the villagers will have retired to rest."

CHAPTER XVII.

How Ronald captured a Roundhead patrol, and how Colonel Wilmot entered Reading.

SIR CHARLES BLOUNT and Colonel Wilmot were highly elated at the result of Ronald's visit to Sonning and his interview with the loyal vicar.

Sir Charles knew that his friend was a man in whom they might place implicit confidence, and one who would not be likely to propose any measure, unless he felt assured that it was practicable, and had in it the elements of success; he therefore strongly urged that the plan suggested by Mr. R——n should be adopted.

Wilmot readily assented, and gave orders to his men to hold themselves in readiness to march at dusk.

At seven o'clock the party left Mapledurham and marched to Shiplake, where Sir Charles, who had accompanied them thus far, wished them "God speed," and returned home. Crossing the Thames at a ford below Shiplake, Wilmot passed through the

hamlet of Wargrave, and then quitting the road, followed the course of the river through the fields and meadows.

When about a mile from Sonning the party halted, and Ronald and Will Thomas, with eight troopers of their own corps, went forward to meet Mr. R——n.

They trudged down a sloppy lane until a low whistle attracted their attention, and they caught sight of the vicar standing beneath a tree.

"Is all well?" said Will, as Mr. R——n came forward.

"Speak low," replied the vicar under his breath; "a party of Roundheads are in the village, and they have posted a sentry by the clump of chestnuts where I was to have waited for you; that is the reason I am here."

"Are they in force?" asked Ronald anxiously.

"No, only a sergeant and fifteen or sixteen musketeers; they arrived at noon, and, after searching my house from cellar to garret, posted sentries round the village, and then took up their quarters at the 'Angel.'"

"Do you think they suspect that an attempt is to be made to enter the town?" inquired Will Thomas.

"I should hardly think so," answered the vicar; "otherwise they would have sent a strong force to

occupy the village. No, I believe that it was reported that two strangers were with me this morning, and, as my opinions are pretty generally known, these men were sent to see who my visitors might be."

"'Tis most unfortunate!" said Will.

"It is certain that Colonel Wilmot cannot march through Sonning as long as these Roundheads are on the alert," continued Mr. R——n; "they might give the alarm, and all chance of your entering Reading would be lost. We must capture them before he advances any further."

"And that without firing a shot or making a disturbance," said Ronald. "The sentry yonder must be our first care! What of the villagers, Mr. R——n?"

"Save myself and the host of the 'Angel,' I do not believe there is a soul about. At seven o'clock the Roundheads ordered everybody indoors, and promised to shoot those whom they found in the street. I had great difficulty in slipping out of my house, which is closely watched."

"That is all in our favour," said our hero; "but let us lose no time in making prisoners of these rogues. Come, Will, you and I will see to the sentry! Mr. R——n, will you follow us with our men?"

"Certainly, Captain Cathcart; but, pardon me,

had you not better warn Colonel Wilmot of this unexpected appearance of the enemy?"

Ronald replied that they would secure the sentry first, and then send back for a few more men to aid them disarm and make prisoners of the rest of the enemy.

Accordingly, he and Will crept cautiously down the lane, keeping under the shadow of the hedge, until they reached the clump of trees in front of which the sentry walked his beat.

"Now," whispered Will, "let us crawl behind that foremost tree and spring upon him as he passes. You prevent his calling out, and I will throw open the pan of his firelock. Come along!"

On their hands and knees they advanced close to the unconscious sentry.

"Now!" said Will, and springing to their feet they leapt upon their victim and bore him to the ground.

Mr. R——n and the troopers then rushed forward, and in two seconds the sentry was disarmed, gagged, and bound with his own belt.

At that moment the tramp of feet and the rattle of accoutrements was heard.

"'Tis the patrol!" exclaimed Ronald; "quick! give me that fellow's helmet, cloak, and firelock; crouch under the hedge all of you."

Throwing off his plumed hat, Ronald placed the

musketeer's pot on his head, and wrapped the watch-coat round him; then, taking the firelock, he leant up against a tree, as though resting. Will Thomas disposed the troopers so that they should be hidden from sight, and at the same time be in a position to rush forward and surround the enemy as soon as their captain gave the signal.

Tramp, tramp, came the patrol along the muddy lane, and in a few minutes our friends, by the "struggling moonbeams' misty light," saw a corporal and four musketeers turn the corner. Each man crouched lower lest the Roundheads should catch sight of him; but Ronald leant against the tree, and took no notice of the patrol, feigning to be asleep.

"Verily, he challengeth not!" snuffled the corporal as he came within twenty feet of the supposed sentry. "Canst thou see the knave, Elijah Makepeace?"

"Methinks he slumbers, Corporal Good-works. Yes, verily he doth; behold the sluggard! he leaneth against that tree!" replied the musketeer, stepping forward. "Ha! Jeremiah Pigg," he continued, addressing the delinquent, "thou wilt surely come to the halberts for this!"

"Verily he is Pigg by name and pig by nature," grunted Corporal Good-works. "Hold-the-faith Tomkins, and thou John Jones, take the varlet's musket from him, and bind him hand and foot; that

is to say, tie his hands behind his back. And thou, Faithful Strongbow, relieve him at his post."

The corporal then laid his hand on Ronald's shoulder, and cried, "Awake and slumber not, oh, slothful Pigg! rouse thee from—ugh!"

Master Good-works' exhortation was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and ended with a dismal groan, for Ronald suddenly stepping back, clubbed his heavy firelock, and brought the butt down with a resounding crash on the unhappy corporal's head, felling him like an ox.

Before the corporal's comrades could utter a cry, or fire off their muskets, they found themselves in the clutches of the Cavaliers, who rushed forward and seized them the instant they saw Ronald strike.

"Now," said Cathcart, "we have taken five of the knaves; what is the next thing to be done?"

"Send these fellows to Wilmot, and ask for half a dozen more men to aid us capture the rest," replied Will. "I will take them back myself. Come! Roberts, Williams, Owen Pryce, and Dick Sands, fall in, and escort our prisoners to the colonel."

"Leave their pots, cloaks, and firelocks," said Ronald, as the prisoners were assisted to their feet, "and do not delay, lest the sergeant be alarmed at the absence of his patrol. Here! let two of these fellows

carry their corporal, so that our leech may examine his wound."

During Will's absence, Mr. R——n and Ronald Cathcart discussed the manner in which they should attack the Roundhead guard at the "Angel," and also surprise the other sentries—of which there were two, one on the vicar's house, and another on the Reading road. They both agreed that it would be best to deal with the guard first. Mr. R——n said that he could lead a party round to the back door of the inn, whilst the others effected an entry in front. He also told Ronald that the room which the Roundhead musketeers occupied looked out upon the road, and by standing on the horse-block under the window, it would be easy both to see and hear all that took place within.

Will Thomas soon returned with twenty men, and a message from Colonel Wilmot complimenting Ronald on his success, and saying that he would not advance until the village was cleared of the enemy.

Under the guidance of the vicar they set off for the village, and five minutes' walk brought them in sight of the "Angel."

While Mr. R——n led half the men round to the back, the others advanced cautiously up the street until they reached the inn. Placing their men close under the wall on each side of the door, Ronald and

Will Thomas mounted the horse-block and peered in at the window, taking care to keep their heads as much as possible below the sill.

Seated in a semicircle in front of a blazing log fire were a dozen musketeers attired in the green doublets of Hampden's regiment, the best equipped and disciplined corps in the Parliamentary army. In the post of honour, right in front of the fire, sat the sergeant—a red-faced, bottled-nosed old fellow, with a merry twinkling eye. Next to him was a civilian, whom Will recognized as the rustic he accosted on Sonning bridge that morning.

This fellow had just finished a horn of strong ale, and now called to the host of the "Angel" to replenish it—an order which that worthy individual most reluctantly obeyed.

"I tell'ee, Sergeant Bend-the-knee," said the fellow, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that they two gay sparks what I met this morn, are somewhere hid in this village. I watched 'em close, and I'se sartin sure they never left the minister's house."

"Why, thou thick-pated loon," retorted the sergeant, "didst thou not come to our colonel d'rectly after thou met these fellows and tell him about 'em?"

"Noa, I didn't; I sended Giles, the rat-catcher's boy, to he.'

"Well, they're flown somewheres, and thou hast led us on a wild-goose chase, for which thou well deservest to have thy back scratched with a belt. Besides, how knowest thou they were Cavaliers?"

"They said they was Yorkshire lads, sergeant; but I trow that none but one of them graceless followers o' the forrin prince would have fetched me such a clout o'er my head, 'cause I couldn't tell he wheer the parson's house be. Dang un, I'll let he hev it, if I lay hold on he!"

Ronald and Will Thomas listened to this conversation with considerable disgust; said the former, "So, Master Will, see what thy pranks have led to! that fellow was more knave than fool, and outwitted us finely."

"Bah!" retorted his companion, "he has shown but little wit in watching an empty nest all day! His knavery will scarce stand him in good stead now; he had better have gone his way in peace instead of meddling with us."

"H'sh, the sergeant is moving to the door," said Cathcart.

"Methinks it strange that Corporal Good-works hath not returned," said the sergeant, rising from his seat. "Verily, it behoves us to stir him up; for those that are slothful in business must be chastened. Let us go forth and see what hindereth the laggard!"

Followed by three or four of his men, the sergeant left the room, and, as he disappeared through the door, Ronald pulled his friend down from the horse-block, and they took up a position on each side of the porch.

"Close up, men," whispered Ronald, as the heavy footsteps of the musketeers were heard in the passage. "You, Sands, Roberts, and Owen, guard the door; the rest rush in directly it opens; remember, no firing!"

Almost as he spoke the door opened, and the corpulent sergeant appeared on the threshold. A well-directed blow sent him staggering back, and the Cavaliers rushed into the passage over his body; at the same moment the party led by the vicar burst in the back door and joined their comrades.

A sharp scuffle ensued, but the Roundheads, outnumbered and taken unawares, were soon overpowered. It so happened that just as Ronald and his men entered the room, the landlord had brought in a huge "black jack" of ale. He took in the situation at a glance, and, lifting the heavy copper jug above his head, flattened it on the crown of the "informer," against whom he had a grudge for bringing the musketeers to Sonning, and thus introducing guests to the "Angel," who, whilst they fed and drank heartily, brought not a penny to the till.

The Cavaliers were equally successful in surprising and disarming the two other sentries, and in less than an hour from the time that the vicar met Ronald Cathcart, the whole of the Roundhead musketeers were secured in the cellars of the "Angel," under a guard.

Colonel Wilmot now entered Sonning, and after a short halt marched to the river Kennet.

He reached the boat-house, and found there the barges and wherries of which Mr. R——n had told Ronald.

No time was lost in getting afloat, and the expedition started up the river.

It was a very hard pull, for the barges were heavy and difficult to manage, but, by dint of strenuous exertions, and by keeping close under the left bank, and so avoiding the stream, the Cavaliers succeeded in reaching the spot where they were to disembark.

Three lanterns were fixed on a pike and held aloft, and in a few seconds the signal was acknowledged by the watchmen on the abbey walls.

Wilmot at once ordered his men out of the boats, and formed them up in column on the banks.

Then he advanced across the field, and, ten minutes later, entered Reading at the head of the relief force.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas quitted Reading, and how they were nearly captured by the Roundheads.

A FEW days after Colonel Wilmot entered Reading, Lord Essex was reinforced by a strong body of troops under Sir William Waller. To prevent any further assistance being sent to the Royal garrison by way of Sonning, Essex extended his lines to the eastward of the town, and erected a battery in a farm-yard on the banks of the Thames, immediately opposite the Forbury works, and so completed the investment.

Garrison life did not at all suit our hero or his volatile brother-officer, and they both anxiously wished for an opportunity to rejoin their regiment, but this seemed hopeless at present. There was very little for them to do in the besieged town, for it was almost impossible to work the guns, except those mounted on the eastern fortifications—the other works being commanded by the enemy's batteries, which opened fire the instant any attempt was made by the garrison to bring their guns to bear upon them.

To do the Earl of Essex justice, it must be mentioned that he never fired upon the town unless in reply to the Royalist batteries, and thus Reading suffered comparatively little damage from his artillery.

One night Will Thomas was on duty in an advanced work close to the river, when his attention was called by the sentry to a figure cautiously approaching the town.

At first Will took it to be a sheep or some other animal, but a second look convinced him that it was a man crawling upon his hands and knees.

"Don't challenge," said he to the sentry, "maybe 'tis a friend; let us wait until he comes closer."

Will was right in his conjecture, for the stranger proved to be Stephen Flower, a servant of Sir Lewis Dives, who had volunteered to convey a despatch from the king to the beleaguered garrison.

Flower, disguised as a drover, passed without hindrance the Roundhead sentries, went to an inn at Caversham, and requested to be accommodated with a bed. He retired to rest early, undressing and getting into bed, so as to avoid suspicion.

When all was quiet he slipped on his clothes, got out through the window, and made the best of his way down to the river-bank. It was very dark; but Flower was well acquainted with the locality, and

entering the river nearly opposite the Forbury, he swam across and landed close under the advanced work which covered the Forbury.

The despatch from Charles was to the effect that he was collecting as many troops as possible to relieve Reading, and that the garrison was to hold out at all hazards.

Hearing that Stephen Flower intended to return the next night, Ronald and Will went to Colonel Fielding, and begged permission to accompany him, so that they might rejoin their regiment, which they were sure must have reached headquarters ere this.

After some hesitation Colonel Fielding complied with their request, but urged them to take every precaution and avoid all unnecessary risks.

Shortly before midnight the two officers and their guide quitted the town and walked quietly down to the river.

"Now, gentlemen," said Flower, as they were preparing to take the water, "let me lead, and you swim a few yards in my wake. I shall land just below Clarke's farm, and as soon as I am safe up the bank, do you follow me."

"Do you know that Clarke's farm is now occupied by the rebels?" asked Ronald; "they have established a battery there."

"Yes, captain," replied the man; "but I do not

think they patrol the bank, and once on shore we shall easily evade them."

Flower spoke so confidently that our friends had no hesitation in following his lead, and together they entered the water.

Their guide swam ahead, and soon reached the opposite bank, and they were "putting on a spurt" to overtake him, when a shout of warning came across the river, and through the gloom they descried Flower struggling in the grasp of several Roundhead soldiers, who had seized the unfortunate man the instant he emerged from the water.

"Dive!" cried Ronald, as a couple of shots were fired, and the balls whistled over their heads; "they have caught sight of us!" and down Ronald and Will dived like water-rats, just as the patrol fired a volley at them, the musket-balls spattering up the water all around.

They swam under water as long as they could, but were soon forced to come to the surface to regain their breath.

"The stream has carried us past the Forbury," gasped Ronald; "and see, the rebels are still on the watch for us; keep your head low, Will."

Several of the Roundhead soldiers ran along the bank, watching for the fugitives to show themselves again, but fortunately a considerable ripple darkened

the river, and this in no small measure helped to conceal the swimmers from view; and at last the officer of the patrol declared that they must have both been killed by the volley, and so ordered his men to return to their post.

Ronald and Will now turned over on their backs, and floated down with the stream, not daring to make for either bank; for they were sure that the firing would have alarmed the enemy's patrols and put them all on the alert.

Will Thomas at last began to fear that his powers of endurance had been overtaxed; he was not a first-rate swimmer, and unaccustomed to be so long in the water, and now, feeling that his strength was failing, he said,—

"I can't keep afloat any longer; so do you swim on, Ronald, and I will land here and take my chance."

"No, no," replied the other, who was thoroughly at home in the water; "throw your arm over my shoulder, and I'll support you; keep up as long as you possibly can, and then we'll land together;" and thus they swam on for some distance.

But poor Will was quite done up, and Ronald felt that he could not support him any further; so he made for the right bank, and choosing a spot where a large tree overhung the river, dragged his exhausted

friend from the water, and laid him at the foot of the tree.

Not a sound, save the hoarse challenge of the Roundhead sentries, disturbed the still night, and hope began to revive in Ronald's breast that they might yet make good their escape.

After a short time Will began to recover himself, and was able to stand up. Ronald had a small flask of spirits with him, and a mouthful had a good effect on both of them.

"Now what is the best thing to be done?" asked Ronald.

"Make for Mr. R——n's at Sonning, I should say."

"He and his household will have retired to rest long before this, and I fear the village is occupied by the rebels, but still we might make the attempt; so finish the brandy, and let us be off."

Not knowing the country, they were forced to keep along the banks of the Thames until they reached Sonning bridge.

The village was quite deserted, and there were no signs that it was occupied by troops; so they pushed on through the street until they came to the vicar's house.

Seeing a light in one of the outbuildings, Ronald crept up and looked in at the half-open door, and

found Mr. R——n's man-of-all-work, John Allen, sitting up with a sick cow.

Allen was a trusty fellow, and had acted as guide to Colonel Wilmot on the night he marched to Reading; so Ronald at once showed himself, and explained how it was he came there.

John Allen called his master, who received the shivering fugitives most kindly, and paid them every attention; but as rest was what they most wanted, Mr. R——n conducted them to a sleeping-chamber, and left them to their well-earned repose. . . .

The vicar did not consider it safe for his guests to remain at his house one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

Many of his parishioners were sympathizers with the Parliament, and would not hesitate to give information of the arrival of two Cavaliers in the village. So early next morning he procured two strong roadsters, and Ronald and Will started off for Wargrave, where they forded the river, and then struck across country, avoiding all villages and hamlets, for Oxford, which city they reached late in the evening after a ride of thirty-odd miles.

CHAPTER XIX.

How the Royalists were surprised at Dorchester—The battle of Caversham—The capitulation of Reading.

THE capture of Stephen Flower by the Roundhead patrol proved somewhat disastrous to the king. The unfortunate man was coerced into confessing all he knew, and Lord Essex at once took measures to guard against a sudden attack by the Royalist orces.

He stationed a large body of troops to the west of Caversham to defend what was then the main road to Oxford; and despatched Colonels Middleton and Miles with eight squadrons of horse to watch the movements of the Royalist army.

In the mean time the king's advance-guard under Colonel Vavasour had marched to Dorchester, a village ten miles from Oxford.

Prince Rupert had not rejoined headquarters when Ronald Cathcart and his subaltern arrived at Oxford, so they were attached for the present to Colonel Vavasour's staff as orderly officers.

Vavasour halted at Dorchester for a few hours, and was about to resume his march, when news reached him that a force of Parliamentary horse was rapidly approaching the village. This force proved to be the cavalry under Colonel Middleton, who now made a vigorous attack on the Royalists.

Taken by surprise, the advance-guard was completely routed and driven out of Dorchester. Fifty Royalists were killed or wounded, and sixty men and 140 horses captured by the victorious Parliamentarians.

Colonel Vavasour narrowly escaped being taken. He was badly wounded and surrounded by the enemy, and must have either surrendered or have been killed, when Cathcart perceived his peril, and hastily collecting a few men, charged his assailants. So furious was this onslaught that the Roundheads parted right and left, and one of the Cavalier troopers seizing the colonel's bridle, led him out of the *mêlée*, whilst his comrades covered his retreat.

The governor of Reading, Colonel Fielding, was informed of this disaster to the Royal troops, and being probably misled by the Parliamentary generals to imagine it was the main army coming to his relief that had suffered a serious reverse, he opened negotiations for capitulating, and a truce was arranged.

Ignorant of this truce, Charles continued his march

for the relief of Reading, and was met at Wallingford by Prince Rupert and his forces, and also by his other nephew Maurice with 300 horse.

Ronald Cathcart and Thomas were now able to rejoin their own corps, and received a hearty welcome from Sir Arthur Hazelton and their brother-officers.

Charles left Wallingford with twenty-two squadrons of horse, nine battalions of foot, and twelve guns, and advanced on Caversham.

Caversham was defended by Lord Roberts' regiment, which was divided into three divisions, one of which was drawn up on the right of the bridge over the Thames, and the other two on the left.

The Earl of Forth led the right column of the king's army against Roberts, and a severe encounter took place. The Roundheads fought with great spirit and determination, and succeeded in repelling the attack of the Royalists, who at length retired in disorder, leaving the ground strewn with their killed and wounded.

Charles then advanced and headed in person a second attempt to force the bridge, but Roberts held his ground, and drove the Royal troops back.

The king then retreated to Caversham House, in front of which he took up a strong position, and posted his artillery.

Lord Essex now permitted Colonel Fielding to pass

through his lines, and wait upon Charles, and the result of this visit was that, on the 25th of April, after undergoing ten days' siege by an army of nearly 30,000 men, Reading opened its gates to the Earl of Essex. The royal garrison was, however, allowed to march out with arms reversed and colours furled, and was granted free passage to Oxford, with all their baggage and artillery.

The articles of capitulation were not strictly observed by the Roundheads, for several soldiers, deserters from Essex's army, were taken and shot, and the Royalists' baggage was also plundered when leaving the town.

Subsequently Colonel Fielding was most unfairly accused of treachery, and prejudice ran high against him. A court-martial assembled at Oxford, and Fielding was put upon his trial, and, notwithstanding Charles' own sanction to the capitulation of Reading, found guilty and sentenced to death. The king could not, however, permit so flagrant an act of injustice to take place, and the colonel received the royal pardon—for a crime he never even contemplated. But Fielding was completely broken down by the cruel treatment he had experienced, and quite unfitted for further service, so he retired to his own home, and Charles thus lost a brave and faithful adherent.

CHAPTER XX.

Chaldgrave field—Death of John Hampden.

EARLY in June the Earl of Essex removed his head-quarters to Thame in Buckinghamshire, in order to watch the king at Oxford, and, if possible, prevent Prince Rupert from effecting a junction with an army which Queen Henrietta had raised in the north.

The more fanatical of the Parliamentary party had never ceased to importune Essex to take some decisive step in the support of their principles, but Essex had very little hope of accomplishing much, for the weather was most unseasonable, and a sickness broke out amongst his troops that carried off a great number. He, however, sent out parties at intervals to harass and attack the Cavaliers, and these seldom returned to camp without having had a brush with the enemy.

In the meanwhile the Royalist cavalry were not idle, but, headed by the ever active Rupert, scoured the whole country between Oxford and Bath, and even

penetrated Essex's lines, and carried fire and sword into Berkshire and Bucks.

Ronald Cathcart was returning with his troop after one of these forays, when a shabbily-dressed man accosted him, and craved a moment's speech. Ronald at once dropped to the rear.

"My name is Hurry," the stranger said, "and I hold a colonel's commission in the Parliamentary army."

"Then I presume you have deserted, sir?" inquired Ronald, eyeing the fellow with a disdainful look; "or are you the bearer of some message from your general?"

"I have changed my opinions, young man," retorted the colonel, "and have important information for His Highness Prince Rupert."

"Indeed!" replied Cathcart. "May I ask what your information may be?"

"You may not, sir," said Colonel Hurry angrily, for he was irritated by the other's contemptuous manner. "I demand to be escorted to the prince, to whom alone I will speak."

Ronald shrugged his shoulders, and told the colonel he might mount a led horse, whose rider had fallen in a skirmish with the enemy that afternoon; and they rode on in silence, neither being very much prepossessed with the other.

Colonel Hurry, on being brought before the prince, informed him that two Roundhead regiments lay at High Wycombe, and might easily be surprised.

Rupert, ever ready to take the field, resolved to fall upon these troops that very night, and gave orders for the trumpeters to sound "boot and saddle." At the head of 2000 horse, the prince trotted over Magdalene Bridge, and pushed forward into Buckinghamshire. Crossing the Cherwell at Chiselhampton, he entered the woods at Stockenchurch and there halted.

Sir Arthur Hazelton now received orders to send out a troop of his regiment along the road which leads from Stockenchurch to High Wycombe, to reconnoitre.

Ronald's troop was selected for this service, and wheeling his men by threes to the right, he marched along the road, until just before sunrise, when he came in sight of a small village called Postcumbe.

Forming his troop into line, Ronald trotted across a tract of open ground towards the village; when suddenly a body of Roundhead cavalry galloped through the little street, and deploying as soon as they were clear of the houses, charged the Royalists.

"Gallop! charge!" shouted Ronald, brandishing his sword; and with a ringing cheer the cuirassiers raced forward to meet the enemy.

The Roundhead leader, directly he saw the heavy troops he was opposed to, wisely declined to stand their charge, but wheeling about his men retired in good order through Postcumbe.

Ronald did not follow in pursuit, but contented himself with entering Postcumbe, where he awaited the arrival of the prince.

But Rupert's excursion was now no longer a secret; and finding the Roundheads were on the alert, he changed his plans, and instead of continuing his march on High Wycombe, turned off towards the village of Chinnor, where he fell upon and routed a body of the enemy; killing several, and making prisoners of over a hundred. After this successful attack, Rupert prepared to return to Oxford, when the rising sun revealed a body of horse drawn up on the side of Beacon Hill. It needed not a second look to convince the prince that this force intended to dispute his passage, and he immediately formed up his men amongst the corn that covered an unenclosed space of 400 or 500 acres.

The opposing force proved to be a squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Hampden, who whilst resting at Watlington had been warned of the approach of the Cavaliers.

Hampden, on receipt of this intelligence, despatched an orderly to Thame to request Essex to send a detach-

ment to intercept the prince, and then mounting his charger, advanced with a small force to hold the Royalists in check until Essex had had time to make arrangements to cut off their retreat.

Rupert was meditating an attack upon Hampden, when the troops arrived from Thame under Colonel Gunter.

Gunter took up a position on Rupert's right, where the ground was enclosed, and placing his musketeers behind a high and thick hedge that formed a boundary, opened fire on the Royalists.

"Hazelton's Cuirassiers" were posted on the Royalist right, and came in for the worst of this galling fusillade. Sir Arthur seeing this, ordered the troop on the right of his line to charge the musketeers. The order was obeyed, but the cuirassiers were quite unable to penetrate or leap the hedge, and were forced to retire in severe confusion.

The Roundhead infantry, elated at their success, foolishly quitted their position, and, supported by a body of horse, pursued the retreating Cavaliers.

Sir Arthur Hazelton at once advanced to the support of his disordered troop, and having charged and scattered the enemy's horse, led his cuirassiers against the infantry, and catching them up before they could regain the shelter of the hedgerow, made sad havoc amongst them.

Colonel Gunter fought manfully, and with his officers and a few musketeers endeavoured to cover the retreat of the rest of his men. But Ronald singled him out, and after a brief encounter, unhorsed him with a stroke of his heavy sabre, that cut clean through his gorget and inflicted a mortal wound.

No sooner did the news of Gunter's fall reach Hampden, than he put spurs to his horse, and galloped off to try and rally the flying Roundheads.

Placing himself at the head of his men, Hampden gallantly charged the victorious cuirassiers.

Will Thomas, who was in command of the right division of his friend's troop, happened to be nearest the advancing enemy, and gave orders to those troopers who were armed with carbines to deliver a volley.

The troopers wheeled round, took a hasty aim, and fired; and the brave Hampden fell forward on his charger's neck, pierced by two balls, which broke his shoulder-blade, and entered the body. Left to its own guidance, his horse turned aside and trotted slowly off the field.

Seeing their beloved leader ride from the ground, the Roundheads, disheartened and dismayed, beat a retreat.

Rupert made no attempt to follow them, but pushed forward towards Chiselhampton Bridge, and

meeting with no opposition, recrossed the Cherwell, and returned to Oxford.

* * * * * *

Faint from pain and loss of blood, the brave and patriotic John Hampden rode to Thame, where on the 24th of June, six days after the fight at Chaldgrave, he breathed his last, regretted by friend and foe alike.

His remains found an honoured resting-place amongst his forefathers, in the chancel of Hampden Church, whither he was borne by the men of his own regiment, who with reversed arms and muffled drums paid the last tribute of respect to their gallant chief.

CHAPTER XXI.

Royalist successes—The siege of Bristol—The battle of Newbury.

THE reverse that his troops suffered at Chaldgrave caused Essex to remove his headquarters to St. Alban's, and station his troops in the adjacent towns and villages.

The Royalists now began to carry all before them, and the Parliament was greatly embarrassed.

Sir William Waller, who, after the capitulation, had marched into the west, was defeated on two separate occasions—first at Lansdown, and afterwards at Roundway Down; after which his force was so demoralized that he could no longer take the field.

At Lansdown, Prince Maurice, who commanded the Royalist horse, was severely wounded; but he recovered in time to take part in the battle of Roundway Down, and shortly afterwards succeeded Sir Ralph Hopeton as general of the Royal army in Cornwall.

Elated by his recent successes, Charles now deter-

mined to make strenuous efforts to render the cause of his adversaries utterly hopeless; and, in pursuance of this design, instructed Prince Rupert to march against Bristol.

Rupert, with his usual impulsive dash, started off as soon as possible, and on his arrival before Bristol, commenced operations by seizing all the ships lying in the King's Roads, on board of which the unfortunate citizens had deposited their valuables.

On the morrow it was resolved to storm the outer defences, and six separate parties were detailed for this perilous duty. The Roundhead garrison made so stout a defence, that five of the storming parties were repulsed with great loss; but the sixth, commanded by Colonel Worthington, succeeded in making a breach large enough for the cavalry to enter. Then Rupert led his horse into the suburbs, and fell upon the defenders with such fury that they fled through the Frome Gate into the city.

On the third day of the siege Colonel Fiennes, the governor, most unexpectedly surrendered, and the prince readily granted him honourable terms.

After the capitulation of Bristol, Charles laid siege to Gloucester, which was garrisoned by a force under General Massey. Massey was ill provided with provisions or stores of any description; his artillery was of an inferior description, and his whole force only

consisted of 1500 men. Moreover, the fortifications were in a semi-ruinous condition. But in spite of all these disadvantages, Massey held out for three weeks, when Essex came to his relief, and forced Charles to raise the siege. After reinforcing the Gloucester garrison, Essex marched towards the metropolis, and on his way inflicted a severe blow on the king.

At Cirencester, Charles had established a depôt, where he had collected arms, provisions, and other necessaries for the use of an army that his friends were raising in Kent. Essex surprised Cirencester, and took forty waggon-loads of provisions, six standards, and 400 horses, besides making prisoners of upwards of 300 men. After the capture of Cirencester, Essex, desirous of reaching London before the king could intercept him, pushed forward with all speed; but Rupert was on his track, and overtook him while he was crossing Auburn Chase, and immediately attacked his rear. A smart affair took place, in which both sides suffered severely. This action gave the king an opportunity of reaching Newbury before Essex, and of barring the latter general's way to London.

But the Roundheads appeared before Newbury the very next day, and the contending armies were in too close proximity to each other to part without coming to blows.

Newbury is an ancient town of some note, standing in a fertile plain stretching away northward into the royal county of Berks. This wide tract of country is watered by the Kennet, and bounded to the south by the rich beech woods of Hampshire. At Newbury, Charles took up a strong position; his front was protected by the Kennet, which flows through the town; on the north-east his musketeers occupied a line of breastworks which had been hastily thrown up; and on the north-west stood Donnington Castle, which the king had garrisoned and furnished with artillery to sweep the river, should the Roundheads attempt to cross it. Early on the morning of the 20th of September, 1643, the battle commenced. As usual, Prince Rupert led his cavalry with an impetuous courage that was only equalled by his indiscretion and disregard for the first principles of the science of war. His first charge was so far successful that the Parliamentary horse was thrown into confusion and dispersed; but all his efforts to put the infantry to rout were in vain. Again and again the Cavaliers charged the phalanx formed by the trained bands of London; their impetuosity and reckless valour availed them not; for shoulder to shoulder, trader, artisan, and apprentice fought for their ancient liberties, encouraging one another with cheers, and shouts of "Hurrah for London town!"

Seeing how futile were the attacks of his light horse, Rupert sent word to Sir Arthur Hazelton to advance his regiment, which had hitherto been kept in reserve.

In column of troops the cuirassiers trotted down the hill, and deployed into line as they came in front of the enemy.

Two other corps of horse formed in their rear, ready to charge amongst the musketeers so soon as the heavy cavalry had broken the serried ranks.

Placing himself at the head of his regiment, Sir Arthur Hazelton gave the order to advance; and down thundered the heavily-armed horsemen upon the brave lads of "London City."

The citizen-soldiers (worthy progenitors of the gallant "Buffs," or 3rd Foot) withstood the charge of the steel-clad warriors right manfully, and never wavered for an instant.

The cuirassiers fared no better than their lighter-armed comrades; and at last Sir Arthur was forced to retire the remnants of his shattered regiment, leaving nearly a third of his men on the bloody field.

It is said that during the early part of the day Charles was unable to make use of his artillery, and that the battle was fought hand to hand and steel to steel. Night at length overshadowed the fatal field,

which was strewn with the dead and dying of both sides; and the contending armies sank down to repose on the ground where they had fought.

The carnage had been fearful, and thousands of "good men and true" had fallen never to rise again.

Amongst those who lost their lives in the king's cause were the youthful Earl of Sunderland, who was killed by a cannon-shot; Lord Carnarvon, who fell at the head of his troop; and last but not least the brave and gentle Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, a Secretary of State, who, rushing into the thick of the fight, was shot through the heart.

* * * * * *

"Hazelton's Cuirassiers" were terribly cut up at Newbury, and presented a sad sight as they retired from the field. Their colonel, Sir Arthur Hazelton, was severely wounded by a musket-ball; Captain Ronald Cathcart had his favourite charger Bevis shot under him, and was himself injured; whilst poor Will Thomas lost his bridle-arm, and must have perished on the field had not Ronald and one or two troopers set out after the fight to search for him, and conveyed his senseless body in safety to the Royalist lines, where King Charles' own surgeon successfully amputated his injured arm.

* * * * * *

At break of day Essex marched from Newbury, and (though pursued by the indefatigable Rupert, who hung closely upon his rear, and did fearful execution in Deadman's Lane, near the village of Theale) made his way in security to Reading.

The king retired to Oxford, where he once more established his headquarters.

The Cavaliers claimed the victory, but it is hard to see on what grounds; for Charles utterly failed in preventing Essex from marching to London, which was the object with which he fought the battle.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Ronald Cathcart and his friends set out for Charmouth, and of the adventure that befell them by the way.

A FEW weeks after the battle of Newbury, Sir Arthur Hazelton applied for permission to visit M——yshire, and requested that Ronald Cathcart and Will Thomas might be allowed to accompany him.

Both the colonel and Ronald had suffered in health from the effects of their wounds, and as for Will it needed all the surgeon's skill (aided by their patient's sound constitution) to pull him round; so our friends considered they had fairly earned a rest from duty, and felt that a short sojourn in their native place would set them up, and prepare them for the hardships of the winter campaign.

Nearly twelve months had elapsed since any news had reached them from Charmouth, and they were all anxiety to learn how it fared with the defenders of the Grange.

Knowing that Sir Arthur and Ronald had considerable influence in their county, and would probably

be able to raise recruits, Charles readily gave the required permission, and at the same time cordially thanked them for the valuable services they had rendered him.

It was a dull morning early in November, when Sir Arthur Hazelton, Will Thomas, and Ronald, attended by the latter's servant, John Pettigrew, left Oxford and set out on their journey. They had doffed their uniforms, and were attired in plain, dark-coloured, woollen doublets, with breeches of the same material, and heavy riding-boots reaching half-way up the thigh; underneath their coats they wore their cuirasses, and all were well armed with sword and pistol.

Ronald's servant, John Pettigrew, was a native of Charmouth, renowned for his bravery and prodigious strength. He was devoted to his young master, who was well aware that he could depend on John's coolness and sagacity in any emergency.

Sir Arthur had recovered his usual health, and only wanted rest and quiet to set him up completely; Ronald too was in good spirits, and had gained strength rapidly; but poor Will looked wan and pale, and cast many a rueful glance at his empty sleeve; still he was on the high-road to recovery, and quite strong enough to sit a horse.

The distance between Oxford and Charmouth by

road was between 140 and 150 miles; but the travellers determined to make easy stages on Will's account, and as they might probably have to avoid two or three towns in the direct route, they could not reckon on being less than eight days on their journey.

The first half of the journey was accomplished without adventure or mishap; the change of scene, and the comparative rest after the turmoil and hardships of a campaign, benefited them all, especially Will, in whose face a little colour began to show itself, and whose appetite seemed to increase every day.

On the fifth morning after their departure from Oxford, the little party left the town of Ledbury, intending to cover at least thirty miles before sundown.

Towards noon they entered the narrow street of a market-town on the borders of Herefordshire, and riding up to the door of an inn, which bore the sign of the "Red Horse Head," they dismounted and called loudly for the hostler.

Above the door of the inn was a proclamation, signed by a magistrate, calling on "all good men and true to join the levies now being raised by Sir Gilbert Danifer on behalf of His Majesty King Charles."

"Come, boys," said Sir Arthur, as John Pettigrew

and the hostler led away their horses: "we have without doubt lighted upon a hot-bed of loyalty, and perchance may pick up a recruit or two for the king."

"There appears but little hope of that," rejoined Ronald; "for the town seems well-nigh deserted. I doubt me not that Sir Gilbert Danifer hath been before us, and left nobody but old men and women."

"Wherefore should we not raise a corps of veterans and amazons?" laughed Will; "the latter might be of service in looking after the Irish lasses that follow Fortescue's horse, and keep the whole camp in commotion."

"There certainly seems a dearth of able-bodied men," said their colonel; "let us make inquiries."

"Here comes mine host," Ronald said, as a surly-looking man appeared at the door of the inn. "Canst give us aught to eat or drink, my good fellow?"

"Who be thee, and from whence dost thou come?" asked the landlord, surveying his would-be guests with a suspicious look. "These are troublous times, and I care not to entertain every stranger that comes to this house! an ye cannot give a good account of yourselves, ye may just ride elsewhere!" and so saying he turned on his heel, and would have gone indoors had not Sir Arthur seized him by the collar, and, nettled at his boorish incivility, said,—

"Thou'rt a surly and insolent knave! I am a colonel

in his gracious majesty's service, and well known to the gentleman who signed that proclamation over thy door. Keep a civil tongue in thine head, and haste to serve us properly, or 'twill be the worse for thee."

Sir Arthur loosed his hold; the landlord of the Red Horse Head hesitated for a second, and then, calling to his wife to attend to their wants, left the house and walked up the street.

The travellers were too hungry to pay any further heed to the man, and without another word followed the buxom hostess up the broad oak staircase. They were shown into a fair-sized room on the first floor, with three windows, two looking out on the street, and the third on the stable-yard.

Here they were presently joined by John Pettigrew, who assisted the landlady and her pretty daughter to place a substantial meal upon the table.

Having fetched a flask of wine and a huge "black jack" of strong ale, the hostess and her daughter withdrew, the latter casting a pitying look at Will Thomas as she shut the door.

The three officers lost no time in attacking the tempting viands; and John, having served his masters, sat down at the lower end of the table with a mighty plateful of cold roast goose before him, and the "black jack" at his right hand, and proceeded to display his prowess as a trencher-man.

"I like the hostess better than the host," said Ronald, attacking a grouse-pie.

"And the daughter best of all!" said Will; "here's to her health, and may her husband be a man of prettier manners than her father!"

"'Tis a surly dog!" observed Sir Arthur; "but I marvel not that the country-folk look with suspicion on all who wear a sword. Rupert hath allowed our horse to treat the people with such ruthless severity."

"Did the prince and thyself part friends?" asked Will. "He hath of late looked coldly upon us all."

"His highness never forgives or forgets," Sir Arthur replied. "The king spoke with me before we left, and hoped that my absence would tend to heal the breach between his nephew and myself; but 'twill never be."

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by a noise in the street below, which caused them to spring from their seats in alarm.

First came the clatter of horses' hoofs on the rubble-stone, and the sound of many footsteps; then loud cheers, and shouts of "Long live the Parliament! down with the king!" struck upon their ears.

The crowd halted just under the windows of the room in which Ronald and his friends were sitting, and gave vent to their feelings by yells of laughter and derision.

Ronald would have rushed to the window, but Sir Arthur held him back.

"We are betrayed, I fear," said he in low tones. "John, listen at the door, and then make it fast."

John Pettigrew walked stealthily to the door, and gently turned the handle.

The door was locked from the outside.

Mounted on a ladder reared against the house was a haggard, lank-haired man.

Page 203

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Ronald and his companions escaped from the inn.

"TRAPPED!" cried Ronald furiously.

"I fear so," rejoined Sir Arthur, moving towards the door.

"I never could have believed so pretty a lass would prove a traitress!" exclaimed Will Thomas.

"They've locked us *in*, gentlemen," John Pettigrew said quietly, "let us keep them *out*; 'twill give us more time to plan our escape."

Together they moved the heavy oak table and stood it against the door, while John further secured it by fixing the latch with his hunting-knife. Then they peeped cautiously through the windows.

A small crowd was collected in the street below, directly in front of the inn-door. Mounted on a ladder reared against the house was a haggard, lank-haired man, with a painter's brush and can in his hand, busily engaged in painting out Sir Giles Danifer's proclamation.

By the door stood two Roundhead officers, who

looked on with approval and amusement. No other soldiers were visible from the window, but many of the townsfolk were armed with sword or pistol.

When the man on the ladder had finished his work, he turned round, and taking off his tattered hat, called out for "Three cheers for the Parliament!" to which the bystanders heartily responded.

"Pest on the scurvy knave!" grunted Pettigrew, catching sight of the fellow's sallow visage; "'tis that mad fool, Ezekiel Snawk! Thou shouldst have shot the trait'rous rogue, Master Ronald, and never have let him escape! Howsumever, the villain's neck was made for the rope, and 'twould be a pity to cheat the hangman of his due."

Sir Arthur Hazelton and Ronald were amazed at Snawk's unexpected appearance, and almost came to the conclusion that they must have been tracked from Oxford.

"Let us sally forth and cut our way through these fellows," said Ronald, drawing back from the window. "Fool that I am! I have left my pistols in my holsters."

"'Tis all right, Master Ronald," said John Pettigrew; "for safety's sake I took them out before I left the stable, and here they are!" And he laid a brace of handsome silver-mounted pistols on the table, and then leisurely proceeded to examine the

primings of his own weapons, which he carried in his belt.

"We will sell our lives dearly," said Sir Arthur Hazelton, buckling on his sword; "and if I have the chance I'll make our host pay for this trick."

"Better keep thy life for the service of the king, Sir Arthur," rejoined John. "There's no cupboard so close but there's some way out o' it," he added sententiously; "and afore we talks o' selling our lives, let us try to gain our liberty! As to that surly varlet, the landlord, and that oily-tongued hypocrite, Snawk, we'd best leave 'em to their natural fate—the gallows."

"Bravely spoken, John Pettigrew!" exclaimed Will Thomas approvingly. "I for one am with you; we can but fail after all."

"If we only had our horses, we might get clear off," said Ronald despondingly; "as it is, we can only fight it out to the last gasp."

"Nay, nay, Master Cathcart," answered the hopeful John, "we'll neither die nor be made prisoners this time; and as for the future, why, we must be more careful."

"I fear thou'rt over confident, Pettigrew," observed Sir Arthur; "but I know thee to be a shrewd fellow. What scheme hast thou gotten in thine head?"

At that moment there was a gentle tap at the door, and a girlish voice whispered,—

"Open the door, good sirs! 'tis only me, Rose Mayley!"

"And who may Rose Mayley be?" asked Sir Arthur suspiciously.

"The daughter of thine host, good sir," was the reply. "Trust me, gentlemen, and I will set you free!"

Our friends looked at one another, and Will Thomas said,—

"Is *this* thy plot, John? plots and petticoats often go together."

"Nay, Master Will," grinned John; "I've nought to do with the lass. But let her in, gentlemen; she's too pretty to play us false, I'll wager a crown!"

"Let John have his way," said Will; "I'll warrant me he's right, and the girl will prove true."

Cautiously they shifted the table from the door, just enough to allow the girl's slim figure to slip through, and Rose Mayley entered the room.

"I can show you a way by which you can reach the stables without being seen," said Rose, as the door was closed behind her and the table replaced; "once there, you must manage for yourselves. Come this way, gentlemen; there is no time to be lost."

"Can we trust you, Rose?" asked Sir Arthur, looking her in the face.

Rose reddened with vexation, and gave a petulant stamp with her shapely little foot, as she retorted,—

"Mother and I hate the Roundheads as much as any cavalier in the king's army! 'Twas my mother bade me come to you, for she dared not leave the kitchen. Do I look as though I would deceive you?" she added, with a coquettish smile.

"By my faith, you don't!" laughed Will, patting her pretty cheek. "I'd trust thee with my life, sweet Rose."

"Thank ye, sir," said she, dropping a curtsey; "I never thought *you* mistrusted me."

"Come, pardon my doubting you," said Sir Arthur; "we old soldiers are apt to be suspicious, but I ought never to have suspected you, Rose. Let us be off, I pray thee."

The girl crossed the room, and, pushing aside a skin mat near the fireplace, pointed to a small trap-door in the floor.

John Pettigrew stooped down, and, lifting up the trap, discovered a steep flight of steps.

"Follow the passage at the bottom of these steps," Rose said, "and you'll come straight into the stable where your horses are stalled. The rest I leave to yourselves; for I must return to the kitchen, lest my father misses me."

"Suppose anybody is in the stable," suggested Ronald; "they might give the alarm."

"I have sent Sam Trotter, the hostler, out of the

way," replied the girl, "and mother's locked the back door, which is the only way from the house into the stable-yard; so you have nothing to fear."

"Thou'rt a good lass, Rose," said Ronald, slipping a gold piece into her hand. "If ever thou art in trouble, send to me, Ronald Cathcart, of Charmouth Grange—"

"Charmouth Grange!" exclaimed the girl, interrupting him, "why, that's the name of the place the Roundheads are marching to. I heard one of them tell my father so."

"Then the sooner we are off, the better," said Sir Arthur. "Good-bye, Rose; remember, thou wilt always find a friend in me! I shall never forget thee."

"Nor shall I, sweet Rose," exclaimed Will. "I left my arm at Newbury, and now I have lost my heart at the Red Horse!" And snatching a kiss from her rosy lips, Will followed Sir Arthur and Ronald down the ladder.

John Pettigrew lingered for a moment, and looked sheepishly at Rose.

"Aint thee agoin', sir?" said she, coquettishly casting an admiring glance at the stalwart trooper.

"Heigho!" sighed John; "I wish I were a bachelor! Farewell, sweetheart."

Traversing a narrow passage, our friends came to a door opening into the stable. Quietly and expedi-

tiously they bridled their chargers, and led them into the yard, where they mounted.

The entrance to the yard was through a pair of wooden gates, which opened into a narrow lane. These gates were padlocked and barred, but John jumped oft his horse and wrenched out the staples.

As he did so the doors were flung open, and in rushed the landlord and Ezekiel Snawk, followed by half a score of townsfolk. They threw themselves on John Pettigrew, but he, striking out right and left, vaulted into his saddle; then, drawing their swords and putting spurs to their horses, the cavaliers charged their assailants and rode right over them.

Leaping a low fence opposite the gates, they galloped across some fields, and hitting off the high-road, made good their escape.

* * * * * *

Ezekiel Snawk had met the reward of his crimes; he had been knocked over by John Pettigrew's fist, and as he lay on the ground one of the horses kicked him on the head and fractured his skull.

Nor did the landlord of the Red Horse come off scathless; a blow from Sir Arthur's heavy sabre cut through the muscles of his arm, rendering it useless for life, and he had good cause to remember his treachery to the end of his days.

In justice to pretty Rose Mayley, it must be said that her father's appearance was quite accidental.

He had gone round with his friends to secure his guests' horses; but hearing the clattering of hoofs in the yard, at once suspected the cavaliers were attempting to escape, and so waited in ambush outside the gates.

He ever afterwards regretted that he did not leave well alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The arrival at Charmouth—Preparations for the defence—Gives some account of the movements of Philip Ruddach and John Shakeshaft.

AFTER their escape from the Red Horse Inn, the travellers pushed on as rapidly as possible for Charmouth Grange, where they arrived three days later.

They were heartily welcomed by their friends, and Mistress Alice Thomas forgot, in the pleasure of meeting her lover, the anxieties of the past twelvemonth.

The first greetings over, more serious matters had to be discussed.

Sir Arthur Hazelton informed his friends that there was little doubt a hostile force was within a few days' march of Charmouth, and that the Roundheads intended to lay siege to the Grange. Although the king's cause had prospered of late, there was scant hope of a Royalist force coming to their relief for some time, as Charles had no troops in the neighbourhood nearer than Bristol, from which city not a man could be spared; the garrisons of the Grange

and Chandler's Creek would therefore have to rely entirely on themselves.

"I fear," Ronald said, when his colonel had finished speaking, "that the rebels will beat up the quarters of every loyal gentleman within easy distance of this place; and for that reason I should suggest that you, Sir Arthur, set out at once for Hazel Copse, and return with Lady Hazelton and your household. Your house is not adapted to stand an attack, even for a day, so it is but right your family should be removed to a place of safety."

Sir Arthur Hazelton saw the wisdom of Ronald's suggestion, and gladly accepted his offer. Procuring a fresh horse, he started off for his own home, and returned next evening with his wife and all his belongings, escorted by twenty-five of his tenants, well-armed and mounted; nor did he come empty-handed, for he brought with him two cart-loads of provisions.

Preparations were at once commenced for the defence, and notice was sent to Chandler's Creek of the approach of the enemy.

The villagers to a man volunteered to defend their lord's house, and with their families removed into the Grange.

Ronald at first refused to accept their assistance, fearing lest he should bring upon them suffering and

loss, but Sir Arthur and Colonel Whitgreave pointed out that if they remained in their own cottages the enemy would in all probability maltreat them; for (in revenge for the cruel treatment which all who sympathized with the Parliament had received at the hand of Rupert and his lawless troopers) the Roundheads had of late greatly ill-used those whom they suspected of favouring the royal cause.

The defences were strengthened, and, where necessary, repaired; large quantities of provisions were collected and divided between the Grange and Chandler's Creek; and all valuables were packed up in boxes and removed on board the *Dragon* and *Jane*, which, at the time, were anchored in the river.

In forty-eight hours after Sir Arthur Hazelton returned from his house, the village was deserted, and the Grange and the Creek peopled by its inhabitants.

"We can hold out for weeks," said Colonel Whitgreave, as he and the other officers surveyed the defences.

"Unless the enemy bring any heavy guns to bear upon us," rejoined Sir Arthur; "then we shall have to fall back on the Creek, and escape to Bristol in Michael Roberts' ships."

"If it comes to that, our retreat will be terribly hampered by the women and children," Ronald remarked. "Why not send them off at once? the

Grange is overcrowded, and if the siege is prolonged the poor creatures will suffer much."

"You are quite right," said Colonel Whitgreave; "'tis a most excellent idea, and had better be carried out this very day."

"I agree with you, Whitgreave, and we will send off the women and children, and those whom old age or infirmity render incapable of bearing arms, before sunset."

No time was lost, and that afternoon all the "non-combatants" were conveyed in carts and waggons to Chandler's Creek, a proportionate supply of provisions being sent with them. Lady Hazelton, Alice Thomas, and eight maids were the only females left at the Grange.

* * * * * *

It will be remembered that when Philip Ruddach and his companion in crime deserted the *Dragon*, they fled to Worcester, then occupied by the Earl of Essex.

Ruddach, rendered furious by the failure of his nefarious schemes, vowed vengeance against young Cathcart and all who had helped to thwart him. He now conceived an idea that, if he could only lay hands on Ronald, he might coerce him into giving up the whole, or at least a portion, of his inheritance; he imparted this idea to Shakeshaft, who emphatically declined to have anything to say to so wild a scheme;

and neither Ruddach's threats nor entreaties could move him. Philip, however, determined to carry out his intentions, and visited Charmouth in disguise. Here no opportunity was afforded him, and after Ronald's departure for Shrewsbury he returned to Worcester.

He now engaged six or eight fellows (amongst them Snawk), men of a like stamp as himself, and, having procured a boat, rowed up the Severn to Shrewsbury, where he fell in with Simon Hornblower. His unsuccessful attempt to ensnare Ronald in that town has been already narrated.

Once more Philip sought the assistance of Shakeshaft, who was as ready as ever to join in any piece of villainy that might be perpetrated without personal danger. At length an idea entered the fertile brain of the ex-steward.

Ruddach was to seek an interview with the Parliamentary general, and tell him a plausible story to the effect that his brother-in-law's nephew had, with the aid of certain "godless cavaliers," deprived him of his rightful inheritance. He was admitted to Essex's presence, and glibly told his tale.

"'Tis not for my own sake alone that I appeal to your lordship," said the cunning knave, "but my lamented kinsman stored quantities of arms and provisions, and collected large sums of money for the use of the king

—he being a mistaken supporter of that tyrant—and I am desirous that these should now become the spoil of the Parliament, to be used in a just and righteous cause. Charmouth Grange is garrisoned by an ill-disciplined force, and might easily be taken. I pray your lordship to consider this important matter."

Lord Essex promised to think it over when he had time, and after condoling with Ruddach for the wrongs he had suffered, offered him a commission in a corps of musketeers.

Ruddach dared not refuse, and so accepted the offer with well-feigned satisfaction.

Essex did not forget his promise, and shortly after the battle of Newbury Ruddach and Shakeshaft were summoned before him.

They stuck to their story, and John Shakeshaft (in the character of his deceased lord's attached and confidential servant) declared he knew exactly where the arms and treasure were concealed, and was alone cognizant of their existence, so they could not have been removed. Then he produced Sir Henry Lovell's will—the one he had tampered with—which left Charmouth Grange to Philip Ruddach.

Ruddach's colonel had given him a very good character for zeal and attention to duty, and Lord Essex felt convinced of the truth of their statements,

and highly complimented Ruddach on his zeal for their cause.

Although things had not gone very prosperously with the Parliament, and troops could ill be spared, it was decided to send a force of 800 militia and four guns to besiege the Grange, and Ruddach was given the command of this force.

Ruddach marched at once for Charmouth, but was overtaken near Hereford by a general officer with two troops of dragoons and 400 musketeers. Much to his annoyance, Ruddach had to resign the command to this officer.

The combined forces then advanced into M——y-shire, and in due course arrived at Hagley, a village three miles from the Grange.

"This is a bad job for us, Master Ruddach," said Shakeshaft on the night of their arrival at Hagley. "What will they say when they find there's neither arms nor treasure?"

"We must trump up some tale," said the other; "thou'rt never at loss for a lie, John."

CHAPTER XXV.

How Philip Ruddach fell into the hands of his enemies—How the Grange was besieged by the Roundheads—How Ronald and Will attacked a battery, and how the garrison of Charmouth Grange escaped to the Creek.

RONALD CATHCART left the Grange one morning with a party of musketeers to reconnoitre in the direction of Hagley—information having been received that some Parliamentary troops had arrived at that village.

Two miles from Charmouth his advanced files came in sight of a column debouching from Brankbourne Wood, through which the Hagley road passed.

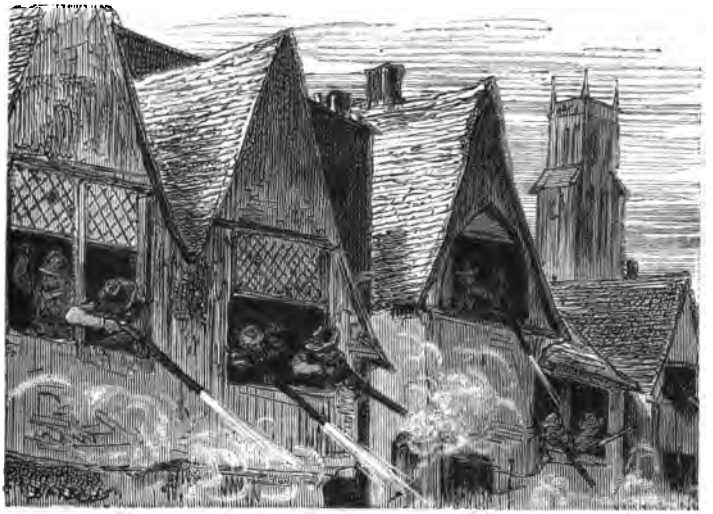
Ronald halted his men, and took up a position behind a low stone wall, and awaited the approach of this column.

It proved to be the advanced guard of the Parliamentary force marching against Charmouth Grange, and consisted of a half-troop of dragoons and three companies of militia under Philip Ruddach.

Ronald opened fire as soon as the enemy came within range, but, seeing that he was greatly out-

numbered, he retreated to Charmouth, and occupied a row of cottages near the church, commanding the road along which the Roundheads must advance.

As the enemy entered the village the Royalist



FROM THE WINDOWS RONALD'S MEN POURED A DEADLY FIRE ON THE FOE.

musketeers poured forth a deadly fusillade from the windows, which caused the undisciplined militia to break and run for shelter. The Roundheads were soon reinforced, and again advanced to the attack, when Ronald, seeing that his position was untenable,

and that he ran considerable risk of having his retreat cut off, fell back towards the Grange.

The Roundhead dragoons followed in pursuit and fell upon his rear, but at this juncture Will Thomas sallied forth from the Grange with a mounted party, and galloped up to support his friends.

Philip Ruddach, who had headed the dragoons, ordered a retreat; but Ronald had recognized his uncle's murderer, and rushed upon him. Ruddach, who was a bad horseman, fell from his saddle, and was speedily disarmed and taken prisoner before his men, who had already retired, could come to his rescue. Ronald Cathcart and Will made good their retreat to the Grange, with the loss of one man killed and three slightly injured.

That night a court-martial assembled to try Philip Ruddach for the murder of Sir Henry Lovell. It is needless to say he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and at daybreak next morning the sentence of the court was carried out, and Ruddach paid the penalty of his atrocious crime on the gibbet.

The siege of Charmouth Grange commenced the day after Ruddach's execution. The Roundheads erected a battery on a small hill overlooking the river, within gun-shot distance of the Grange, and from this battery kept up an incessant fire, which did considerable mischief to the defences. On the third day

of the siege, the besiegers were reinforced by Colonel Phipps, with 800 horse and foot, and six guns. The Grange was thus entirely surrounded, and the efforts of the enemy to reduce it were redoubled.

"Ronald, we *must* try and silence that battery on Hoppas Hill," said Will one afternoon, when he and his friend were going their rounds. "I was thinking yesterday whether it would be possible for a small party to sally out, climb the hill, and capture the guns."

"Impossible!" replied Ronald; "and even supposing the guns were taken, how could you bring them in?"

"I should not attempt to do that," Will rejoined, "but simply roll them down the slope into the river."

"It would be a glorious thing if we could manage it," said Ronald. "The rebels have moved all their guns into that battery, and if our enterprise was successful, they would be left without artillery."

"And we should have time to repair the walls before they could replace the guns. Come, Ronald, let us make the attempt."

"Neither Sir Arthur nor Whitgreave would allow us to go on so mad an expedition," objected Ronald, wavering a little.

"We'll not ask their leave," retorted Will. "All we have to do is to get together twenty or thirty

active fellows, slip out through the east wicket-gate, and, eluding the Roundhead sentries, ascend Hoppas Hill, and—"

"Get cut to pieces for our pains," laughed Ronald.

But Will Thomas was not one to be easily turned from his purpose. He had made up his mind that his idea might be successfully carried out, and he went on arguing until he persuaded his friend to make the attempt.

John Pettigrew was taken into their confidence, and readily promised to aid them. John, however, pointed out that it would be downright madness to attempt to pass through the enemy's lines and ascend that side of the hill which faced the Grange, but proposed a much more feasible plan.

The battery which had wrought such mischief crowned the southern slope of Hoppas Hill, and was exactly opposite to the main entrance of the Grange. The summit of the hill was flat, and bare of trees or shrubs, and of such small extent that the earthwork covered nearly the whole of it. The northern face of the hill rose sheer up from the river, and was precipitous, and, to all appearances, inaccessible. Now it happened that John Pettigrew knew of a path cut out in this side of Hoppas Hill, up which he could easily guide the party, even on a dark night.

"With a little caution," said John, "we can make

our way to the river-side without alarming the sentries, crawl along under the bank until we reach the foot of the cliff, and then up the Goat's Ladder. Leave the choosing of the men to me, Master Ronald, and this very night we'll make the attempt."

"On no account must Sir Arthur or the colonel know of this," said Will impressively, for he felt sure that they would put their veto on such an undertaking.

"Never fear, Master Will," replied John. "Do you and the captain be at the wicket to-night at eleven o'clock, and you will find me all ready."

Pettigrew knew exactly which men to select for such an enterprise, and punctually at eleven thirty gallant fellows assembled, by twos and threes, in a shed hard by the east wicket.

Their leaders were already there, and not a moment was lost. The wicket was thrown open, the hand-bridge lowered, and the little band filed across the moat, leaving three of their number in charge of the wicket.

Quietly they crept down to the river, and clambered along in single file under the bank until the foot of Hoppas Cliff was reached; then up the Goat's Ladder they climbed until they gained the summit of the hill, and saw through the gloom the battery not a hundred yards in front of them.

The battery was a roughly thrown-up earthwork, with an open gorge unprotected by ditch or palisades.

The Roundheads, never dreaming that any attack would be even contemplated by the garrison of the Grange, left the battery very carelessly guarded at night. As soon as it was dark, the artillerists were relieved by a guard of twenty musketeers under a subaltern, and retired down the hill to their quarters.

The guard on the battery posted two sentries, and then retired into a wooden lean-to, which had been erected against the expense-magazine for their accommodation.

Ronald determined to surprise the guard if possible, and accordingly four men "stalked" the unsuspecting sentinels, and had them in their grasp before they could utter a word. The sentinels bound and gagged, the whole band of Royalists surrounded the hut, and, rushing in at a given signal, surprised the guard when half of them were asleep. A very slight scuffle ensued, and in a few minutes the Roundheads were overpowered, and that without noise.

Two of their number, however, managed to slip out of the hut without being seen, and escaped down the hill.

The Royalists at once set to work to throw the guns into the river, and this was comparatively easy work, for all they had to do was to drag them to the

rear of the battery, and give them a push over the edge of the cliff.

In a quarter of an hour six of the guns had been thus disposed of, and only four remained, when the tramp of marching men sounded in the ears of the Royalists, and John Pettigrew, running to the brow of the hill, looked over and made out a strong body of men ascending the hill. It was too dark to tell their numbers, but he could see well enough to make sure there were three or four companies at the very least.

At the same time the lights in the village and Roundhead lines told that the enemy were thoroughly on the alert.

Not knowing of the escape of two of the guard, the Royalists were at a loss to account for this sudden activity in their enemy's camp ; but there was no time to be wasted in useless conjectures.

"We must retreat at once, Master Roland," said John, "before those knaves get up the hill."

"What! and leave half our work unfinished?" exclaimed Will. "Nonsense, John Pettigrew, there is plenty of time to throw these four guns over the cliff. Come along, men!"

"No, no, Will, John is right," cried Ronald. "We have succeeded far better than ever I could have believed we should have done ; so let well alone."

"Let us fire the magazine at all events," said Will.

"Drag the prisoners out of the way, and I will set light to the hut."

At a sign from Ronald the men did as they were bidden, the prisoners were unceremoniously dragged behind the parapet of the battery, and Will ran into the hut.

But the delay nearly proved fatal. The Roundheads had already reached the summit of the hill, and now discerning the dark figures of their enemies, fired a volley, which knocked over five of the Royalists.

"Make for the Goat's Ladder!" shouted John, picking up the body of one of his comrades. "Don't leave the wounded behind."

The fallen men were lifted up and carried to the head of the path by half a dozen of their comrades, whilst Ronald and Will with the rest of the band covered their retreat.

Fortunately the Roundheads, ignorant of the weak numbers of their audacious enemy, hesitated to advance, but contented themselves by keeping up an irregular and ill-directed fire, in the direction in which they supposed the Royalists had retreated; and so Ronald and his men descended the path without hindrance. . . .

In the meantime the garrison of the Grange had been alarmed by the firing, and turned out to man

their guns, expecting an immediate attack; but one of the men whom Ronald had left at the wicket went to Sir Arthur Hazelton and informed him of the cause of the disturbance. Sir Arthur was greatly grieved that his young friends should have set out on so foolhardy an adventure, for he never dreamt that success could attend the enterprise: he, however, cast about in his mind how best to aid their return, and having learnt from the man the route by which Ronald had decided both to go and return, he issued orders that several lanterns should be displayed over the main entrance, and that the drawbridge should be half lowered. This done, he caused a strong light to be cast upon the bridge, so that the Roundheads might be able to see its position. By doing this Sir Arthur hoped to delude the enemy into the belief that Ronald's party would endeavour to re-enter the Grange by the main entrance.

All of a sudden a bright flash on the summit of Hoppas Hill lighted up the heavens. It was followed by a deafening report: the expense-magazine of the battery had blown up!

This brought hope into Sir Arthur's breast that the expedition might have been not altogether unsuccessful. . . .

On reaching the banks of the river, Ronald and Will hastened on with all speed, determined to cut

their way through any force that might oppose their return to the Grange.

Much to their astonishment they arrived at the wicket without being challenged (for Sir Arthur's ruse had succeeded, and the Roundheads, though they were all on the alert on the other side of the Grange, had quite neglected to watch the route that Ronald followed); their friends were on the look-out for them, down rattled the hand-bridge, and in five minutes the whole party were safe within the walls. Unfortunately the success that attended Will Thomas's gallant enterprise proved of little avail, for with the guns left in the battery the Roundheads kept up such a fire as effectually prevented any attempt being made to repair the battered defences of the Grange.

There is not space to describe all the events of the siege of Charmouth. Suffice it to say that it was carried on with great vigour by the Roundheads, and that at the end of six weeks the garrison had suffered severely, and the enemy's guns had done considerable execution in the solid masonry.

The defenders could expect no help from the king, and at last they reluctantly acknowledged that they could only hold out a few days longer.

The Parliamentary general had made no attempt on Chandler's Creek, thinking there would be time

enough to march against that place when he had taken the Grange.

"If we could only fall back on the creek, we might escape to Bristol; but these knaves have entirely surrounded us, and we are like rats in a cage," said Sir Arthur Hazelton one evening, when all hope of successful resistance was gone.

"I ask pardon, gentlemen," said old Simon Goodlake, who happened to be in the room; "but, if I may make so bold as to say a word, I ken a way by which every soul in the Grange might escape, and that without one of them crop-eared varlets being one whit the wiser."

"Thou'rt dreaming, Simon!" cried Ronald, thinking the old porter must be mad.

"Nay, nay, Master Cathcart, an thou wilt come with me, I'll prove my words true."

Sir Arthur and Ronald rose from their seats and followed the old man from the room. Simon led the way to a storehouse built close under the east wall of the quadrangle; entering this building, he opened a door and disclosed a flight of stone steps leading down into a cellar.

"Why, Simon Goodlake," cried Ronald, in disappointed tones, as he held a lighted torch above his head, "what foolery is this? There are but cellars down there; I know them well, for many a time I've

hidden here when a boy. Let us return, there's nought but empty casks and faggot-wood here."

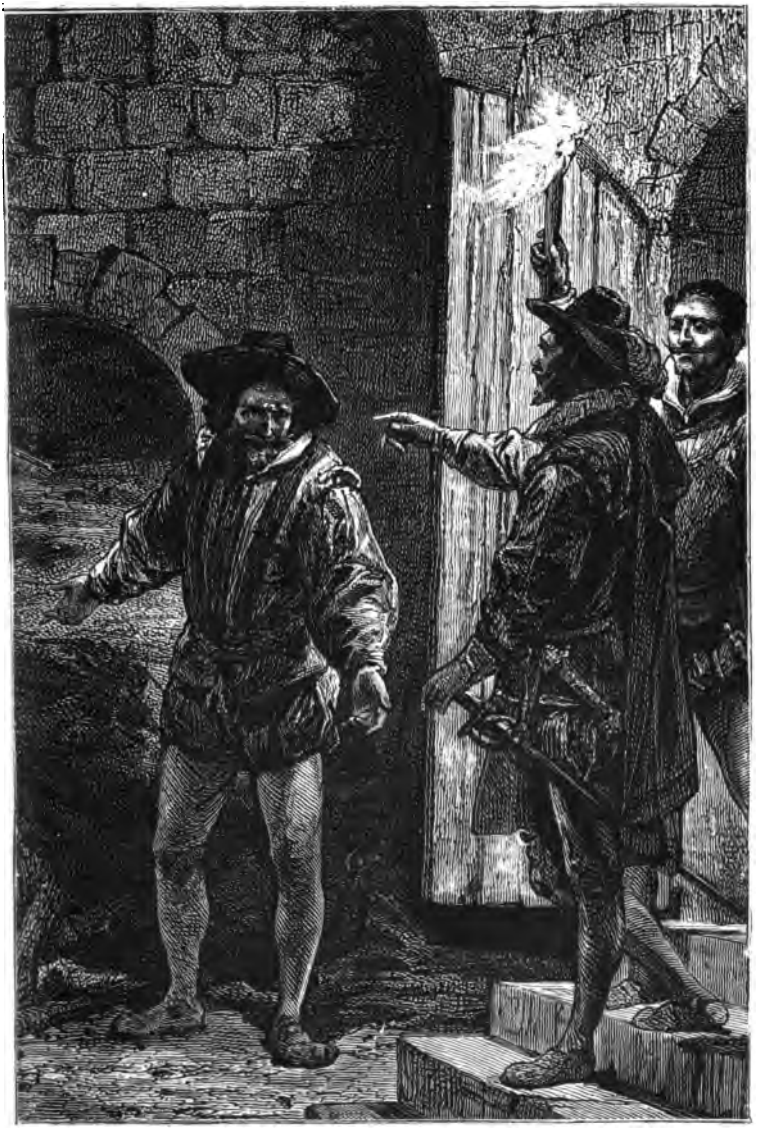
"Don't thee be so hasty, Master Ronald," retorted Simon testily. "Dost thou think I'd have played the fool wi' thee and his worship Sir Arthur? Come down, sirs, and I'll show ye the way out o' Charmouth Grange!"

With grave doubts in their minds as to whether the old porter had not taken leave of his senses, Sir Arthur Hazelton and Ronald descended the steps, and found themselves in a capacious vaulted cellar.

"There, sirs," cried old Simon triumphantly, pointing to a heap of logs piled up in an arched recess, "behind that rubbage there be a door opening into a passage which leads under the moat right away into the Black Slough Wood; t'other entrance be about fifty yards from the old boat-house."

Ronald and his colonel looked at one another in astonishment; but presently the former's face fell, and he said, "John Shakeshaft is sure to know of this passage; and if he is with the Roundheads, we may safely reckon that the outlet is carefully guarded."

"I'll go bail he don't know aught about it, Master Cathcart," cried Simon. "I doubt me much whether poor Sir Henry himself was aware of its existence. I believe it were made in his great-grandfather's time,



"Behind that rubbage there be a door."

Page 230.

and hath never been used. I'm certain sure that, 'cept myself and old Solomon Puddlecomb, there's not a living soul ever heard of it."

"How came you to know of it, Simon?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Why, sir, it were in old Squire Richard's time, and I were but a young lad, that my father and old Solomon, who's just seven years older than myself, were employed in repairing the steps down here, when the squire came down to see how we were getting on, and then he showed us the passage, and we all four walked right to the end. I recollect well. I nigh was suffocated with the stuffiness."

"But didn't either of you mention this to any one afterwards?"

"No, sir. Squire Richard made us swear never not to say a word about it; and I'm certain we none of us ever did."

"What is the size of this passage?" inquired Sir Arthur.

"About six feet high, and wide enow for three men to walk abreast," replied Simon; "and it must be nigh a mile long."

"Then, my dear Ronald, we can escape," cried Sir Arthur joyfully. "Let us at once explore this tunnel."

A party of men soon cleared away the rubbish that blocked up the entrance to the passage, and the door

was forced open by the blacksmith and his assistants. A rush of foul air nearly knocked the explorers over, but in a couple of hours' time, after flashing off several charges of powder to clear the air, they were able to enter the passage.

It proved to be better ventilated than they expected, and the outer entrance was soon reached. A strong, iron-bound door closed the outlet, and there was a small grating, through which they caught a glimpse of the stars.

The outlet, which was concealed from external view by a growth of underwood and bushes, was not very far from the besiegers' lines; but Sir Arthur was certain that the wood was not occupied or patrolled by the enemy.

"The women must be got away first," said Sir Arthur. "There's an old boat lying in a shed, which would hold ten or a dozen persons. We might carry it through this passage down to the river, and send them away by water."

"The boat you speak of is no use," Roland replied. "Her planks and timbers are as rotten as touchwood. 'Tis a pity we cannot get the horses down; but as that is impossible, Lady Hazelton, Alice, and their maids must be carried in litters."

"There is one thing I don't like," mused Hazelton, "and that is the Grange falling into the hands of the

Roundheads; besides, there is a quantity of gunpowder and other things we shall not be able to carry with us."

"I have made up my mind what to do," Ronald answered. "I am ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of the king. This place would no doubt prove of great use to the Parliament, to say nothing of the powder and munitions of war. I will have everything of the sort moved into this cellar, and a slow match fixed in a barrel of gunpowder; so soon as every one is clear of the passage, I myself will return and ignite the match. 'Twill burn for half an hour, and by that time we shall all be out of reach of the effects of the explosion."

"There must be nearly a ton of powder altogether," said Sir Arthur; "a few barrels placed in the house and gate-tower would be certain to ignite when the explosion in the cellar takes place, and Charmouth Grange would be entirely destroyed."

"I wish it to be; a thousand times sooner than it should fall into our enemy's hands!"

By midnight every preparation was completed. All the cannon and arms that could not be carried away, and the greater part of the powder, were placed in the cellar from out of which the subterranean passage ran. Four barrels, with the heads knocked out, were left in old Simon Goodlake's lodge, and six more in

the hall of the house; these were connected with one another and with the cellar by a thick train of powder. A long length of slow-match was prepared, and secured in a barrel in the cellar.

All the horses and other animals were destroyed; and then, the outer door of the passage having been forced, the garrison filed through the tunnel, and passed out into the midst of Black Slough Wood.

The night was pitch-dark, and a strong wind whistled through the trees; but a pathway was soon hit off, and cautiously the whole party, numbering nearly 400 souls, threaded their way through the wood. Colonel Whitgreave led them, with a hundred well-armed men; then came the ladies and maids, carried in hastily-constructed litters, and guarded by twenty picked musketeers under Will Thomas. Sir Arthur Hazelton and Ronald brought up the rear.

Thanks to the high wind, their footsteps were not heard by the Roundhead sentries, the nearest of whom were posted only 300 yards from the path. At last the wood was cleared, and the fugitives made off towards Chandler's Creek.

Then Ronald and Sir Arthur, escorted by twenty musketeers, retraced their steps. Leaving their followers at the entrance to the subterranean passage,

they returned to the cellar and ignited the slow-match; then they ran for their lives.

Hardly had they gained the centre of the wood when the whole sky was illumined by a brilliant light; then came a crash, as though the whole artillery of heaven had thundered forth one grand peal, and the very ground shook. Massive blocks of masonry and huge beams and pieces of iron were hurled aloft, and came crashing down, crushing the trees like match-wood.

"And now I have no home," sighed Ronald, as he witnessed the destruction of Charmouth Grange. "But 'twas done in a good cause!"

"Ugh!" muttered John Pettigrew, who overheard his master's remark; "the cause that needs a sacrifice like that must be a very shaky one! Loyalty to one's sovereign is all well enough, but I hold not with ruining oneself in this manner."

"No, indeed!" said Mark Hillis; "I should not have thought our young master would have been so foolish; sooner or later the Grange would have come back to him again, but now it's gone for good and all."

The fugitives reached the creek in safety before morning; and so ended the siege of Charmouth Grange.

* * * * * *

The utmost consternation prevailed in the Roundhead lines when the explosion took place, and for some minutes the whole force was in a state of panic-stricken confusion. At length the general got his men under arms, and sent forward parties to reconnoitre; they found many of their advanced sentries killed or injured—crushed by the fallen *débris*. When morning dawned the besiegers saw the place they had striven so hard to take, a heap of ruins.

One body was found under a heavy beam; it was the mangled corpse of John Shakeshaft.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The last.

THE garrison at Chandler's Creek was in little better plight than their friends had been at Charmouth Grange; for, although the Roundhead general had not attempted to attack them by land, a naval force consisting of four 50-gun ships and two small schooners had appeared off the mouth of the river, and were evidently only waiting for the co-operation of the general to attack the Creek.

A few shots had indeed been exchanged, when the Royalists had decidedly the worst of it; two of the guns in the battery being dismounted, and several men killed or wounded.

Moreover, provisions were running short, and the addition to the garrison of 400 persons would seriously tax the commissariat.

Sir Arthur and his friends were in a quandary to know how to act. They did not relish the

idea of surrendering, and the presence of so many old men, women, and children forbade their sallying forth in a body and endeavouring to cut their way through the enemy; for they dared not leave those helpless creatures to the fury of a baffled foe.

The Roundheads had advanced from Charmouth, and were making preparations for an assault; whilst the naval squadron blockaded the mouth of the Char, and rendered escape by sea impossible.

The situation was a desperate one, and at last the Cavaliers decided on sending to the enemy to ask for a parley.

Ronald Cathcart was accordingly despatched with a flag of truce. He was courteously received by the general, who consented to meet the Royalist leaders in an hour's time.

Sir Arthur Hazelton, Colonel Whitgreave, Ronald, and four other officers left their lines and advanced to meet the Parliamentary commander, who was attended by his staff.

"Ah! is it thou, my friend?" cried the general, on seeing Sir Arthur Hazelton. "I was told thou wast slain at Newbury!"

To Sir Arthur's astonishment he recognized the officer whose life he saved at Birmingham, and

whom the king had unconditionally restored to liberty.

General Markham again expressed his unbounded gratitude to his preserver, and told him that now their positions were reversed, and the fortune of war had been so unfavourable to the defenders of Charmouth, he would do all he dared to concede them favourable terms of capitulation.

Before negotiations were opened Sir Arthur informed the general of the capture and execution of Philip Ruddach, and, having related the story of his crime and perfidy, asked that if his accomplice Shakeshaft was with the Roundheads, he, too, might be dealt with according to law.

General Markham readily perceived that Lord Essex had been imposed upon by the plausible tale of the two conspirators, and expressed his satisfaction that Ruddach had met with the fate he so richly deserved.

"As to Shakeshaft," said the general, "he is beyond your vengeance; for he was killed by the explosion at the Grange."

After much discussion the following terms were proposed and accepted.

The Royalists were to lay down their arms, and the men were to be disbanded and allowed to return

unmolested to their former occupations. The villagers were also to be permitted to reoccupy their cottages at Charmouth and the Creek.

Sir Arthur Hazelton, Whitgreave, Ronald, and the other officers were to have their liberty on condition they gave their parole not to take up arms against the Parliament, and also promised to live abroad until the Civil War ended.

All private property was to be respected, but the arms and war-material were to become the spoil of the victorious Parliamentarians.

Captain Roberts' barque, the *Jane*, was to be given up to the Royalists, to convey them to France. The *Dragon* and two other vessels lying in the creek were to be surrendered.

General Markham pointed out to Sir Arthur and his friends that they could not possibly hope to hold out against a combined attack by sea and land, and that if the Creek was taken by assault, great hardship and suffering would be the lot of the defenceless women and children, and the officers and soldiers who survived would be kept in prison until the war was over.

So the Royalist chiefs accepted the terms, and surrendered.

A week later the *Jane*, with Ronald Cathcart, Sir

Arthur, Will Thomas, and other officers on board, sailed from Chandler's Creek for Brest.

Lady Hazelton, Alice Thomas, and her father accompanied them, for General Markham refused to permit the vicar to retain his living.

After a fair passage the exiles landed, at Brest, where they were welcomed with tears of joy by Lady Cathcart.

A fortnight after they landed, Ronald and Alice were made man and wife.

At the restoration of the House of Stuart, Ronald Cathcart returned to England, and was put in possession of his estate. He built a new Grange, where he lived in peaceful contentment with his wife and children.

Lady Cathcart survived the Commonwealth, and returned to her old home; but the good vicar died three years after his daughter's marriage.

Will Thomas joined the French service, and attained a high reputation as a cavalry officer.

Sir Arthur Hazelton was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Hazelton; his son Henry fell at Worcester.

Simon Goodlake and John Pettigrew accompanied their master to France; the latter returned to England, but the old porter died abroad.

The vale of the Char would scarcely be recognized by any of the *dramatis personæ* of this story; but the ruins of Charmouth Grange may yet be seen, though they are surrounded by a flourishing town, which is represented in Parliament by a direct descendant of Ronald Cathcart.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. *can be had on application.*

Crown Buildings, 188, *Fleet Street, London, October*, 1884.

A Selection from the List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

ABOUT Some Fellows. By an ETON BOY, Author of "A Day of my Life." Cloth limp, square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Adams (*C. K.*) *Manual of Historical Literature.* Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Alcott (*Louisa M.*) *Jack and Jill.* 16mo, 5*s.*

——— *Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Day.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Proverb Stories.* 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Spinning-Wheel Stories.*

——— See also "Low's Standard Novels" and "Rose Library."

Aldrich (*T. B.*) *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, &c.* Very choicely printed on hand-made paper, parchment cover, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Poetical Works. Édition de Luxe.* 8vo, 21*s.*

Alford (*Lady Marian*) *Needlework as Art.* With over 100 Woodcuts, Photogravures, &c. Royal 8vo.

Allen (*E. A.*) *Rock me to Sleep, Mother.* Illust. Fcap. 4to. 5*s.*

Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale: Three Weeks' Holiday in July and August, 1884. By E. M. Printed by Whittingham, at the Chiswick Press. Fancy boards, 1*s.*; also on large hand-made paper (100 only printed), 5*s.*

American Men of Letters. Lives of Thoreau, Irving, Webster. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Andersen (*Hans Christian*) *Fairy Tales.* With 10 full-page Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Cheap Edition, 5*s.*

Anderson (*W.*) *Pictorial Arts of Japan.* With 150 Plates, 16 of them in Colours and Gold. Large imp. 4to, gilt binding, gilt edges.

Angler's Strange Experiences (*An*). By COTSWOLD ISYS. With numerous Illustrations, 4to, 5*s.*

Angling. See "British Fisheries Directory," "Cutcliffe," "Lambert," "Martin," and "Theakston."

Archer (*William*) *English Dramatists of To-day.* Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Art Education. See "Biographies of Great Artists," "Illustrated Text Books," "Mollett's Dictionary."

Artists at Home. Photographed by J. P. MAYALL, and reproduced in Facsimile. Letterpress by F. G. STEPHENS. Imp. folio, 42*s.*

Audsley (G. A.) Ornamental Arts of Japan. 90 Plates, 74 in Colours and Gold, with General and Descriptive Text. 2 vols., folio, £15 15*s.* On the issue of Part III. the price will be further advanced.

——— *The Art of Chromo-Lithography.* Coloured Plates and Text. Folio, 63*s.*

Audsley (W. and G. A.) Outlines of Ornament. Small folio, very numerous Illustrations, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Auerbach (B.) Brigitta. Illustrated. 2*s.*

——— *On the Heights.* 3 vols., 6*s.*

——— *Spinoza.* Translated. 2 vols., 18mo, 4*s.*

BALDWIN (J.) Story of Siegfried. 6*s.*

Barlow (Alfred) Weaving by Hand and by Power. With several hundred Illustrations. Third Edition, royal 8vo, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Bathgate (Alexander) Waitaruna: A Story. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Batley (A. W.) Etched Studies for Interior Decoration. Imperial folio, 52*s.* 6*d.*

Baxter (C. E.) Talofa: Letters from Foreign Parts. Crown 8vo, 4*s.*

THE BAYARD SERIES.

Edited by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. De Berville.

De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.

Abdallah; or, The Four Leaves. By Edouard Laboullaye.

Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By William Beckford.

Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.

Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.

Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.

The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knt.

Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By Robert Buchanan.

Bayard Series (continued) :—

Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by Algernon C. Swinburne.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. de Ste.-Beuve, of the French Academy.

The King and the Commons. A Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Songs. Edited by Professor Morley.

Essays in Mosaic. By Thos. Ballantyne.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. Fitzgerald.

Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Socrates: Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By Edw. Levien.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

A Case containing 12 Volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separately, price 3s. 6d.

Bell (Major): Rambla—Spain. Irun to Cerbere. Cr. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

Beumers' German Copybooks. In six gradations at 4d. each.

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer may be had in various styles and bindings from 1d. to 31s. 6d. *Price List and Prospectus will be forwarded on application.*

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Clergyman in his Home. Small post 8vo, 1s.

——— *Evangelical Churchmanship and Evangelical Eclecticism.* 8vo, 1s.

——— *From Year to Year: a Collection of Original Poetical* Pieces. Small post 8vo, 3s. 6d.; roan, 6s. and 5s.; calf or morocco, 10s. 6d.

——— *The Master's Home-Call; or, Brief Memorials of Alice* Frances Bickersteth. 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1s.

——— *The Master's Will.* A Funeral Sermon preached on the Death of Mrs. S. Gurney Buxton. Sewn, 6d.; cloth gilt, 1s.

——— *The Shadow of the Rock.* A Selection of Religious Poetry. 18mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

——— *The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.* New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Bilbrough (E. J.) "Twixt France and Spain." Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Biographies of the Great Artists (Illustrated). Crown 8vo, emblematical binding, 3s. 6d. per volume, except where the price is given.

Claude Lorrain.*

Correggio, by M. E. Heaton, 2s. 6d.

Della Robbia and Cellini, 2s. 6d.

Albrecht Dürer, by R. F. Heath.

Figure Painters of Holland.

Fra Angelico, Masaccio, and Botticelli.

Fra Bartolommeo, Albertinelli, and Andrea del Sarto.

Gainsborough and Constable.

Ghiberti and Donatello, 2s. 6d.

* *Not yet published.*

Biographies of the Great Artists (continued) :—

Giotto, by Harry Quilter.
Hans Holbein, by Joseph Cundall.
Hogarth, by Austin Dobson.
Landseer, by F. G. Stevens.
Lawrence and Romney, by Lord Ronald Gower, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Leonardo da Vinci.
Little Masters of Germany, by W. B. Scott.
Mantegna and Francia.
Meissonier, by J. W. Mollett, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Michelangelo Buonarotti, by Clément.
Murillo, by Ellen E. Minor, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Overbeck, by J. B. Atkinson.
Raphael, by N. D'Anvers.
Rembrandt, by J. W. Mollett.
Reynolds, by F. S. Pulling.
Rubens, by C. W. Kett.
Tintoretto, by W. R. Osler.
Titian, by R. F. Heath.
Turner, by Cosmo Monkhouse.
Vandyck and Hals, by P. R. Head.
Velasquez, by E. Stowe.
Vernet and Delaroche, by J. Rees.
Watteau, by J. W. Mollett, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Wilkie, by J. W. Mollett.

Bird (F. J.) American Practical Dyer's Companion. 8vo, 42*s.*

Bird (H. E.) Chess Practice. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Black (Wm.) Novels. See "Low's Standard Library."

Blackburn (Charles F.) Hints on Catalogue Titles and Index Entries, with a Vocabulary of Terms and Abbreviations, chiefly from Foreign Catalogues. Royal 8vo, 14*s.*

Blackburn (Henry) Breton Folk. With 171 Illust. by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Imperial 8vo, gilt edges, 21*s.*; plainer binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Pyrenees (The).* With 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ, corrected to 1881. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Blacknore (R. D.) Lorna Doone. Édition de luxe. Crown 4to, very numerous Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges, 31*s.* 6*d.*; parchment uncut, top gilt, 35*s.* Cheap Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Novels.* See "Low's Standard Library."

——— *Remarkable History of Sir T. Upmore.* New Edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21*s.*

Blaikie (William) How to get Strong and how to Stay so. Rational, Physical, Gymnastic, &c., Exercises. Illust., sm. post 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls.* 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Boats of the World, Depicted and Described by one of the Craft. With Coloured Plates, showing every kind of rig, 4to, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bock (Carl). The Head Hunters of Borneo: Up the Mahakkam, and Down the Barita; also Journeyings in Sumatra. 1 vol., super-royal 8vo, 32 Coloured Plates, cloth extra, 36*s.*

——— *Temples and Elephants.* A Narrative of a Journey through Upper Siam and Lao. Coloured, &c., Illustrations, 8vo, 21*s.*

Bonwick (J.) First Twenty Years of Australia. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Lost Tasmanian Race.* Small 8vo, 4*s.*

Bonwick (J.) Port Philip Settlement. 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 21*s.*

Bosanquet (Rev. C.) Blossoms from the King's Garden : Sermons for Children. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Bourke (J. G.) Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona. A Journey from Santa Fé. With 16 page Chromolithographs and other Illustrations. 8vo, 21*s.*

Boussenard (L.) Crusoes of Guiana; or, the White Tiger. Illustrated by J. FERAT. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Gold-seekers, a Sequel.* Illustrated. 16mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Boy's Froissart. King Arthur. Mabinogion. Percy. See LANIER.

Bracken (T.) Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa. 16mo, 5*s.*

Bradshaw (J.) New Zealand as it is. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Brassey (Lady) Tahiti. With 31 Autotype Illustrations after Photos. by Colonel STUART-WORTLEY. Fcap. 4to, 21*s.*

Braune (W.) Gothic Grammar. Translated by G. H. BULG. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Brisse (Baron) Ménus (366, one for each day of the year). Each Ménu is given in French and English, with recipes. Translated by Mrs. MATTHEW CLARKE. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

British Fisheries Directory, 1883-84. Small 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Brittany. See BLACKBURN.

Broglie's Frederick II. and Maria Theresa. 2 vols., 8vo, 30*s.*

Browne (G. Lathom) Narratives of Nineteenth Century State Trials. Period I.: 1801—1830. 2nd Edition, 2 vols., cr. 8vo, cloth, 26*s.*

Browne (Lennox) and Behnke (Emil) Voice, Song, and Speech. Illustrated, 3rd Edition, medium 8vo, 15*s.*

Bryant (W. C.) and Gay (S. H.) History of the United States. 4 vols., royal 8vo, profusely Illustrated, 60*s.*

Bryce (Rev. Professor) Manitoba. With Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bull (J. W.) Early Experiences of Life in Australia. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 138 original Woodcuts. Small post 8vo, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 4*s.*

Burnaby (Capt.) On Horseback through Asia Minor. 2 vols., 8vo, 38*s.* Cheaper Edition, 1 vol., crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Burnaby (Mrs. F.) High Alps in Winter; or, Mountaineering in Search of Health. By Mrs. FRED BURNABY. With Portrait of the Authoress, Map, and other Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth, 14*s.*

Butler (*W. F.*) *The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red* River Expedition, 1869-70. New Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Invasion of England, told twenty years after, by an Old* Soldier. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Red Cloud; or, the Solitary Sioux.* Imperial 16mo, numerous illustrations, gilt edges, 5*s.*

——— *The Wild North Land; the Story of a Winter Journey* with Dogs across Northern North America. 8vo, 18*s.* Cr. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Buxton (*H. J. W.*) *Painting, English and American.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

CADOGAN (*Lady A.*) *Illustrated Games of Patience.* Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Text. Fcap. 4to, 12*s.* 6*d.*

California. See "Nordhoff."

Cambridge Staircase (*A*). By the Author of "A Day of my Life at Eton." Small crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Cambridge Trifles; or, Splutterings from an Undergraduate Pen. By the Author of "A Day of my Life at Eton," &c. 16mo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Carleton (*Will*) *Farm Ballads, Farm Festivals, and Farm* Legends. 1 vol., small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— See "Rose Library."

Carlyle (*T.*) *Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in* 1849. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Carnegie (*A.*) *American Four-in-Hand in Britain.* Small 4to, Illustrated, 10*s.* 6*d.* Popular Edition, 1*s.*

——— *Round the World.* 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Carr (*Mrs. Comyns*) *La Fortunina.* 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Chairman's Handbook (*The*). By R. F. D. PALGRAVE, Clerk of the Table of the House of Commons. 5th Edition, enlarged and re-written, 2*s.*

Challamel (*M. A.*) *History of Fashion in France.* With 21 Plates, coloured by hand, imperial 8vo, satin-wood binding, 28*s.*

Changed Cross (*The*), and other Religious Poems. 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Charities of London. See Low's.

Chattock (*R. S.*) *Practical Notes on Etching.* Sec. Ed., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d*

Chess. See BIRD (H. E.).

China. See COLQUHOUN.

Choice Editions of Choice Books. 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Illustrated by C. W. COPE, R.A., T. CRESWICK, R.A., E. DUNCAN, BIRKET FOSTER, J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A., G. HICKS, R. REDGRAVE, R.A., C. STONEHOUSE, F. TAYLER, G. THOMAS, H. J. TOWNSHEND, E. H. WEHNERT, HARRISON WEIR, &c.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.	Milton's L'Allegro.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.	Poetry of Nature. Harrison Weir.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.	Rogers' (Sam.) Pleasures of Memory.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.	Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.	Tennyson's May Queen.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.	Elizabethan Poets.
Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.	Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

"Such works are a glorious beatification for a poet."—*Athenæum.*

Christ in Song. By PHILIP SCHAFF. New Ed., gilt edges, 6*s.*

Chromo-Lithography. See "Audsley."

Cid (*Ballads of the*). By the Rev. GERRARD LEWIS. Fcap. 8vo, parchment, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Clay (*Charles M.*) *Modern Hagar.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21*s.* See also "Rose Library."

Collingwood (*Harry*) *Under the Meteor Flag.* The Log of a Midshipman during the French Revolutionary War. Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6*s.*; plainer, 5*s.*

Colquhoun (*A. R.*) *Across Chrysê; From Canton to Mandalay.* With Maps and very numerous Illustrations, 2 vols., 8vo, 42*s.*

Colvile (*H. E.*) *Accursed Land.*

Composers. See "Great Musicians."

Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. Cr. 8vo, 6*s.* Paper boards, 1*s.*

Cook (*Dutton*) *Book of the Play.* New Edition. 1 vol., 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *On the Stage: Studies of Theatrical History and the* Actor's Art. 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, 24*s.*

Coote (*W.*) *Wanderings South by East.* Illustrated, 8vo, 21*s.* New and Cheaper Edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Western Pacific.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Costume. See SMITH (J. MOYR).

Cruise of the Walnut Shell (*The*). In Rhyme for Children With 32 Coloured Plates. Square fancy boards, 5*s.*

Curtis (*C. B.*) *Velazquez and Murillo.* With Etchings, &c. Royal 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*; large paper, 63*s.*

Curzon (*G.*) *Violinist of the Quartier Latin.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Cutcliffe (*H. C.*) *Trout Fishing in Rapid Streams.* Cr. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

D'ANVERS (N.) An Elementary History of Art. Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Elementary History of Music.* Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Handbooks of Elementary Art—Architecture; Sculpture;* Old Masters; Modern Painting. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Davis (C. T.) Manufacture of Bricks, Tiles, Terra-Cotta, &c. Illustrated. 8vo, 25*s.*

Dawidowsky (F.) Glue, Gelatine, Isinglass, Cements, &c. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Day of My Life (A); or, Every-Day Experiences at Eton. By an ETON BOY. 16mo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Day's Collacon: an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations. Imperial 8vo, cloth, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Decoration. Vols. II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII. New Series, folio, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

——— See also BATLEY.

De Leon (E.) Egypt under its Khedives. Illust. Cr. 8vo, 4*s.*

Deverill (F. H.) All Round Spain, by Road or Rail. Visit to Andorra, &c. Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Donnelly (Ignatius) Atlantis; or, the Antediluvian World. 7th Edition, crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel.* Illustrated, Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dos Passos, Law of Stockbrokers and Stock Exchanges. 8vo, 35*s.*

Dougall (James Dalziel) Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. New Edition, revised with additions. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*
"The book is admirable in every way. . . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe.*
"A very complete treatise. . . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News.*

Drama. See ARCHER, COOK (DUTTON), WILLIAMS (M.).

Durnford (Col. A. W.) A Soldier's Life and Work in South Africa, 1872-9. 8vo, 14*s.*

Dyeing. See BIRD (F. J.).

EDUCATIONAL Works published in Great Britain. A Classified Catalogue. Second Edition, 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Egypt. See "De Leon," "Foreign Countries," "Senior."

Eidlitz, Nature and Functions of Art and Architecture. 8vo, 21*s.*

Electricity. See GORDON.

Emerson Birthday Book. Extracts from the Writings of R. W. Emerson. Square 16mo, illust., very choice binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Emerson (R. W.) Life. By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

English Catalogue of Books. Vol. III., 1872—1880. Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 42*s.* See also "Index."

English Philosophers. Edited by E. B. IVAN MÜLLER, M.A.

A series intended to give a concise view of the works and lives of English thinkers. Crown 8vo volumes of 180 or 200 pp., price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Francis Bacon, by Thomas Fowler.
Hamilton, by W. H. S. Monck.
Hartley and James Mill, by G. S. Bower.
*John Stuart Mill, by Miss Helen Taylor.
Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, by Professor Fowler.
Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer.

* *Not yet published.*

Esmarch (*Dr. Friedrich*) *Treatment of the Wounded in War* Numerous Coloured Plates and Illust., 8vo, strongly bound, 1*l.* 8*s.*

Etcher (*The*). Containing 36 Examples of the Original Etched-work of Celebrated Artists, amongst others: BIRKET FOSTER, J. E. HODGSON, R.A., COLIN HUNTER, J. P. HESELTINE, ROBERT W. MACBETH, R. S. CHATTOCK, &c. Vols. for 1881 and 1882, imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

Etching. See BATLEY, CHATTOCK.

Etchings (*Modern*) *of Celebrated Paintings.* 4to, 31*s.* 6*d.*

FARM Ballads, Festivals, and Legends. See "Rose Library."

Fashion (*History of*). See "Challamel."

Fawcett (*Edgar*) *A Gentleman of Leisure.* 1*s.*

Feilden (*H. St. C.*) *Some Public Schools, their Cost and* Scholarships. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Felkin (*R. W.*) *and Wilson* (*Rev. C. T.*) *Uganda and the* Egyptian Soudan. With Map, Illust., and Notes. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 28*s.*

Fenn (*G. Manville*) *Off to the Wilds: A Story for Boys.* Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *The Silver Cañon: a Tale of the Western Plains.* Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6*s.*; plainer, 5*s.*

Fennell (*Greville*) *Book of the Roach.* New Edition, 12mo, 2*s.*

Ferguson (*John*) *Ceylon in* 1883. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.* "Ceylon in 1884," 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ferns. See HEATH.

Fields (*J. T.*) *Yesterdays with Authors.* New Ed., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fleming (*Sandford*) *England and Canada: a Summer Tour.* Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Florence. See "Yriarte."

Flowers of Shakespeare. 32 beautifully Coloured Plates, with the passages which refer to the flowers. Small 4to, 5*s.*

Folkard (*R., Jun.*) *Plant Lore, Legends, and Lyrics.* Illustrated, 8vo, 16*s.*

Foreign Countries and British Colonies. A series of Descriptive Handbooks. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Australia, by J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald.
Austria, by D. Kay, F.R.G.S.
*Canada, by W. Fraser Rae.
Denmark and Iceland, by E. C. Otté.
Egypt, by S. Lane Poole, B.A.
France, by Miss M. Roberts.
Germany, by S. Baring-Gould.
Greece, by L. Sergeant, B.A.
*Holland, by R. L. Poole.
Japan, by S. Mossman.
*New Zealand.
*Persia, by Major-Gen. Sir F. Goldsmid.
Peru, by Clements R. Markham, C.B.
Russia, by W. R. Morfill, M.A.
Spain, by Rev. Wentworth Webster.
Sweden and Norway, by F. H. Woods.
*Switzerland, by W. A. P. Coolidge, M.A.
*Turkey-in-Asia, by J. C. McCoan, M.P.
West Indies, by C. H. Eden, F.R.G.S.

* *Not ready yet.*

Fortunes made in Business. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 32*s.*

Franc (*Maud Jeanne*). The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings, with gilt edges :—

Emily's Choice. 5*s.*
Hall's Vineyard. 4*s.*
John's Wife: A Story of Life in South Australia. 4*s.*
Marian; or, The Light of Some One's Home. 5*s.*
Silken Cords and Iron Fetters. 4*s.*
Vermont Vale. 5*s.*
Minnie's Mission. 4*s.*
Little Mercy. 4*s.*
Beatrice Melton's Discipline. 4*s.*
No Longer a Child. 4*s.*
Golden Gifts. 4*s.*
Two Sides to Every Question. 4*s.*

Francis (*F.*) *War, Waves, and Wanderings, including a Cruise* in the "Lancashire Witch." 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 24*s.*

Frederick the Great. See "Broglie."

French. See "Julien."

Froissart. See "Lanier."

GENTLE Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 6*s.*

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Price 6*s.* each ; or in calf extra, price 10*s.* 6*d.* ; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*, except where price is named.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

About in the World. Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi."

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. 6*s.*

Essays by Montaigne. Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

The Gentle Life. 2nd Series.

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life."

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 6*s.*

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. New Edition, 6*s.*

George Eliot: a Critical Study of her Life. By G. W. COOKE. Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

German. See BEUMER.

Germany. By S. BARING-GOULD. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gibbs (J. R.) British Honduras. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gilder (W. H.) Ice-Pack and Tundra. An Account of the Search for the "Jeannette." 8vo, 18*s.*

——— *Schwatka's Search.* Sledging in quest of the Franklin Records. Illustrated, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Gilpin's Forest Scenery. Edited by F. G. HEATH. Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Glas (John) The Lord's Supper. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Gordon (J. E. H., B.A. Cantab.) Four Lectures on Electric Induction at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. Illust., square 16mo, 3*s.*

——— *Electric Lighting.* Illustrated, 8vo, 18*s.*

——— *Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.* 2nd Edition, enlarged, with coloured, full-page, &c., Illust. 2 vols., 8vo, 42*s.*

Gouffé. The Royal Cookery Book. By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. New Ed., with large plates printed in colours. 161 Woodcuts, 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 42*s.*

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Great Artists. See "Biographies."

Great Historic Galleries of England (The). Edited by LORD RONALD GOWER, Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. *Permanent* Photographs of celebrated Pictures. Vol. I., imperial 4to, gilt edges, 36*s.* Vol. II., 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; III., 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; IV., 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Great Musicians. Edited by F. HUEFFER. A Series of Biographies, crown 8vo, 3*s.* each:—

Bach.	Handel.	Purcell.
*Beethoven.	Haydn.	Rossini.
*Berlioz.	*Marcello.	Schubert.
English Church Composers. By BARETT.	Mendelssohn.	Schumann.
	Mozart.	Richard Wagner.
*Gliick.	*Palestrina.	Weber.

* *In preparation.*

Grohmann (W. A. B.) Camps in the Rockies. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Groves (J. Percy) Charmouth Grange: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. Illustrated, small post 8vo, gilt, 6*s.*; plainer 5*s.*

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Super-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In 8 vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24*s.* This work is re-issued in cheaper binding, 8 vols., at 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all students of history."—*Times.*

——————— *Masson's School Edition.* The History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution; abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, M.A., with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A., Assistant Master at Harrow School. With 24 full-page Portraits, and many other Illustrations. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 600 pp., cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Guizot's History of England. In 3 vols. of about 500 pp. each, containing 60 to 70 full-page and other Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt, 24*s.* each; re-issue in cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

"For luxury of typography, plainness of print, and beauty of illustration, these volumes, of which but one has as yet appeared in English, will hold their own against any production of an age so luxurious as our own in everything, typography not excepted."—*Times.*

Guyon (Mde.) Life. By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HALL (W. W.) How to Live Long; or, 1408 Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.*

Hamilton (E.) Recollections of Fly-fishing for Salmon, Trout, and Grayling. With Notes on their Habits, Haunts, and History. Illustrated, small post 8vo, 6*s.*; large paper (100 numbered copies), 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hands (T.) Numerical Exercises in Chemistry. Cr. 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*; Answers separately, 6*d.*

Hargreaves (*Capt.*) *Voyage round Great Britain.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Harland (*Marian*) *Home Kitchen: a Collection of Practical* and Inexpensive Receipts. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Harper's Monthly Magazine. Published Monthly. 160 pages, fully Illustrated. 1*s.*

Vol. I. December, 1880, to May, 1881.
,, II. June to November, 1881.
,, III. December, 1881, to May, 1882.
,, IV. June to November, 1882.
,, V. December, 1882, to May, 1883.
,, VI. June to November, 1883.
,, VII. December, 1883, to May, 1884.
,, VIII. June to November, 1884.

Super-royal 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.* each.

"'Harper's Magazine' is so thickly sown with excellent illustrations that to count them would be a work of time; not that it is a picture magazine, for the engravings illustrate the text after the manner seen in some of our choicest *éditions de luxe.*"—*St. James's Gazette.*

"It is so pretty, so big, and so cheap. . . . An extraordinary shillingsworth—160 large octavo pages, with over a score of articles, and more than three times as many illustrations."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

"An amazing shillingsworth . . . combining choice literature of both nations."—*Nonconformist.*

Harrison (*Mary*) *Skilful Cook: a Practical Manual of Modern* Experience. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Harrison (*Mrs. Burton*) *The Old-fashioned Fairy Book.* Illustrated by ROSINA EMMETT. 16mo, 5*s.*

Hatton (*Joseph*) *Journalistic London: with Engravings and* Portraits of Distinguished Writers of the Day. Fcap. 4to, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Three Recruits, and the Girls they left behind them.* Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

"It hurries us along in unflagging excitement."—*Times.*

——— See also "Low's Standard Novels."

Heath (*Francis George*) *Autumnal Leaves.* New Edition, with Coloured Plates in Facsimile from Nature. Crown 8vo, 14*s.*

——— *Fern Paradise.* New Edition, with Plates and Photos., crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Fern Portfolio.* Section I. Coloured Plates. Folio, 5*s.*

——— *Fern World.* With Nature-printed Coloured Plates. New Edition, crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Gilpin's Forest Scenery.* Illustrated, 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*; New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Our Woodland Trees.* With Coloured Plates and Engravings. Small 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Heath (*Francis George*) *Peasant Life in the West of England.* New Edition, crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Sylvan Spring.* With Coloured, &c., Illustrations. 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Trees and Ferns.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Where to Find Ferns.* Crown 8vo, 2*s.*

Heber (*Bishop*) *Hymns. Illustrated Edition.* With upwards of 100 beautiful Engravings. Small 4to, handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d.* Morocco, 18*s.* 6*d.* and 21*s.* New and Cheaper Edition, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Heldmann (*Bernard*) *Mutiny on Board the Ship "Leander."* Small post 8vo, gilt edges, numerous Illustrations, 5*s.*

Henty (*G. A.*) *Winning his Spurs.* Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 5*s*

——— *Cornet of Horse: A Story for Boys.* Illust., cr. 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Jack Archer: Tale of the Crimea.* Illust., crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Herrick (*Robert*) *Poetry.* Preface by AUSTIN DOBSON. With numerous Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY. 4to, gilt edges, 42*s.*

Hill (*Staveley, Q.C., M.P.*) *From Home to Home: Two Long* Vacations at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains. With Wood Engravings and Photogravures. 8vo.

Hitchman, Public Life of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. 3rd Edition, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hodson (*J. S.*) *Art Illustration for Books, Periodicals, &c.* 8vo, 15*s.*

Hole (*Rev. Canon*) *Nice and her Neighbours.* Small 4to, with numerous choice Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Holmes (*O. Wendell*) *Poetical Works.* 2 vols., 18mo, exquisitely printed, and chastely bound in limp cloth, gilt tops, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hoppus (*J. D.*) *Riverside Papers.* 2 vols., 12*s.*

Hugo (*Victor*) *"Ninety-Three."* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo, fancy boards, 2*s.*

——— *History of a Crime. Story of the Coup d'État.* Cr. 8vo, 6*s.*

Hundred Greatest Men (*The*). 8 portfolios, 21*s.* each, or 4 vols., half-morocco, gilt edges, 10 guineas. New Ed., 1 vol., royal 8vo, 21*s.*

Hurrell (*H.*) *and Hyde. Law of Directors and Officials of* Joint Stock Companies. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hutchinson (*Thos.*) *Diary and Letters.* Demy 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*

Hutchisson (*W. H.*) *Pen and Pencil Sketches: Eighteen Years* in Bengal. 8vo. 18*s.*

Hygiene and Public Health. Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated. 2 vols., royal 8vo, 42*s.*

Hymnal Companion of Common Prayer. See BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education. Edited by EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A. Each Volume contains numerous Illustrations, and is strongly bound for Students, price 5*s*. Now ready:—

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian. By PERCY R. HEAD.
German, Flemish, and Dutch.
French and Spanish.
English and American.

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian.
Gothic and Renaissance. By T. ROGER SMITH.

SCULPTURE.

Antique: Egyptian and Greek.

Index to the English Catalogue, Jan., 1874, *to Dec.*, 1880. Royal 8vo, half-morocco, 18*s*.

Irish Birthday Book; from Speeches and Writings of Irish Men and Women, Catholic and Protestant. Selected by MELUSINE. Small 8vo, 5*s*.

Irving (*Henry*) *Impressions of America.* By J. HATTON. 2 vols., 21*s*.; New Edition, 1 vol., 6*s*.

Irving (*Washington*). Complete Library Edition of his Works in 27 Vols., Copyright, Unabridged, and with the Author's Latest Revisions, called the "Geoffrey Crayon" Edition, handsomely printed in large square 8vo, on superfine laid paper. Each volume, of about 500 pages, fully Illustrated. 12*s*. 6*d*. per vol. *See also* "Little Britain."

——————— ("American Men of Letters.") 2*s*. 6*d*.

JAMES (*C.*) *Curiosities of Law and Lawyers.* 8vo, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Japan. See AUDSLEY.

Jarves (*J. J.*) *Italian Rambles.* Square 16mo, 5*s*.

Johnson, W. Lloyd Garrison and his Times. Cr. 8vo, 12*s*. 6*d*.

Johnston (*H. H.*) *River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo.* New Edition, 8vo, 21*s*.

Johnston (*R. M.*) *Old Mark Langston: a Tale of Duke's Creek.* Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

Jones (*Major*) *The Emigrants' Friend.* A Complete Guide to the United States. New Edition. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Jones (*Mrs. Herbert*) *Sandringham: Past and Present.* Illustrated, crown 8vo, 8*s*. 6*d*.

Joyful Lays. Sunday School Song Book. By LOWRY and DOANE. Boards, 2*s*.

Julien (*F.*) *English Student's French Examiner.* 16mo, 2*s.*
——— *First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar.* Crown 8vo, 1*s.*
——— *French at Home and at School.* Book I., Accidence, &c. Square crown 8vo, 2*s.*
——— *Conversational French Reader.* 16mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
——— *Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire.* New Edition, 3*s.*
——— *Phrases of Daily Use.* Limp cloth, 6*d.*
Jung (*Sir Salar*) *Life of.* [*In the press.*

KELSEY (*C. B.*) *Diseases of the Rectum and Anus.* Illustrated. 8vo, 18*s.*
Kempis (*Thomas à*) *Daily Text-Book.* Square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; interleaved as a Birthday Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Khedives and Pashas. Sketches of Contemporary Egyptian Rulers and Statesmen. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Kingston (*W. H. G.*) *Dick Cheveley.* Illustrated, 16mo, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*
——— *Heir of Kilfinnan.* Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*; also 5*s.*
——— *Snow-Shoes and Canoes.* Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*; also 5*s.*
——— *Two Supercargoes.* Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*; also 5*s.*
——— *With Axe and Rifle.* Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*; also 5*s.*
Knight (*E. F.*) *Albania and Montenegro.* Illust. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*
Knight (*E. J.*) *The Cruise of the "Falcon."* A Voyage round the World in a 30-Ton Yacht. Illust. New Ed. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24*s.*

LANGSTAFF-HAVILAND (*R. J.*) *Enslaved.* 3 vols., 31*s.* 6*d.*
Lanier (*Sidney*) *The Boy's Froissart, selected from the Chronicles* of England, France, and Spain. Illustrated, cr. 8vo, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*
——— *Boy's King Arthur.* Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*
——— *Boy's Mabinogion; Original Welsh Legends of King* Arthur. Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*
——— *Boy's Percy: Ballads of Love and Adventure, selected* from the "Reliques." Uniform, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Lansdell (*H.*) *Through Siberia.* 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30*s.*; New Edition, unabridged, very numerous illustrations, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Larden (*W.*) *School Course on Heat.* Second Edition, Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5*s.*
Lathrop (*G. P.*) *Newport.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.*
Legal Profession: Romantic Stories. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lennard (*T. B.*) *To Married Women and Women about to be* Married, &c. 6*d.*

Lenormant (*F.*) *Beginnings of History.* Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Leonardo da Vinci's Literary Works. Edited by Dr. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Containing his Writings on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, his Philosophical Maxims, Humorous Writings, and Miscellaneous Notes on Personal Events, on his Contemporaries, on Literature, &c.; for the first time published from Autograph Manuscripts. By J. P. RICHTER, Ph.Dr., Hon. Member of the Royal and Imperial Academy of Rome, &c. 2 vols., imperial 8vo, containing about 200 Drawings in Autotype Reproductions, and numerous other Illustrations. Twelve Guineas.

Lewald (*Fanny*) *Stella.* Translated. 2 vols., 18mo, 4*s.*

Library of Religious Poetry. The Best Poems of all Ages. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF and ARTHUR GILMAN. Royal 8vo, 1036 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 21*s.*; re-issue in cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lindsay (*W. S.*) *History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient* Commerce. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps, and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 11*s.* each; vols. 3 and 4, 14*s.* each. 4 vols. complete, 50*s.*

Lillie (*Lucy E.*) *Prudence: a Story of Æsthetic London.* 5*s.*

Little Britain; together with *The Spectre Bridegroom,* and *A* Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By WASHINGTON IRVING. An entirely New *Edition de luxe.* Illustrated by 120 very fine Engravings on Wood, by Mr. J. D. COOPER. Designed by Mr. CHARLES O. MURRAY. Re-issue, square crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Logan (*Sir Wm. E.*) *Life.* By B. J. HARRINGTON. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Long (*Mrs. W. H. C.*) *Peace and War in the Transvaal.* 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lorne (*Marquis of*) *Memories of Canada and Scotland.* Speeches and Verses. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, uniform in cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*, except where price is given.

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. **The Wild North Land.** By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. **How I found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY.
4. **Through the Dark Continent.** By H. M. STANLEY. 12*s.* 6*d.*
5. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10*s.* 6*d.*)
6. **Cruise of the Challenger.** By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
7. **Burnaby's On Horseback through Asia Minor.** 10*s.* 6*d.*
8. **Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.** 2 vols., 15*s.*
9. **Marshall's Through America.**
10. **Lansdell's Through Siberia.** Illust. and unabridged, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Low's Standard Novels. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* each, unless otherwise stated.

A Daughter of Heth. By W. BLACK.
In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.
Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart. By W. BLACK.
Sunrise. By W. BLACK.
Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.
Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Mary Anerley. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
An English Squire. By Miss COLERIDGE.
A Story of the Dragonnades; or, Asylum Christi. By the Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A.
A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY.
Far from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY.
Pair of Blue Eyes. By THOMAS HARDY.
Return of the Native. By THOMAS HARDY.
The Hand of Ethelberta. By THOMAS HARDY.
The Trumpet Major. By THOMAS HARDY.
Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY.
Three Recruits. By JOSEPH HATTON.
A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. New Edition.
Out of Court. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
History of a Crime: Story of the Coup d'État. VICTOR HUGO.
Ninety-Three. By VICTOR HUGO. Illustrated.
Adela Cathcart. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Guild Court. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Mary Marston. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Stephen Archer. New Ed. of "Gifts." By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
The Vicar's Daughter. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MAC DONALD.
Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
My Lady Greensleeves. By HELEN MATHERS.
Alaric Spenceley. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
Struggle for Fame. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
Daisies and Buttercups. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
The Senior Partner. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
John Holdsworth. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
A Sailor's Sweetheart. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Sea Queen. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
The Lady Maud. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Low's Standard Novels—continued.

Little Loo. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
My Wife and I. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.
Poganuc People, their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. B. STOWE.
Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE.
Anne. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.
For the Major. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 5*s.*
French Heiress in her own Chateau.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London. Edited and revised to date by C. MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. Yearly, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Paper, 1*s.*

M'CORMICK (R., R.N.). Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas in the "Erebus" and "Terror," in Search of Sir John Franklin, &c., with Autobiographical Notice by R. MCCORMICK, R.N., who was Medical Officer to each Expedition. With Maps and very numerous Lithographic and other Illustrations. 2 vols., royal 8vo, 52*s.* 6*d.*

Macdonald (A.) "Our Sceptred Isle" and its World-wide Empire. Small post 8vo, cloth, 4*s.*

MacDonald (G.) Orts. Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— See also "Low's Standard Novels."

Macgregor (John) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic. 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition, thoroughly revised, with additions, small post 8vo, 5*s.*; 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

Macquoid (Mrs.). See LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

Magazine. See DECORATION, ETCHER, HARPER.

Magyarland. Travels through the Snowy Carpathians, and Great Alföld of the Magyar. By a Fellow of the Carpathian Society (Diploma of 1881), and Author of "The Indian Alps." With about 120 Woodcuts from the Author's sketches and drawings. 2 vols., 8vo, 32*s.*

Manitoba. See BRYCE and RAE.

Maria Theresa. See BROGLIE.

Marked "In Haste." A Story of To-day. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Markham (Adm.) Naval Career during the Old War. 8vo, 14*s.*

Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region. Crown 8vo, with Four Maps, 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *War between Peru and Chili,* 1879-1881. Third Ed. Crown 8vo, with Maps, 10*s.* 6*d.* See also "Foreign Countries."

Marshall (*W. G.*) *Through America.* New Edition, crown 8vo, with about 100 Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Martin (*J. W.*) *Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham* Style. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Marvin (*Charles*) *Russian Advance towards India.* 8vo, 16*s.*

Maury (*Commander*) *Physical Geography of the Sea, and its* Meteorology. New Edition, with Charts and Diagrams, cr. 8vo, 6*s.*

Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day, specially taken from Life. Complete in Seven Vols., 4to, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25*s.* each.

Mendelssohn Family (*The*), 1729—1847. From Letters and Journals. By SEBASTIAN HENSEL. Translated. New Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, 30*s.*

Mendelssohn. See also "Great Musicians."

Mesney (*W.*) *Tungking.* Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Millard (*H. B.*) *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.* Illustrated. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mitchell (*D. G.; Ik. Marvel*) *Works.* Uniform Edition, small 8vo, 5*s.* each.

Bound together.
Doctor Johns.
Dream Life.
Out-of-Town Places.
Reveries of a Bachelor.
Seven Stories, Basement and Attic.
Wet Days at Edgewood.

Mitford (*Mary Russell*) *Our Village.* Illustrated with Frontispiece Steel Engraving, and 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21*s.*; cheaper binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mollett (*J. W.*) *Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art* and Archæology. Terms in Architecture, Arms, Bronzes, Christian Art, Colour, Costume, Decoration, Devices, Emblems, Heraldry, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, Painting, Sculpture, &c., with their Derivations. With 600 Wood Engravings. Small 4to, 15*s.*

Morley (*H.*) *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.* 2000th volume of the Tauchnitz Collection of Authors. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Muller (*E.*) *Noble Words and Noble Deeds.* Containing many full-page Illustrations by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*; plainer binding, plain edges, 5*s.*

Music. See "Great Musicians."

NEW Child's Play (*A*). Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Beautifully printed in colours, 4to, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*

New Zealand. See BRADSHAW.

Newbiggin's Sketches and Tales. 18mo, 4*s.*

Newfoundland. See RAE.

Nicholls (J. H. Kerry) The King Country: Explorations in New Zealand. Many Illustrations and Map. New Edition, 8vo, 21*s.*

Nicholson (C.) Work and Workers of the British Association. 12mo, 1*s.*

Nordhoff (C.) California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence New Edition, 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing to Wear; and Two Millions. By W. A. BUTLER. New Edition. Small post 8vo, in stiff coloured wrapper, 1*s.*

Nursery Playmates (Prince of). 217 Coloured Pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6*s.*

O'BRIEN (P. B.) Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland. Vol. I., 8vo, 16*s.*

——— *Irish Land Question, and English Question.* New Edition, fcap. 8vo, 2*s.*

Orvis (C. F.) Fishing with the Fly. Illustrated. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap., cloth extra, New Edition—the 3rd, with Illustrations, 5*s.*

Outlines of Ornament in all Styles. A Work of Reference for the Architect, Art Manufacturer, Decorative Artist, and Practical Painter. By W. and G. A. AUDSLEY, Fellows of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Only a limited number have been printed and the stones destroyed. Small folio, 60 plates, with introductory text, cloth gilt, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Owen (Douglas) Marine Insurance Notes and Clauses. 10*s.* 6*d.*

PALGRAVE (R. F. D.). See "Chairman's Handbook."

Palliser (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Perseus, the Gorgon Slayer. With Coloured Plates, square 8vo, 5*s.*

Pharmacopœia of the United States of America. 8vo, 21*s.*

Philpot (*H. J.*) *Diabetes Mellitus.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Diet System.* Three Tables, in cases, 1*s.* each.

Photography (*History and Handbook of*). See TISSANDIER.

Pinto (*Major Serpa*) *How I Crossed Africa: from the Atlantic* to the Indian Ocean, Through Unknown Countries; Discovery of the Great Zambesi Affluents, &c.—Vol. I., The King's Rifle. Vol. II., The Coillard Family. With 24 full-page and 118 half-page and smaller Illustrations, 13 small Maps, and 1 large one. 2 vols., 8vo, 42*s.*

Poe (*E. A.*) *The Raven.* Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Imperial folio, cloth, 63*s.*

Poems of the Inner Life. Chiefly from Modern Authors. Small 8vo, 5*s.*

Polar Expeditions. See KOLDEWEY, MARKHAM, MACGAHAN, NARES, NORDENSKIÖLD, GILDER, MCCORMICK.

Politics and Life in Mars. 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Powell (*W.*) *Wanderings in a Wild Country; or, Three Years* among the Cannibals of New Britain. 8vo, Map and Illustrations, 18*s.*; new Edition, crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Prisons, Her Majesty's, their Effects and Defects. New and cheaper Edition, 6*s.*

Poynter (*Edward J., R.A.*). See "Illustrated Text-books."

Publishers' Circular (*The*), *and General Record of British and* Foreign Literature. Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month, 3*d.*

RAE (*W. Fraser*) *From Newfoundland to Manitoba; a* Guide through Canada's Maritime, Mining, and Prairie Provinces. With Maps. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Rambaud (*A.*) *History of Russia.* 2 vols, 8vo, 36*s.*

Reade (*A.*) *Tea and Tea-Drinking.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*

Reber (*F.*) *History of Ancient Art.* 8vo, 18*s.*

Redford (*G.*) *Ancient Sculpture.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Richer than Wealth. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Richter (*Dr. Jean Paul*) *Italian Art in the National Gallery.* 4to. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 2*l.* 2*s.*; half-morocco, uncut, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— See also LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Robin Hood; Merry Adventures of. Written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Imperial 8vo, 15*s.*

Robinson (*Phil*) *In my Indian Garden.* With a Preface by EDWIN ARNOLD. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 4th Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Noah's Ark. A Contribution to the Study of Unnatural* History. Small post 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Sinners and Saints: a Tour across the United States of* America, and Round them. Crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Under the Punkah.* Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 5*s.*

Robinson (*Serjeant*) *Wealth and its Sources. Stray Thoughts.* 5*s.*

Rockstro (*W. S.*) *History of Music.* 8vo, 14*s.*

Roland; the Story of. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 6*s.*

Romantic Stories of the Legal Profession. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Roosevelt (*Blanche*) *Stage-struck; or, She would be an Opera* Singer. 2 vols, crown 8vo, 21*s.*

Rose (*J.*) *Complete Practical Machinist.* New Ed., 12mo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Mechanical Drawing.* Illustrated, small 4to, 16*s.*

Rose Library (*The*). Popular Literature of all Countries. Each volume, 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

Little Women. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Little Women Wedded. Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."

Little Women and Little Women Wedded. 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Little Men. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Work. A Story of Experience. By L. M. ALCOTT. 3*s.* 6*d.*; 2 vols., 1*s.* each.

Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.

——— **The Minister's Wooing.**

——— **We and our Neighbours.** 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 6*s.*

——— **My Wife and I.** 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 6*s.*

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. By Mrs. DODGE.

My Study Windows. By J. R. LOWELL.

The Guardian Angel. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WARNER.

Dred. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Farm Ballads. By WILL CARLETON.

Farm Festivals. By WILL CARLETON.

Farm Legends. By WILL CARLETON.

The Clients of Dr. Bernagius. 3*s.* 6*d.*; 2 parts, 1*s.* each.

The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*

Baby Rue. By C. M. CLAY. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*

The Rose in Bloom. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Eight Cousins. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Under the Lilacs. By L. M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.*

Silver Pitchers. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*

Jimmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore," and other Tales. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jack and Jill. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 5*s.*; 2*s.*

Hitherto. By the Author of the "Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1*s.* each; 1 vol., cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Friends: a Duet. By E. STUART PHELPS. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Gentleman of Leisure. A Novel. By EDGAR FAWCETT. 3*s.* 6*d.*; 1*s.*

The Story of Helen Troy. 3*s.* 6*d.*; also 1*s.*

Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales. Translated from the Norwegian of P. CHR. ASBJÖRNSEN. With 100 Illustrations after drawings by Norwegian Artists, and an Introduction by E. W. Gosse. Imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Rousselet (Louis) Son of the Constable of France. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5*s.*

——— *King of the Tigers: a Story of Central India.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, gilt, 6*s.*; plainer, 5*s.*

——— *The Drummer Boy: a Story of the Days of Washington.* Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 5*s.*

Russell (W. Clark) English Channel Ports and the Estate of the East and West India Dock Company. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*

——— *Jack's Courtship.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Lady Maud.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.* New Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Little Loo.* New Edition, 6*s.*

——— *My Watch Below; or, Yarns Spun when off Duty.* 2nd Edition, crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Sailor's Language.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Russell (*W. Clark*) *Sea Queen.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Wreck of the Grosvenor.* 4to, sewed, 6*d.*

——— See also LOW'S STANDARD NOVELS.

Russell (*W. H., LL.D.*) *Hesperothen: Notes from the Western* World. A Ramble through part of the United States, Canada, and the Far West, in 1881. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24*s.*

——— *The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India.* By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Fully Illustrated by SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A. Super-royal 8vo, gilt edges, 52*s.* 6*d.*; large paper, 84*s.*

SAINTS and their Symbols: A Companion in the Churches and Picture Galleries of Europe. Illustrated. Royal 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Saunders (*A.*) *Our Domestic Birds: Poultry in England and* New Zealand. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Scherr (*Prof. J.*) *History of English Literature.* Cr. 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Schuyler (*Eugène*). *The Life of Peter the Great.* By EUGÈNE SCHUYLER, Author of "Turkestan." 2 vols., 8vo, 32*s.*

Schweinfurth (*Georg*) *Heart of Africa.* Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. Illustrations and large Map. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 15*s.*

Scott (*Leader*) *Renaissance of Art in Italy.* 4to, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Sea, River, and Creek. By GARBOARD STREYKE. *The Eastern* Coast. 12mo, 1*s.*

Sedgwick (*Major W.*) *Light the Dominant Force of the Universe.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Senior (*Nassau W.*) *Conversations and Journals in Egypt and* Malta. 2 vols., 8vo, 24*s.*

Shadbolt and Mackinnon's South African Campaign, 1879. Containing a portrait and biography of every officer who lost his life. 4to, handsomely bound, 2*l.* 10*s.*

——— *The Afghan Campaigns of* 1878—1880. By SYDNEY SHADBOLT. 2 vols., royal quarto, cloth extra, 3*l.*

Shakespeare. Edited by R. GRANT WHITE. 3 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, 36*s.*; *édition de luxe*, 6 vols., 8vo, cloth extra, 63*s.*

Shakespeare. See also "Flowers of Shakespeare."

Sidney (Sir Philip) Arcadia. New Edition, 6*s.*

Siegfried: The Story of. Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Sikes (Wirt). Rambles and Studies in Old South Wales. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, 18*s.*

——— *British Goblins, Welsh Folk Lore.* New Ed., 8vo, 18*s.*

——— *Studies of Assassination.* 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Roger de Coverley. Re-imprinted from the "Spectator." With 125 Woodcuts and special steel Frontispiece. Small fcap. 4to, 6*s.*

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. New Edition, demy 8vo, 18*s.*

——— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* By the late G. SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. With many Illustrations. 16*s.* New Edition, revised and re-written by PROFESSOR SAYCE, Queen's College, Oxford. 8vo, 18*s.*

Smith (J. Moyr) Ancient Greek Female Costume. 112 full-page Plates and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Hades of Ardenne: a Visit to the Caves of Han.* Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 5*s.*

Smith (Sydney) Life and Times. By STUART J. REID. Illustrated. 8vo, 21*s.*

Smith (J. Roger) Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance. Illustrated, crown 8vo, 5*s.*

——— *Classic and Early Christian.* Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Smith (W. Robert) Laws concerning Public Health. 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Somerset (Lady H.) Our Village Life. Words and Illustrations. Thirty Coloured Plates, royal 4to, fancy covers, 5*s.*

Spanish and French Artists. By GERARD SMITH. (Poynter's Art Text-books.) 5*s.*

Spiers' French Dictionary. 29th Edition, remodelled. 2 vols., 8vo, 18*s.*; half bound, 21*s.*

Spry (*W. J. J., R.N.*) *The Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger."* With Route Map and many Illustrations. 6th Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, 18*s.* Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, with some of the Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Spyri (*Johanna*) *Heidi's Early Experiences: a Story for* Children and those who love Children. Illustrated, small post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Heidi's Further Experiences.* Illustrated, small post 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stack (*E.*) *Six Months in Persia.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, 24*s.*

Stanley (*H. M.*) *How I Found Livingstone.* 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*; crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *"My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave.* With numerous graphic Illustrations after Original Designs by the Author. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Coomassie and Magdala.* A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 16*s.*

——— *Through the Dark Continent.* Crown 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Stanton (*T.*) *Woman Question in Europe.* A Series of Original Essays. Introd. by FRANCES POWER COBBE. 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Stenhouse (*Mrs.*) *An Englishwoman in Utah.* Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stevens. Old Boston: a Romance of the War of Independence. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Stirling (*A. W.*) *Never Never Land: a Ride in North* Queensland. Crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Stockton (*Frank R.*) *The Story of Viteau.* With 16 page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

Stoker (*Bram*) *Under the Sunset.* Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Story without an End. From the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN. Crown 4to, with 15 Exquisite Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Colours in Fac-simile of the original Water Colours; and numerous other Illustrations. New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— with Illustrations by HARVEY. Square 4to, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (*Mrs. Beecher*) *Dred.* Cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*; boards, 2*s.*

——— *Little Foxes.* Cheap Ed., 1*s.*; Library Edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (*Mrs. Beecher*) *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's* History. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.**

——— *Minister's Wooing.*

——— *Old Town Folk.* 6*s.*; Cheap Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Our Folks at Poganuc.* 6*s.*

——— *We and our Neighbours.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6*s.* Sequel to "My Wife and I."*

——— *Poganuc People: their Loves and Lives.* Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Chimney Corner.* 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Pearl of Orr's Island.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.**

——— *Woman in Sacred History.* Illustrated with 15 Chromo-lithographs and about 200 pages of Letterpress. 4to, 25*s.*

Sullivan (*A. M., late M.P.*) *Nutshell History of Ireland.* From the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. Paper boards, 6*d.*

Sutton (*A. K.*) *A B C Digest of the Bankruptcy Law.* 8vo, 3*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

TAINE (*H. A.*) *"Les Origines de la France Contemporaine."* Translated by JOHN DURAND.

Vol. 1. **The Ancient Regime.** Demy 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*
Vol. 2. **The French Revolution.** Vol. 1. do.
Vol. 3. Do. do. Vol. 2. do.

Talbot (*Hon. E.*) *A Letter on Emigration.* 1*s.*

Tangye (*R.*) *Reminiscences of Australia, America, and Egypt.* 2nd Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Tauchnitz's English Editions of German Authors. Each volume, cloth flexible, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* (Catalogues post free.)

Tauchnitz (*B.*) *German and English Dictionary.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *French and English Dictionary.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

* *See also* Rose Library.

Tauchnitz (B.) Italian and English Dictionary. Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Spanish and English.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Spanish and French.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor (W. M.) Paul the Missionary. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Moses the Lawgiver.* Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Thausing (Prof.) Preparation of Malt and the Fabrication of Beer. 8vo, 45*s.*

Theakston (M.) British Angling Flies. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo, 5*s.*

Thoreau. By SANBORN. (American Men of Letters.) Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Tolhausen (Alexandre) Grand Supplément du Dictionnaire Technologique. 3*s.* 6*d.*

*Tolmer (Alexander) Reminiscences of an Adventurous and Che-*quered Career. 2 vols., 21*s.*

Tourist Idyll, and other Stories. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21*s.*

Tracks in Norway of Four Pairs of Feet, delineated by Four Hands. Fcap. 8vo, 2*s.*

Treloar (W. P.) The Prince of Palms. With Coloured Frontis-piece of the Cocoa-Nut Palm, also Engravings. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Trials. See BROWNE.

Tristram (Rev. Canon) Pathways of Palestine: A Descriptive Tour through the Holy Land. First Series. Illustrated by 44 Permanent Photographs. 2 vols., folio, cloth extra, gilt edges, 31*s.* 6*d.* each.

Tunis. See REID.

Turner (Edward) Studies in Russian Literature. Cr. 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

UNION Jack (The). Every Boy's Paper. Edited by G. A. HENTY. Profusely Illustrated with Coloured and other Plates. Vol. I., 6*s.* Vols. II., III., IV., 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

Up Stream: A Journey from the Present to the Past. Pictures and Words by R. ANDRÉ. Coloured Plates, 4to, 5*s.*

BOOKS BY JULES VERNE.

CELEBRATED TRAVELS and TRAVELLERS. 3 Vols., Demy 8vo, 600 pp., upwards of 100 full-page Illustrations, 12*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 14*s.* each :—

I. The Exploration of the World.
II. The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century.
III. The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century.

☞ The letters appended to each book refer to the various Editions and Prices given at the foot of the page.

a e TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.
a e HECTOR SERVADAC.
a e THE FUR COUNTRY.
a f FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, AND A TRIP ROUND IT.
a e MICHAEL STROGOFF, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.
a e DICK SANDS, THE BOY CAPTAIN.
b c d FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.
b c d ADVENTURES OF 3 ENGLISHMEN AND 3 RUSSIANS.
b c d AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.
b c *d* A FLOATING CITY.
d THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.
b c *d* DR. OX'S EXPERIMENT.
MASTER ZACHARIUS.
d A DRAMA IN THE AIR.
A WINTER AMID THE ICE.
b c *d e* THE SURVIVORS OF THE "CHANCELLOR."
d MARTIN PAZ.
b c d THE CHILD OF THE CAVERN.
THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, 3 Vols. :—
b c d I. DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS.
b c d II. ABANDONED.
b c d III. SECRET OF THE ISLAND.
b c *d* THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.
THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."
b c d THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN.
THE STEAM HOUSE, 2 Vols. :—
b c d I. DEMON OF CAWNPORE.
b c d II. TIGERS AND TRAITORS.
THE GIANT RAFT. 2 Vols. :—
b I. EIGHT HUNDRED LEAGUES ON THE AMAZON.
b II. THE CRYPTOGRAM.
b GODFREY MORGAN.
d THE GREEN RAY. Cloth, gilt edges, 6*s.*; plain edges, 5*s.*
KERABAN THE INFLEXIBLE, 2 Vols. :—
b I. THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUIDARA.
b II. *In the press.*

a Small 8vo, very numerous Illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, 10*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, plainer binding, 5*s.*
b Large imperial 16mo, very numerous Illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*
c Ditto, plainer binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*
d Cheaper Edition, 1 Vol., paper boards, with some of the Illustrations, 1*s.*; bound in cloth, gilt edges, 2*s.*
e Cheaper Edition as (*d*), in 2 Vols., 1*s.* each; bound in cloth, gilt edges, 1 Vol., 3*s.* 6*d.*
f Same as (*e*), except in cloth, 2 Vols., gilt edges, 2*s.* each.

VELAZQUEZ and Murillo. By C. B. CURTIS. With Original Etchings. Royal 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*; large paper, 63*s.*

Verne (*Jules*) *Keraban the Inflexible.* Illustrated. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Victoria (*Queen*) *Life of.* By GRACE GREENWOOD. With numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

Vincent (*F.*) *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn.* By FRANK VINCENT, Jun., Author of "The Land of the White Elephant," "Through and Through the Tropics," &c. With Frontispiece and Map, 8vo, 12*s.*

Viollet-le-Duc (*E.*) *Lectures on Architecture.* Translated by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. With 33 Steel Plates and 200 Wood Engravings. Super-royal 8vo, leather back, gilt top, 2 vols., 3*l.* 3*s.*

Vivian (*A. P.*) *Wanderings in the Western Land.* 3rd Ed., 10*s.* 6*d*

Voyages. See MCCORMICK.

WAHL (*W. H.*) *Galvanoplastic Manipulation for the* Electro-Plater. 8vo, 35*s.*

Wallace (*L.*) *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ.* Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Waller (*Rev. C. H.*) *The Names on the Gates of Pearl,* and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in* the Greek Testament. Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. For the use of Divinity Students and Greek Testament Classes. Part I. Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Part II. Vocabulary, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Adoption and the Covenant.* Some Thoughts on Confirmation. Super-royal 16mo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Silver Sockets; and other Shadows of Redemption.* Sermons at Christ Church, Hampstead. Small post 8vo, 6*s.*

Warner (*C. D.*) *Back-log Studies.* Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

Washington Irving's Little Britain. Square crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Watson (*P. B.*) *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.* Portr. 8vo, 15*s.*

Webster. (American Men of Letters.) 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Weismann (*A.*) *Studies in the Theory of Descent.* With a Preface by the late CHARLES DARWIN, and numerous Coloured Plates. 2 vols., 8vo, 40*s.*

Wheatley (*H. B.*) *and Delamotte* (*P. H.*) *Art Work in Porcelain.* Large 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Art Work in Gold and Silver. Modern.* Large 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Handbook of Decorative Art.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

White (*R. G.*) *England Without and Within.* New Edition, crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Every-day English,* crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

White (*R. G.*) *Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, with the Episode* of Mr. Washington Adams in England, and an Apology. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Words and their uses.* New Edit., crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whittier (*J. G.*) *The King's Missive, and later Poems.* 18mo, choice parchment cover, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Whittier Birthday Book.* Extracts from the Author's writings, with Portrait and Illustrations. Uniform with the "Emerson Birthday Book." Square 16mo, very choice binding, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Life of.* By R. A. UNDERWOOD. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Flowers of Switzerland. With Coloured Plates, life-size, from living Plants, and Botanical Descriptions of each Example. Imperial 4to, 63*s.* nett.

Williams (*C. F.*) *Tariff Laws of the United States.* 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Williams (*H. W.*) *Diseases of the Eye.* 8vo, 21*s.*

Williams (*M.*) *Some London Theatres: Past and Present.* Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance. By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. 7th Edition, revised, with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 1*s.*

Winckelmann (*John*) *History of Ancient Art.* Translated by JOHN LODGE, M.D. Many Plates and Illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo, 36*s.*

Winks (*W. E.*) *Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers.* With eight Portraits. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Witthaus (*R. A.*) *Medical Student's Manual of Chemistry.* 8vo, 16*s.*

Woodbury (*Geo. E.*) *History of Wood Engraving.* Illustrated, 8vo, 18*s.*

Woolsey (*C. D., LL.D.*) *Introduction to the Study of International Law*; designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. 5th Edition, demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Woolson (*Constance F.*) See "Low's Standard Novels."

Wright (*Rev. H.*) *Friendship of God.* With Biographical Preface by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, Portrait, &c. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

YRIARTE (*Charles*) *Florence: its History.* Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Illustrated with 500 Engravings. Large imperial 4to, extra binding, gilt edges, 63*s.*; or 12 Parts, 5*s.* each.

History; the Medici; the Humanists; letters; arts; the Renaissance; illustrious Florentines; Etruscan art; monuments; sculpture; painting.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.